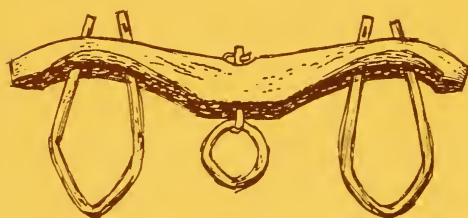


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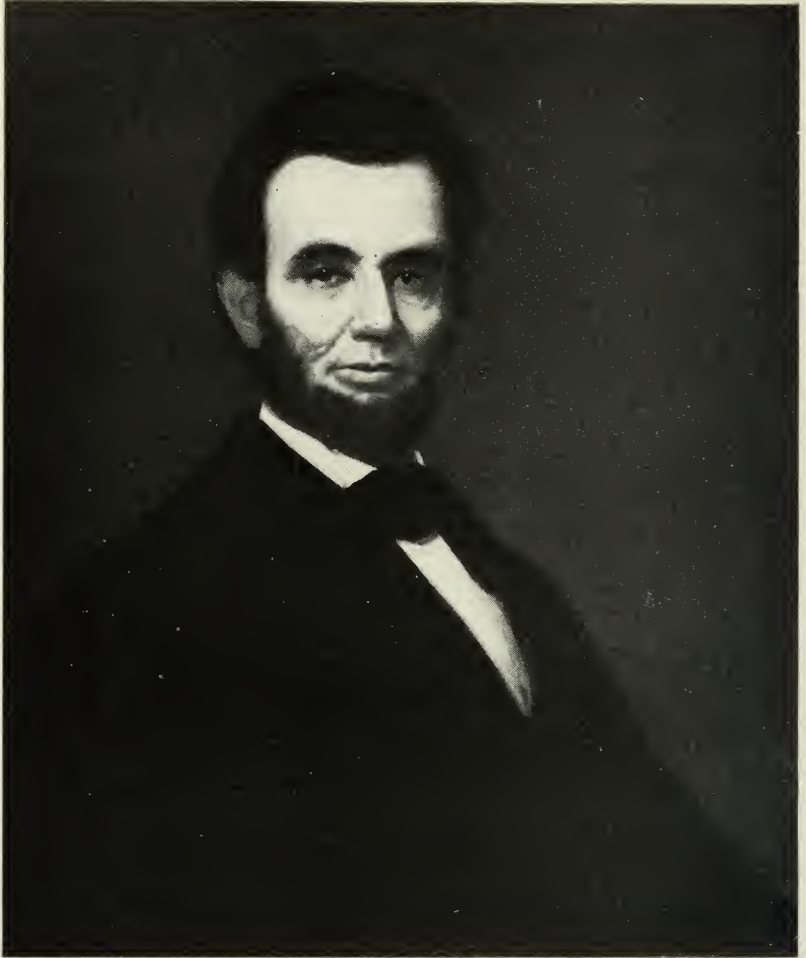
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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A New Portrait



The Last Portrait from Life
Portrait by W. T. Mathews (1865)
(In the Possession of Oliver R. Barrett)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A New Portrait

BY

EMANUEL HERTZ, A.M., LL.D.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

FOREWORD by NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

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Lincoln Room

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
TO
HERBERT HOOVER
PRESIDENT OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

FOREWORD

ABRAHAM LINCOLN is one of the very few personalities in the modern world of inexhaustible interest. The more one knows of his life, his development and his career, the more one wishes to know. To begin first to attract nation-wide public attention when more than forty-five years of age, an age when Grant and Roosevelt were in the Presidency, to be twice chosen President of the United States, and to pass from earth on the highest pinnacle of fame at the age of fifty-six, is surely remarkable enough in itself. To come to know this amazing person more intimately, to weigh and interpret his words and his acts, to draw aside the curtain which so often conceals emotions, incidents and affections from public view, are not in Lincoln's case acts of immoderate curiosity, but rather acts on the road to fuller understanding and more complete interpretation.

While Lincoln lived, the United States of today was a nation very much in the making. It was in the making not only politically and economically but intellectually and morally as well. It was a people trying to find itself under conditions of greatest novelty and unexampled diversity. Political and social institutions, which had been fairly well tested for a reasonable length of time within closely defined and relatively homogeneous areas, were now to be set to work under conditions of greatest diversity both social and economic. A federal union was to be built and preserved under conditions which often seemed to make either the building or the preservation beyond the practical powers of man. Nevertheless, the westward movement of the pioneer families and groups, the Ordinance of 1784 and that of 1787 for the government of the Northwest Territory, the Louisiana Purchase, the acquisition of Florida, the Ashburton Treaty, the Oregon treaty of 1846, and the results of the Mexican War all followed relentlessly one after the other, and moved steadily toward the accomplishment and perpetuity of one great aim.

Abraham Lincoln during youth and early manhood was, whether

consciously or unconsciously, played upon by all these various forces, sometimes complementary, sometimes contradictory. His sensitive and brooding nature reflected upon all these from his viewpoint of comparative isolation in a small community, well out toward what was then the western frontier. New York or Philadelphia or Boston would have produced an Abraham Lincoln of a very different type, had either of those cities produced an Abraham Lincoln at all.

In this study of Abraham Lincoln, which is the result of many years of patient inquiry, guided by loving enthusiasm for Lincoln's name and fame, the reader will find much that is new and striking, and much that is in high degree helpful for the better understanding of him whom Lowell hailed in his famous Commemoration Ode as the First American.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

Columbia University
in the City of New York
November 1, 1931

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A New Portrait

VOLUME ONE

PROLOGUE

WHEN human slavery was an established institution, approved by the best men; when the many labored for the few; when royalty seemed intrenched in all its sordid phases throughout the world; when religious persecution was at its height—the gateway to a new continent is discovered! The messenger of Providence for this task knew but little of the magnitude of his deed. That remained a theme for Epic and for Saga.

The intrepid navigator sought his reward—which never came. Did great benefactor of mankind ever receive his reward? Ostracism, burning, stoning, the gibbet, yes—but reward and appreciation are at best post-mortem phenomena. He sought to bring a host of the primitive children of the new world, and sell them into slavery in the marts of the old world—and failed. How tragic his end, how shortsighted and how obscured became the vision of that great soul, inwardly consumed and utterly burnt out by the one life-long consuming passion, his great discovery of the Americas!

The next phase sees the influx of the adventurer in South America, in Mexico—who with fire and sword and torture inaugurates the conquest of the Continent; a terror such as we of today do not appreciate, rules in the land. Hecatombs of human sacrifice, followed by the practical annihilation of an entire race—the enslavement of millions beneath the heel of the cruel conqueror follows—a slavery so inexorable and permanent and thorough that its consequences keep millions in darkness and serfdom today.

Then with the rush of adventurers who nearly overran the continent, came the infiltration of victims of religious persecution from the lands of benighted Europe, seeking a new home—with freedom of worship, with a voice in their government.

Those “good old times,” so often chanted in poetry and song, were not altogether good and above reproach. The torture chamber of the Inquisition—planted in many quarters of this continent—the burning of witches, the strangling and hanging and torturing and banishing of dissenters, were for a time not un-

common. And in consequence of these dire hardships some of England's best sons came and settled the eastern coast—and began to inaugurate a new era.

Then came the Huguenots from the very heart of France after the horror of St. Bartholomew's night—the followers of Coligny, and a not altogether friendly rivalry began between them and those of Cromwell's Ironsides who survived after the Restoration—and scores were finally settled on the plains of Abraham with the resulting loss of two precious lives—those of Montcalm and Wolfe.

Prosperity in the new land brought slavery in its train. Africa, the continent of sleep and of stupor, supplied the slave marts of the world with its ignorant and half-witted offspring who preferred the horrors of slavery to the stagnation of Africa. The darkest chapters of modern times are to be found in the never-ending hegira from the slave kennels of Africa to the slave marts of an entire world. Humanity rarely, if ever, sank to so low a level.

America's contact came with the slave-laden boat which landed and disembarked its cargo of slaves at Jamestown, in 1619. The evil seed was then planted. In 1861 the whirlwind came. The slave power in America was born on that fatal day. For over two centuries the cancer grew and spread, appearing and disappearing in different parts of the body of the young giant of the west; at first in the Colonies, then in the Confederation, then in all but one of the Thirteen States, and finally in the newly formed United States. By strange strokes of fortune this young government successfully fought the Indian and drove him from its borders, confined him to certain areas and finally absorbed the red man—simultaneously disinheriting him—a not altogether glorious chapter in our history. Even more strange is the victory over the greatest world power then coming to the front. The power that destroyed Napoleon—the mistress of the seas, and ultimately of the world, a country with dominions so far flung that the sun never sets within them—suffered defeat at the hands of this hardy new nation.

Strong is the man who governs himself—a well-known preaching from the Ethics of the Fathers—stronger is the nation that governs itself and is not governed by prince or potentate. Even

that did our forefathers then establish—they founded a government where the people rule—where the people are able to rule if they so desire, and on epoch-making occasions, at least, the people do rule. And this phenomenon on a huge scale our forefathers wrought.

But the two-hundred-year-old cancer remained. Slavery was side-stepped on that great occasion when by our Constitution we became one and indivisible. Eyes had they and saw not—or were they tired after the exhausting struggle to bring about the marvelous deliverance from England—and could not undertake the achievement of this other greater problem—the liberation of mankind? The new Republic grew and expanded and waxed great and wealthy—and with it the great destroyer, the great disease at its vitals. The fathers had hoped it would die a natural death—that it was doomed to ultimate extinction. Had they not provided against further importation after 1807? It could not last for all time, they thought, if the source of supply was thus destroyed. Some liberated their slaves by way of example to others. The father of his country liberated his, and then the author of the famous Declaration “trembled for his country when he thought that God was just,” and liberated his slaves, but all to no avail.

The cotton gin is invented by Eli Whitney—and Cotton is King! England takes the greater part of it and helps to create the aristocracy of wealth in the Southland. The leaders, the statesmen, the preachers, the teachers, all bow to the new king. The slave power gradually reaches every vital center in the land and assumes the championship of States’ Rights. The money arteries of the North depend upon cotton. The factories in England are maintained by cotton. The spokesmen in the United States Congress speak for King Cotton, and assault the champion of freedom. Even the Supreme Court of the United States is gradually so constituted as to speak for the claims of King Cotton, and all this time the entire continent is rocked to its very foundation as the final chapters of the slave power in America are being written.

Oh, what a horrible tale it is that is told throughout these centuries of slavery; what a history of cruelty, of degradation, of hate, of horror, of barbarism and of bestiality is enacted! “If all the seas were ink, all the skies parchment, all reeds pens and all

men scribes," the story of that inhuman institution, with its millions upon millions of victims, could not be adequately written and described.

And then God said: "Let there be light."

And there was light—at first blinding—to which the eyes of the slavocracy could not become accustomed—could not and would not endure.

And then God's anointed messenger spoke:

"A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe that this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South."

A false, seditious, treasonable utterance! shouted the chorus of compromisers, of pacifists, of apologists of the prevailing order. The Supreme Court had spoken that the slave had no right which the white man was bound to respect; that, therefore, is final. But what about the Declaration of Independence? Were not all men created equal? Is 1776 forgotten? It is simply unthinkable that even that door is closed to the slave now. Is it an everlasting doom? Is there no day of liberation for the race—no matter how remote? This inspired advocate of freedom pleads agonizingly with his blind and misguided countrymen. He reminds them that:

". . . In those days our Declaration of Independence was held sacred by all, and thought to include all; but now, to aid in making the bondage of the negro universal and eternal, it is assailed and sneered at and construed, and hawked at and torn, till, if its framers could rise from their graves, they could not at all recognize it. All the powers of earth seem rapidly combining against him. Mammon is after him, ambition follows, philosophy follows, and the theology of the day is fast joining the cry. They have him in his prison-house; they have searched his person, and left no prying instrument with him. One after another they have closed the heavy iron doors upon him; and now they have him, as it were, bolted in with a lock of a hundred keys, which can never be unlocked without the concurrence of every key—the keys in the hands of a hundred different men, and they

scattered to a hundred different and distant places; and they stand musing as to what invention, in all the dominions of mind and matter, can be produced to make the impossibility of his escape more complete than it is."

The silhouette of this great man was now seen against the western sky. A primitive elemental power was visible in his eyes. His voice was heard throughout the land and in every part thereof. He was born in the South, had seen the hateful institution and became the saddest of men. He loved his country with a superhuman love. It must endure, but it could not endure with slavery entrenched in all its battlements. He had been in Congress and felt the strange hold of slavery in every department of the government. He had seen his country driven into an unjust war in order that slavery might further entrench itself—Texas came into the Union and furnished, if need be, additional territory for five new slave states. He was driven from public life, he brooded, he labored, he attempted to solve the riddle which had worsted the fathers and the founders and their successors for seventy years. What was it that destroyed Webster, defeated Clay, drove Benton from public life? Slavery, always slavery, that golden calf of American politics. The Emancipator wandered over the prairies for twenty years—thinking, studying, arguing, acquiring knowledge and understanding and wisdom and power and strength. The slave power grew and expanded to colossal proportions. It now owned the South outright and had neutralized the Presidency by a Cabinet dominated by the South, and had a majority in the Supreme Court, and the money power and the markets of the world were ever at its call. The time was ripe, the issue clear, the lines were drawn. There he stands—a man for the ages—and around him beat the angry waves of passion, of mammon, of sectionalism—the first great skirmish, the great debate, had been fought and won by slavery.

But it was a Pyrrhic victory; it had been fought in the open, in the presence of a hundred thousand Americans, and was read in print by all who hungered for information on this question which meant life or death to free government—the government of Washington and of Jefferson. Douglas never recovered after this fight, either politically or physically. It lost him the South and for the first time in its sordid history the slave power became

divided. It united the opposition, and brought the Republican party upon the scene: and the great leader appeared—the anointed of God—for the last great battle at Armageddon, where slavery was to perish!

Then came the bloodiest of wars upon the heels of the first victory for freedom at the polls. A ghastly fear spread over the entire land. Shall this last experiment of government of the people fail? The best minds of the European continent heralded the impending advent of that—to them—glorious day. The slave power had their good will. Mediation, intervention, a world war against the friends of freedom was imminent. For was not Cotton King?

But the deliverer was at the helm. True, the ship of state was caught in the tornado of our Civil War, but the hand at the wheel was steady—guided by a higher power. This farmer-lawyer-politician was a diplomat of a high order. He knew how to checkmate the ablest diplomats of his day. The schemes of Palmerston and Gladstone and Napoleon III crumbled—there was no intervention.

He knew more about munitions than any other man on either side of the conflict—and through his agents controlled the whole world market and gathered in all available munitions on the European continent.

He was a financier, indeed, to pay his way through these four eventful and expensive years.

He was a political leader of rare insight. He kept the strategic States in line by advising and helping his political friends to attain the key positions.

He, a layman, had time to study the war map and shed light on a war front of thousands of miles, and established a hitherto unheard-of blockade of three thousand miles of Confederate coast. He strangled the Confederacy after he had first bisected it.

He saw it all. He understood it all. He had a ready answer for him who in his zeal traveled too fast and blamed the great commoner for being too slow. He did everything in God's appointed time. He succeeded in ridding himself of all who hampered him in his daily tasks and replaced them by willing, loyal, intelligent agents who carried out his orders.

He knew the people were with him—for in spite of the clamor

which for a time made him doubt the people, in spite of misguided friend and outspoken opponent—his people spoke in amazing unanimity and continued him at the hazardous post by an overwhelming re-election—to the utter amazement and undoing of Copperhead and Southern politician alike.

And now the task was done! The Confederacy had crumbled, the leaders of the aristocratic South are ready to join hands with the simple spokesmen of the people, to the end that the war-inflicted wounds be healed, their common country restored, the States re-admitted to the Union, the Federal government re-established. "We must live together and forget the past," he argued. The bondmen had come into their own. They need the proper start. They would have to live and work, side by side, with their former masters. The great aftermath of the gigantic rebellion was to be properly met, and an equitable reconstruction inaugurated. "Let us have peace," was a devout prayer—but the radical bitter-enders were still to be reckoned with.

The entire world began to see and wonder at the momentous achievements of this great American. His great contemporaries shrink by comparison,—and it was really an era of great men. He was, by universal consent, the first American, and was responsible for more epoch-making accomplishments in these four years than had ever been accomplished by another in any other preceding four years. Then—seven days after Appomattox—and he was no more! God took him! He was needed in the celestial councils where were his kindred spirits of the ages: Hammurabi and Moses, Socrates and Solomon, Plato and Aristotle, Columbus, Galileo and Luther. He was no more. He stood before the celestial throne of his Maker!

And millions mourned, and mourning took him home to Springfield—over the longest funeral procession ever witnessed on the continent—to Springfield where he had lived, where he had labored, where he had thought, where he had prepared for the great adventure—his great adventure in Washington, where he saved the government of the people which Washington and Jefferson had called into being: every home gazes upon those benign features of this gentle spirit—whose life story has become a benediction and an inspiration—

And his name is ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

I

FILLING THE GAP

IN the study of more than three thousand Lincoln letters and State papers which I have assembled during the past five years I have found, if not an entirely new Abraham Lincoln, at least a more complete Lincoln—a fair, a just and a historically true portrait of the prairie President who led his country through the furnace of the Civil War. It is a portrait painted by Lincoln himself. I find:

No careless and indifferent prairie lawyer, but one who became in early manhood the leader of the bar of Illinois and whose services were sought for by the most eminent lawyers of his generation;

A great political leader, an organizer, a campaigner of utter sincerity and of the first magnitude, instead of an ordinary country politician;

A courageous and effective Congressman instead of the usual tame and inept first-termers;

A man nominated at Chicago as the undisputed leader of his party, not as an accidental or compromise candidate;

A President who became and remained the real head of the government instead of the willing and subservient instrument of Seward or Stanton;

A diplomat who saw beyond the confines of Washington and influenced the policies of English, French and Russian diplomats for the good of his own country and of mankind;

A war leader who knew the map, by land and by sea, as intimately as any military or naval expert, and who led his Generals, instead of being led or intimidated by them.

I find from these documents, which have been so long missing or in obscure places, Lincoln the humane, whose great heart beat in unison with the hearts of his soldiers; I find the super-politician who could keep in line war Governors, Senators and Congressmen, whom he needed in the great task of preserving the Union; I find the keen judge of the value of the press, who could guide public opinion through such men as Greeley, Bennett, Medill, Raymond

and others; and I find, as never before, the infinitely patient and tender Lincoln who studied countless cases where the lives of condemned soldiers were at stake and saved them when he could by the use of the pardoning power.

Tradition has not exaggerated the kindness of his heart. A mere list of his pardons would fill many pages. He wires to General Meade: "I am unwilling for any boy under 18 to be shot." He sends the fire-eating General Butler an order to "suspend execution in any and all sentences of death." He interrupts affairs of State to help an old friend recover expense money due him from the Navy Department. He does the same thing for a "poor soldier" who "is in distress because he can get no pay."

He must have chuckled as he telegraphed Colonel Mulligan, "If you haven't shot Barney D. yet, don't"; or when he listened to a youthful runaway's tearful narrative and then handed him a note to take to Stanton, the stern War Secretary, "Hadn't we better spank this drummer boy and send him back to Leavenworth?"; or when he wrote of an insistent feminine visitor who wanted her husband promoted, "She is a saucy little woman and I think she will torment me till I have to do it." A Northern girl had urgent reasons for being married without delay to her soldier lover, whose officers would allow him no furlough for the purpose. "Let John go home and marry Mary," Lincoln ordered.

There were literally scores of cases in which soldiers who had overstayed their leave and feared to be shot for desertion came directly to the President. Lincoln wrote them out pardons and sent them back to their duty. One such pardon was found on the dead body of a Union soldier killed while fighting valiantly at Five Forks. With Southerners who were willing to take the oath of allegiance and keep the peace he was always lenient.

But neither the magnanimity of Lincoln nor his other great qualities waited to come into being until his election to the Presidency. They developed during the long growing period which Carl Sandburg has called "the prairie years." Among the new documents are letters, receipts and legal papers, never before seen by any one except the recipients and their families, which give us a new insight into how he conducted his law office. Here are to be found the methods he employed, the charges he made—"Received . . . ten dollars in full of my fee for attending the

case throughout as attorney"; the local partnerships he formed with an amazing number of Illinois lawyers, and, above all, the evidence of the great amount of legal work he did, the tedious and thorough preparation each case received at his hands, and the open-mindedness with which he approached each legal problem.

The collection includes numerous long legal documents in Lincoln's handwriting, of intense interest to the lawyer and revealing even to the layman the surpassing skill and care with which he did his work. Sometimes he loses his patience, as when he writes to a fault-finding client that he is "through with this kind of work," and suggests another attorney. Sometimes he is moved to compassion. "I could have got a judgment against Turley," he writes, "if I had pressed to the utmost; but I am really sorry for him—poor and a cripple as he is."

It appears more clearly than ever before that during all his three and twenty years of active practice Lincoln never found it necessary to sacrifice his conscience to a code; that he never surrendered his private principles for personal gain; that his services were constantly in demand but never for sale to the highest bidder; that he served hundreds of clients but was owned by none; that his ideas of justice and honor were not regulated by the latest decisions, and that he recognized something higher than the judgment of a court of last resort.

His charges are small. As late as 1853 he handles four cases in the McLean Circuit Court for a total of \$30. He writes to a client in 1850 urging him to "settle" out of court and adding, "I will charge nothing for what I have done, and thank you to boot." Perhaps the most striking evidence of his honesty and independence is that at the end of his long legal career, when he stood at the head of the Illinois bar, he was worth about \$10,000, including his home and office and outstanding legal fees. In only one instance, and in that instance the charge was quickly withdrawn, did a single client, witness, defeated litigant or disgruntled lawyer come forward with any complaint against his conduct as an attorney.

As with the law, so with politics. We are now able to trace the evolution of Lincoln's political principles, his ideas as to patronage, the fairness as well as the adroitness of his campaigning, and the reasons for his success at the Chicago convention. He won the

election of 1860 in the Senatorial campaign against Douglas in 1858. "Of course I would have preferred success," he writes to Salmon P. Chase, "but failing in this I have no regret for having rejected all advice to the contrary and resolutely made the struggle. Had we thrown ourselves into the arms of Douglas . . . the Republican cause would have been . . . demoralized and prostrated everywhere for years." He shows no undignified eagerness for office, but he knows what is going on and counts his chances cannily. "I wish you would watch Chicago a little," he writes to R. W. Thompson in July, 1860.

So we see him becoming a master of men, not over-night, but by slow and steady growth. There are no contradictions or inconsistencies. The campaign of 1860 was prepared long before. "True democracy," he tells a gathering of free colored people in Cincinnati in 1842, "makes no inquiry about the color of the skin or place of nativity or other similar circumstances of condition." In 1848 he promises Walter Davis an appointment because, though young Davis refused to support Lincoln's candidacy for Congress, he is nevertheless "of good character and is poor, with the support of a widow mother thrown almost exclusively on him by the death of his brother." He opposes the appointment of Justin Butterfield to the Land Office because Butterfield, though a well-qualified man and Lincoln's personal friend, went for Clay when Lincoln's group within the Whig party "were almost sweating blood to have General Taylor nominated."

As early as 1849 he has a conception of the Presidency which he was later to realize. "He [the President] must occasionally say, or seem to say," he writes to the Secretary of State, when Taylor was in the White House, "'By the Eternal, I take the responsibility.'" Declining to be a candidate for Congress in 1856, he says: "I am willing to make any personal sacrifice, but I am not willing to do what in my judgment is a sacrifice of the cause itself." In 1859 he writes to Salmon P. Chase, later a member of his Cabinet, pointing out that an attempt to make an issue of the fugitive slave law would certainly split the next Republican National Convention.

Always he is willing to sacrifice the lesser good for the greater. As the crisis of 1860 approaches he claims "no greater exemption from selfishness than is common," yet adds "that my whole as-

piration should be, and therefore must be, to be placed anywhere, or nowhere, as may appear most likely to advance our cause." He is a great politician but always more than a politician. We see him, after election, trying to reassure the South, yet refusing to make any statements which could be construed as weak or cowardly. He has already said that "there is no intention to interfere with slaves or slavery in the States." But he will not keep on saying it in reply to every voluble interrogator, because, as he writes on October 27, 1860, "a repetition of it is but mockery, bearing an appearance of weakness and cowardice which perhaps should be avoided."

We see him on his final trip to Washington and we have at last the story, quoted in his own words, of the journey from Harrisburg to the national capital following the discovery of a plot in Baltimore to assassinate him. We see him walking quietly out of the back door of his Harrisburg hotel in "an old overcoat" and "a soft wool hat," such as he had never worn before, and so passing without trepidation but with a reasonable degree of caution through the rebellious city of Baltimore.

The new documents show his inventive mind, his close attention to the purchasing of munitions at home and abroad, to the equipping of warships, and to a variety of inventions having to do with submarines, cannon, gunpowder and small arms, and his grasp of the whole theatre of war in all its aspects. He wants to know in detail "the relative position of the forces, their numbers and such other information as will give me a correct understanding of affairs." He wires to Halleck and Buell, in December, 1861, suggesting a joint movement on Columbus. He writes to Judge Treat of St. Louis, in November, 1862, explaining why he cannot send the "whole western force down the Mississippi, while the enemy sacks Louisville and Cincinnati."

He sits in the telegraph office and sends message after message to commanders in the field. He sends a quick succession of telegrams to Colonel Haupt, his private observer on the spot, during and after the second Battle of Bull Run: "What became of our forces which held the bridge till twenty minutes ago?" "Is the railroad bridge over Bull Run destroyed?" "What news from direction of Manassas Junction?" "What news? Did you hear any firing this morning?" He writes McClellan, in March, 1862, say-

ing that he has "felt constrained to order Blenker's division to Frémont," but hoping that McClellan will approve the action for a better reason than "a mere acknowledgment that the Commander-in-Chief may order what he pleases."

He sends a memorandum to Gideon Welles advising him that the *Monitor* should not "go skylarking up to Norfolk." He knows the exact number of men in a Union regiment in Virginia. He proclaims martial law where he is convinced it is necessary, but he rebukes a provost marshal who in seizing property has usurped the function of the civil courts.

When doubt arises he lets it be known that he, and no subordinate, is master. "No commanding General shall do such a thing upon my responsibility," he tells Chase when General Hunter issues a premature emancipation order. War, politics, statesmanship and diplomacy all are part of a great pattern which he alone seems to grasp. He manipulates them to save the Union.

As he grew as a lawyer, as a candidate and as a debater, he grew as a diplomat. He not only guided Seward's pen on two or three important occasions, but he nearly became his own Foreign Minister, with Seward doing the formal corresponding. To him this was simply the logical evolution of the political diplomacy by which he had become the leader of the Clary Grove boys, in the old New Salem days, of the regiment which he commanded in the Black Hawk War (and whose muster rolls, with Lincoln's signature, we now have), the leader of the Whigs and the head of the newly born Republican party.

Lincoln's negotiations with the Foreign Office of Russia have remained practically a sealed book. Now we have at first hand, fresh from the "Red Archives," the explanation of how it came to pass that a Russian fleet tarried in Atlantic waters in the Fall of 1863 at the same time that another Russian fleet was being entertained on the Pacific Coast. For the first time we have conclusive evidence that the Admirals of both these squadrons had sealed instructions to help the Union cause in case of an attack by Great Britain and France. Here, again, is the hand of Abraham Lincoln, the "obscure" Illinois lawyer.

With the appearance of part of the correspondence between Lincoln and John Bright we are able to trace the effect and

method of Lincoln's diplomacy in Great Britain and France themselves. It is now known that letters from Bright, written to Sumner, were read at the Cabinet meetings in Washington, and culminated in Bright's request that Lincoln send some statement which Bright might use in molding English public opinion. Lincoln wrote out a set of resolutions condemning the effort of the Southern States "to construct a new nation upon the basis of, and with the primary and fundamental object to maintain, enlarge and perpetuate human slavery."

This statement of Lincoln's can be traced in a great number of Bright's orations, particularly in the great address in the House of Commons when the resolution looking toward a recognition of the Southern Confederacy was defeated by an overwhelming vote. "All Christian and civilized men everywhere," Lincoln had written, "should, by all lawful means, resist to the utmost such recognition or admission."

Lincoln's energies during the latter part of his life were focused upon the paramount issue of the Union and slavery. Nevertheless, we find in this new compilation of documents abundant evidence which has not heretofore been generally available of his opinions on the other leading questions and issues of the day. His attitude toward the liquor question is now of even greater importance than during his own lifetime. We must remember that he lived in an age when drinking was almost universal, with practically no bounds or limits of any kind. Everybody drank—men, women and even children. But we know from Lincoln's own words that he did not drink.

"Having kept house sixteen years and having never held the 'cup' to the lips of my friends then," he wrote while he was a candidate for the Presidency in 1860, "my judgment was that I should not, in my new position, change my habit in this respect." He did, however, serve wine at the White House, as Mrs. Lincoln's existing orders to New York wine merchants show. When the Sons of Temperance of the District of Columbia visited him in 1863 to ask him to aid them "in banishing the demoralizing cup from this District and from the armies of the Union," he referred their suggestion to the War Department with the non-committal recommendation that it "be considered and adopted if thought to be expedient."

Lincoln advocated woman suffrage in the first campaign he ever undertook, as a candidate for the Illinois Legislature. Compelled to drop this issue by the hopelessness of winning with it at that time and by the pressure of a greater crisis, he did not lose his interest in the women's cause. We find him in 1864 writing to the Secretary of War to urge that, if legally possible, "the laboring women in our employment should be paid at least as much as they were at the beginning of the war." We find him signing the Federal land grant act, which was such a boon to higher education in the United States. We find no lack of new evidence of his sympathy with labor and with the farmer.

We find him in the midst of a great war taking a definite step, in General Order 100, to make war more merciful. Although this order, promulgated on April 24, 1863, is generally ascribed to Dr. Francis Lieber, as prepared by him and revised by a board of officers of which Major Gen. E. A. Hitchcock was president, the fact now appears that it was largely the work of Lincoln. Lincoln regarded this compilation as a matter of such importance that he studied it with extreme care, and when he did approve it these rules of war were Lincoln's rules of war and not Lieber's or Hitchcock's. With his usual modesty he made no claims to authorship and issued no statement. Yet most of the phraseology as well as the contents was molded by the hand of Abraham Lincoln.

We see his magnanimity in the midst of civil war, in the insistence that men in arms still remain "moral beings, responsible to one another and to God," in the denunciation of wanton violence and pillage, in the safeguards thrown around works of art, libraries, scientific instruments and hospitals, in the emphasis upon the sacredness of womanhood, in the stipulation that men "who belong to the rising en masse of a hostile country" should be treated as prisoners of war. And so Lincoln wrote his name quietly and unostentatiously among those benefactors of the race who have attempted to humanize war.

I could say much more of the greater Lincoln who, as I see him, emerges from this new mass of documents. He holds his own wherever he finds himself, rises to every new emergency. The prairie lawyer of few books and limited education turns out to be an inadequate legend when we read Lincoln's letters to the leading

liberals of the entire world, whether it was Victor Hugo in France, Mazzini in Italy, Bright in England, Carl Schurz in America, or the numerous correspondents from foreign newspapers who learned to appreciate him, or the Parsee merchant from Bombay who received permission to have Daniel Huntington paint a portrait of the great lover of mankind that might be displayed in far-off India. They all came to appreciate him; they all came to admire his unselfish activities on behalf of the oppressed, not only in the United States but in every land.

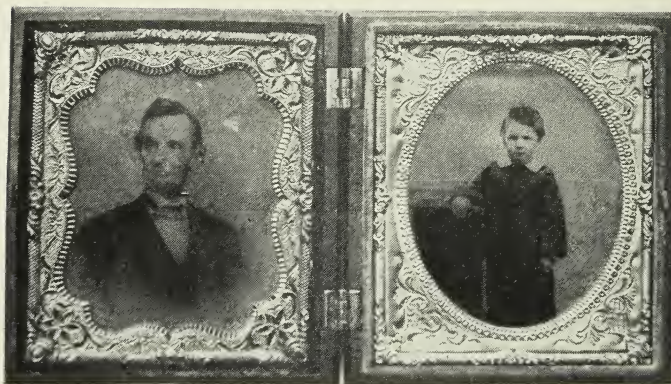
It is a habit of biographers nowadays to assume that the truth about any great man must necessarily belittle him. The truth about Lincoln, as revealed in this new testimony, written largely by his own hand and written with no consciousness of the eagerness with which it was to be sought by later generations, only adds to his stature.



The Lincoln Home, Springfield, Ill.



The Doorplate



A Family Item
(In the Possession of Oliver R. Barrett)

II

LINCOLN'S ACTIVITIES IN SPRINGFIELD

WHEN President Hoover dedicated the restored Lincoln Memorial at Springfield, Ill., it was a little more than seventy years since the great war President stood for the last time at the railway station in his beloved home town and in simple, almost halting words said good-bye to the neighbors who had seen his slow rise from obscurity to eminence.

It had been twenty-four years since he had come to Springfield, an awkward backwoodsman of 28, to try his hand at the law. The little capital had grown and he had grown with it. The long ripening period for him was over. He already had the love of the people of Springfield. With the same qualities of gentleness, courage and wisdom by which he had won that love he was soon to win the reverence of millions. The Lincoln who was destined to be "enshrined forever in the hearts of the people" was the same Lincoln who had so unassumingly walked the streets of Springfield.

When we turn from Lincoln the President, the dictator of battles, the arbiter of national destinies, the abiding symbol of democracy, to Lincoln the Springfield lawyer, we do not find a smaller man but only a smaller stage. He loses no dignity as we see him striding through the Springfield mud, sitting in his plainly furnished office above the tree-shadowed court house square, telling stories in the tavern, jogging around the circuit four months out of the year, handling cases for five- and ten-dollar fees, going to and from the only home he ever owned, with legal papers tucked in the crown of his tall hat.

Lincoln and Springfield were inseparably linked. He is and was bone of its bone and flesh of its flesh. After he went there to live in 1837 he was never completely out of it. When he went to Congress in 1847 he leased his house first to Christopher Ludlam, then to Mason Brayman, because he could not afford to let it stand unoccupied. When he went to Washington for the second

time, in 1861, he sold some of his furniture. But he kept the house; his thoughts went back to it and to the kindly little city in which it stood; and had it not been for Booth's bullet he would have returned to it at the end of his second Presidential term.

The story of Lincoln has naturally been written in the light of his supreme achievements. It is not easy to disentangle from the records of his life those which have to do with Springfield only. He achieved the leadership of the Illinois bar from his modest Springfield law office. He represented Springfield in Congress. He was nominated for the Senatorship and the Presidency from Springfield. From Springfield he reached out to make himself a leader among the leaders of the nation. But all this time he was also a citizen and a neighbor interested in the town's affairs as well as the nation's and enjoying his friendly contacts with people he passed every day on the streets, whose names were never to be blazoned in the histories.

We find him joining the Springfield branch of the Washingtonian Temperance Society. On February 8, 1842, he delivered a brief address on the occasion of the death of one of the society's members, Uncle Ben Ferguson:

Mr. Ferguson was one who became a member of this society without any prospect of advantage to himself. He was, though not totally abstinent, strictly temperate before; and he espoused the cause solely with the hope and benevolent design of being able, by his efforts and example, to benefit others. Would to God he had been longer spared to the humane work upon which he had so disinterestedly entered.

We do not catch in this paragraph the rhythm of Gettysburg or the Second Inaugural. But we do have a picture of the 33-year-old Lincoln standing up before this homespun organization and saying without any fuss or pretense what had to be said.

Some of the Springfield people buy a cemetery plot. Lincoln goes in with them and draws up the legal document, which we still have, appointing John Hutchinson to be "our agent to take charge, and general superintendent of said cemetery." Among the signers is James C. Conkling, to whom, during the campaign of 1864, Lincoln wrote a famous letter to be "read slowly" before the Illinois Republican Convention. Another is Isaac Hawley. It was for Hawley that Lincoln once won a land case. Hawley

offered \$50 in payment. "Well, Isaac," said Lincoln, "I think I will charge you about \$10," and \$10 was all he would take.

Lincoln has dreams and ambitions, perhaps not clearly formed. But he settles down into Springfield as a natural environment for a man of his type. As he composes the cemetery document he probably thinks of the time when he and Conkling and Hawley and all the others will be quietly laid away, with perhaps a marble slab apiece to record that they lived and died. He does not foresee the Springfield shaft, which a President will go from Washington in 1931 to rededicate, or the great memorial at Washington in which the figure of this plain prairie lawyer is to sit almost like a god.

Often, as a leader of the bar, Lincoln has to draw up resolutions or make a speech. In April, 1855, David B. Campbell of Springfield, Attorney General since 1848, dies, and the bar of the McLean County Circuit Court, then sitting at Bloomington, asks Lincoln to draw up some suitable sentiments. He does so. They are plain, sincere, without flourishes. Next year James H. Matheny, court clerk at Springfield, retires and Lincoln speaks at the meeting held in his honor. One would never guess from the plain but rather formal tenor of his remarks that Matheny was one of his best friends, that once, in their youthful days, he and Matheny helped hold a wife-beater under the court house pump while they thoroughly doused him; nor would one be sure that he remembered the morning in November, 1842, when he walked into Matheny's room before the latter was up and startled him by saying, "I am going to be married today."

So the things that Lincoln actually wrote during his Springfield years, in documents and letters, do not tell the whole story. The names which have hazy connotations to us now were to him living people. The town was rich in personalities. Lincoln's experience in his office, in the courts, in the simple social life of that ambitious and fast-growing community showed him the whole gamut of human nature. He adds these memories to those of the flat-boating, rail-splitting, storekeeping and surveying days. The experiences of his young manhood are still useful to him, as when he is called upon to decide a point of law which has kept an organization of surveyors, in convention at Chicago, deadlocked for many days.

And having been merchant, river man, laborer, surveyor, politician and lawyer he takes on a new occupation during the latter part of his stay in Springfield—he becomes a newspaper proprietor. This episode of his life in Illinois was long unknown, even to his intimate friends. Yet it tied him up closely with small town affairs. Lincoln's friend, Theodore Canisius, had made a financial failure of his German-language newspaper, published in Springfield, the Illinois *Staats-Anzeiger*. In the Spring of 1859 Lincoln saved Canisius from foreclosure by paying his debts and taking the legal ownership. He then drew up the following agreement:

This instrument witnesseth that the Printing-press, German types, etc., purchased of John Burkhardt, belong to Abraham Lincoln; that Theodore Canissius [Lincoln here misspelled the name] is to have immediate possession of them, and is to commence publishing in Springfield, Illinois, a Republican newspaper, to be chiefly in the German language, with occasional translations into English at his option; the first number to issue in the ensuing month of June, and to continue thenceforward issuing weekly or oftener, at the option of said Canissius, the said Canissius bearing all expenses and charges, and taking all incomes and profits; said paper, in political sentiment not to depart from the Philadelphia and Illinois Republican platforms; and for a material departure in that respect, or a failure of said paper to issue as often as weekly, or any attempt to remove said press, types, etc., from Springfield, or to print with them anything opposed to, or designed to injure, the Republican party, said Lincoln may, at his option, at once take possession of said press, types, etc., and deal with them as his own. On the contrary, if said Canissius shall issue a newspaper in all things conformable hereto until after the Presidential election of 1860, then said press, types, etc., are to be his property absolutely; not, however, to be used against the Republican party, nor to be removed from Springfield without the consent of said Lincoln.

This water-tight agreement Canisius kept to the letter, and Lincoln did make over the paper to him before leaving for Washington in February, 1861. The object of the arrangement was, of course, to appeal to the German voters of Illinois through a paper absolutely under Republican control. It was a shrewd political move and Lincoln's secrecy about it was not the least of its shrewdness. The *Staats-Anzeiger*, supplemented by the efforts of such men as Carl Schurz and Gustave Koerner, was a powerful factor in winning success for the Republican ticket in

1860. It ought not to be necessary to add that Lincoln did not use the paper as a mere personal organ.

But we are less interested just now in considering the bearing of the *Staats-Anzeiger* on his national career than in looking at him playing at country editor. He assumed the same rôle, behind scenes, of course, with *The Illinois State Journal*, of which his old friend Simeon Francis was editor. Mrs. Francis had had a good deal to do with fixing up relations between Lincoln and Mary Todd when it looked as though their marriage would not come off, and so the Francis family played a considerable part in Lincoln's destiny. Lincoln helped edit the paper—some of the ablest editorials of the ten years preceding 1860 were his—and, of course, most of his important addresses were faithfully reported in the organ.

So the years drifted by. It cannot be said that Lincoln awoke to find himself famous or that Springfield realized his greatness overnight. After the nomination and election of 1860 it probably seemed to many people, not that Abraham Lincoln had been made into a great man, but that the rest of the country had realized what Springfield had known all along.

But on election night a change doubtless did come over Lincoln. As he began to see ahead of him the tremendous task of holding the Union together, as warnings of violence gave him the foreboding that he might never come back to his home town, he seemed to look back over the peaceful perspective of old Springfield days. Here he had met and married Mary Todd, defeating Douglas in the contest for her favor, though he could not defeat him later in the Senatorial campaign. Here his children had been born and one he had seen die. Here, despite the political struggles and the occasional sharp fights in court, he had been a man at ease among friends. Now his words and acts were to be hammers beating on the anvils of a nation's destinies. He could well look back, even with those "dry tears" which one friend who saw him leave Springfield for the last time described.

Springfield had not given him worldly wealth. In a moment of financial stress he had written to A. Campbell:

In 1857 you gave me authority to draw on you for any sum not exceeding \$500. I see clearly that such a privilege would be more avail-

able now than it was then. I am aware that these times are lighter now than they were then. Please write me at all events, and whether you can do anything or not, I shall continue grateful for the past.

Ten days after his election, in 1860, he must have run temporarily out of cash, for he then signed a note to this effect:

60 days after date I promise to pay to L. S. Benedict, Esq., or order, thirty-five dollars, with interest at 6 per cent. till paid. A. Lincoln.

And on his fifty-second birthday, two days before he started for Washington to be inaugurated, he signed a bill of sale for some of his furniture, to wit: "6 chairs at \$2, \$12; 1 spring mattress, \$26; 1 wardrobe, \$20; 1 whatnot, \$10; 1 stand, \$1.50; 91½ yds. carpet at 50, \$4.75; 4 comforters, \$8."

So the wealth he was taking away from Springfield was not material—it was of a quite different sort—a wealth of sad and happy memories, of laborious days during which he had been slowly preparing for the great task which even now he could not see clearly, of laughter, of friendly words, of the peaceful scenes of what was even then only a small town. For Lincoln, as he went away, the town was alive with warm recollections; for those who remained and those who came after it was forever to be enriched by the years he had spent there.

The last few weeks must have been like a dream to him—the stream of visitors, among them the leading Republicans of the nation; the disposal of furniture, the going through of cases of letters and papers, many of which he destroyed; the flood of letters, many containing gifts and some of which he found time to answer; the sense that these old friends and neighbors whom he knew by their first names were already beginning to regard him as a man set apart. On February 11, 1861, on the eve of his departure, he dashes off a note to Diller, whom years ago he had helped make postmaster, then who had gone electioneering for the opposing party. There is no rancor:

And as I am about to leave Springfield, and cannot see you personally, I deem it my duty to bid you farewell. I assure you Springfield and its citizens are very dear to me. It will only be a matter of time (if I live) and return again, with the dispensation of Divine Providence.

He had had one of those strange dreams, such as came to him later on the eve of Gettysburg and on the night before his assassination. With his deep vein of mysticism he thought them prophetic, but whether of good or evil he did not know. "If I live" came naturally to his mind. He was acutely sensitive to that pall of impending tragedy which hung over the nation.

At last he stood in the thin rain at the Great Western Railway station on the morning of February 11. What he said then has long been familiar, with the exception of one sentence, yet it is impossible to speak of this final moment of his Springfield life without quoting it. He spoke with some difficulty, under the influence of what was evidently strong emotion:

Friends, no one who has never been placed in a like position can understand my feelings at this hour, nor the oppressive sadness I feel at this parting. For more than a quarter of a century I have lived among you, and during all that time I have received nothing but kindness at your hands. Here I have lived from my youth till now I am an old man. Here the most sacred trusts of earth were assumed; here all my children were born; and here one of them lies buried. To you, dear friends, I owe all that I have, all that I am. *All the strange checkered past seems to crowd now upon my mind.*

Today I leave you; I go to assume a task more difficult than that which devolved upon General Washington. Unless the great God who assisted him shall be with and aid me I must fail. But if the same omniscient mind and the same Almighty arm that directed and protected him shall guide and support me, I shall not fail; I shall succeed. Let us all pray that the God of our fathers may not forsake us now. To Him I commend you all. Permit me to ask that with equal sincerity and faith you will all invoke His wisdom and guidance for me. With these few words I must leave you—for how long I know not. Friends, one and all, I must now bid you an affectionate farewell.

The italicized sentence was long left out of the published versions of this brief speech—just why it is hard to understand. New Salem, the boy love affair with Ann Rutledge, the trip down the great river to New Orleans, the failure at storekeeping, the slow climb to eminence in his profession and in politics, the dark and doubtful hours prior to his marriage to Mary Todd—all this was assuredly a "strange checkered past," and had made Abraham Lincoln a man of depths and breadths that, though he sometimes

seemed as common as an old shoe, few could wholly understand.

"It was a most impressive scene," said the editor of *The State Journal*. "We have known Mr. Lincoln for many years; we have heard him speak upon a hundred different occasions; but we never saw him so profoundly affected, nor did he ever utter an address which seemed to us so full of simple and touching eloquence, so exactly adapted to the occasion, so worthy of the man and the hour."

Springfield had at last looked at the man in all his rugged splendor. All that was earthly of him was to return four years later after the most splendid funeral in the history of the continent, mourned and lamented by an entire people, in a procession a thousand miles in length.

Yet, though the nation sorrowed and Springfield with it, there was a heartbreaking delay in the erection of a fitting monument to the little prairie city's greatest son. The State and Nation seemed to have forgotten the honor that was due. It was not until 1879 that the Lincoln monument at Springfield was completed, and even then the manner in which the fund for it was collected was anything but creditable. Springfield was horrified to find that a charge was actually collected from persons who wished to pay tribute at the Emancipator's tomb. The monument itself was not cared for and deterioration set in. More than a generation ago title was taken over by the State of Illinois and something was done toward restoring the monument. This repair work in its turn began to crumble and the memorial has now been practically reconstructed. If it cannot even yet be ranked in artistic merit beside some Lincoln memorials elsewhere, its present restoration is at least a sign that Springfield's greatest citizen is not without honor in his home town.

III

LAWYER, CONGRESSMAN, POLITICIAN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S career as a storekeeper, surveyor, lawyer and politician, up to the time of the debates with Douglas, is the story of the slow but never interrupted unfolding of those qualities which were to enable him to lead a nation and to personify its highest aspirations. Step by step with it went the gradual gathering of the mighty forces which were first to tear the Nation asunder; then, after Lincoln was in his grave, to erect a more perfect democracy on the ruins of the old.

The present chapter includes significant new material bearing on Lincoln's life from 1839, not long after he had settled as a practicing attorney at Springfield, Ill., to 1856, the year which found him campaigning for Frémont in the first Republican national campaign.

By 1839 Lincoln had put much of the legendary and picturesque period of his life behind him. He had split rails, kept store, twice floated down the river to New Orleans, and finally, by reading law in his spare moments, had set himself on the road to advancement. He had served in the Black Hawk War and run twice, the second time successfully, for the Illinois Legislature. He had seen the rain beating down on the grave of Ann Rutledge, the 19-year-old New Salem inn-keeper's daughter whom he had loved. He had overcome the resulting fits of melancholy which for a time threatened to destroy him.

He had been engaged to Mary Owens of Springfield and had been relieved when she broke the engagement. He was soon to meet Mary Todd, whom, after a mysteriously broken engagement in

ATTENTION! THE PEOPLE!!

A. Lincoln, Esq'r., of Sangamon County, one of the Electoral Candidates, will address the people this evening at early candlelighting, at the Old Court Room (Riley's Building) by request of many citizens. Thursday, April 9th, 1840.

1840, he was to marry in 1842. Then, for a time, the poetry and mysticism of his nature was to run deep, reappearing only in the supreme passion of the Civil War.

John T. Stuart, under whose guidance he studied law, is his first partner. Lincoln attaches himself to the Whig party and in 1846 is elected to Congress. He returns two years later to plunge with renewed energy into his law practice, though never does he forget politics. His opinions are already forming. He hates slavery. He has opposed the Mexican War. In 1854 he rises to national prominence in his great speech at Peoria, replying to Douglas's advocacy of the Kansas-Nebraska act extending slavery into the new territories. All this time he has been growing in stature and in reputation as a lawyer and as a public man.

Meanwhile General Taylor, the hero of Buena Vista, has been nominated and elected in 1848, with Lincoln as one of his most enthusiastic supporters. Taylor's weak attitude on the slavery question has disappointed Lincoln and others who were opposed to the spread of the "peculiar institution." The Missouri Compromise was supposed to close Kansas and Nebraska forever to slavery. The Kansas-Nebraska act of 1854 in effect repeals the compromise. The Whig party, in its last days, turns more and more toward slavery, and Lincoln turns toward the newly born Republican party as the only hope of keeping the Slave States from dominating the country.

Keeping this background in mind we can read between the lines of the letters and documents here presented, looking upon them not as a complete picture of Lincoln's life during the period, but as brush strokes strengthening and deepening the portrait we already possess.

His range is wide, his experience varied. As a lawyer he is as well prepared in a small case as in an important one, in a lawsuit over a three-dollar hog as in one which involves thousands of dollars. He is eager in all cases to master the facts and ascertain whether his client is honest and his case worthy, and to clarify to judge and jury what has become clear to him after he has completed his study of law and evidence. His simplicity, his clearness, his knack of happy illustration and his earnestness are the complete armor of his legal battles. They are to serve him just as well when he becomes President.

As a public man he fell in with the habits of a generation in which every individual of importance considered it his duty to enter politics. But he displays, as many others do not, the traits of fair play, sincerity and magnanimity. He can sacrifice himself to the good of his party. He can sacrifice his party to a still higher good. He thinks of patronage, but he thinks first of principles.

We do not have to guess at these things. We find them exemplified in letters and documents written with no thought of future publication. The closer we come to Lincoln, even during his relatively obscure years, the more convinced we are of his greatness.

Our first letter is one to his partner, Stuart, written while he is away from Springfield traveling over the Eighth Circuit. He has a note to meet, as he often had in those days.

Vandalia, Feb. 14, 1839.

DEAR STUART: I have a note in Bank, which falls due some time between the 20th and last of this month. Butler stands as principal and I as security; but I am in reality the principal. . . . I wish you to call at the Bank, have a note filled over my name, signed below, get Butler to sign it, and also to let you have the money to renew it. Ewing won't do anything. He is not worth a damn.

Your friend,

A. LINCOLN.

To this letter Lincoln signs his name twice, leaving a blank space above the second signature for the note to which he refers—an eloquent testimony to his lack of guile and his full confidence in the men with whom he associated.

In following the chronological record of his life during this period we must often turn from such private affairs as these to public utterances of great moment. But such are his days and years as he lives them. As he grows in reputation he often declines a retainer and urges a settlement of a case, but rarely, if ever, unless conditions are unfavorable, or for some other compelling reason, does he decline an invitation to a political meeting. As early as 1842 he accepts an invitation to Cincinnati to a gathering at which Salmon P. Chase, even then a staunch opponent of slavery and later to be Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury and Lincoln's appointee as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, was to be honored by the free colored people of the city.

Chase, in 1842, is more radical than Lincoln. Nevertheless, Lincoln speaks his mind fully and frankly on the subject of the rights of the colored man. The following is from a contemporary newspaper account:

In what I have done I cannot claim to have acted from any peculiar consideration of the colored people as a separate and distinct class in the community, but from the simple conviction that all the individuals of that class are members of the community, and, in virtue of their manhood, entitled to every original right enjoyed by any other member. We feel, therefore, that all legal distinction between individuals of the same community, founded in any such circumstances as color, origin and the like, are hostile to the genius of our institutions, and incompatible with the true history of American liberty. Slavery and oppression must cease or American liberty must perish. . . .

I embrace with pleasure this opportunity of declaring my disapprobation of that clause of the Constitution which denies to a portion of the colored people the right of suffrage.

True democracy makes no inquiry about the color of skin, or place of nativity, or any other similar circumstances of condition. I regard, therefore, the exclusion of the colored people as a body from the elective franchise as incompatible with true democratic principles.

The year 1848 finds Lincoln, as we have seen, supporting General Taylor for the Presidency. He very cannily sees that the Whig party, which stood out against the breach with Mexico, can disarm its opponents by nominating the General who had made a national reputation in the war against Mexico. So he writes from his desk in the House of Representatives to one of Illinois's numerous lesser politicians:

H. R., Feb. 17, 1848.

HON. T. S. FLOURNEY.

Dear Sir: In answer to your enquiries I have to say I am in favor of Gen. Taylor as the Whig candidate for the Presidency because I am satisfied we can elect him, that he would give us a Whig administration, and that we cannot elect any other Whig. In Illinois his being our candidate would *certainly* give us one additional member of Congress, if not more; and *probably* would give us the electoral vote of the State. That with him we can, in that State, make great inroads among the rank and file of the Democrats to my mind is certain; but the ma-

majority against us there is so great that I can no more than express my *belief* that we can carry the State.

Very respectfully,

A. LINCOLN.

Lincoln's own course in Congress as to the Mexican War has been a constant source of criticism, is even in 1848 and is to come up again and again in the years to come. But he never backs down. He explains his position and defends it with ability and courage. He now writes to Usher T. Linder, with whom he has crossed swords in a famous murder trial and associated on friendly terms during his circuit-riding. Ten years later, during the Lincoln-Douglas debates, Douglas, alarmed at the support Lincoln is receiving, is to telegraph, "For God's sake, Linder, come," and the unfortunate lawyer is henceforth to be known as "For-God's-Sake" Linder. Dunbar and Bishop, mentioned in the following letter, are two other of Lincoln's political friends who are beginning to differ with him.

Washington, March 22, 1848.

FRIEND LINDER: Yours of the 15th is just received, as was a day or two ago one from Dunbar on the same subject. Although I address this to you alone, I intend it for you, Dunbar and Bishop, and wish you to show it to them. . . . Toward the close of your letter you ask three questions, the first of which is, "Would it not have been just as easy to have elected Genl. Taylor without opposing the war as by opposing it?" I answer, I suppose it would, if we could do *neither*—could be *silent* on the question; but the Loco-focos here will not let the Whigs be *silent*. Their very first act in Congress was to present a preamble declaring that war existed by the act of Mexico, and the Whigs were obliged to vote on it, and this policy is followed up by them, so that they are compelled to speak, and their only option is whether they will, when they speak, tell the *truth*, or tell a foul, villainous and bloody falsehood. . . . Your third question is, "And have we as a party ever gained anything by falling in company with abolitionists?" Yes, we gained our only national victory by falling in company with them in the election of Genl. Harrison. Not that we fell into abolition doctrines; but that we took up a man whose position induced them to join us in his election.

In time the nomination of Taylor becomes more popular, and the prospect of victory in the Fall elections grows better every

day. Lincoln is quick to detect the signs of the approaching triumph and writes a letter to W. H. Herndon, who had been for some years his legal partner:

[Not to be published—Herndon].

Washington, June 12, 1848.

DEAR WILLIAM: On my return from Philadelphia, where I had been attending the nomination of "Old Rough," I found your letter in a mass of others, which have accumulated in my absence. By many, and often, it had been said they would not abide the nomination of Taylor; but since the deed has been done they are fast falling in, and in my opinion we shall have a most overwhelming, glorious triumph. One unmistakable sign is that all the odds and ends are with us—Barnburners, native Americans, Tyler men, disappointed office-seeking Loco-focos, and the Lord knows what. This is important, if in nothing else, in showing which way the wind blows. Some of the sanguine men here set down all the States as certain for Taylor but Illinois, and it as doubtful. Cannot something be done, even in Illinois? Taylor's nomination takes the locos on the behind side. It turns the war thunder against them. The war is now to them the gallows of Haman, which they built for us, and on which they are doomed to be hanged themselves. Excuse this short letter. I have so many to write that I cannot devote much time to any one. Yours as ever,

A. LINCOLN.

The majority of his letters, written soon after the election of General Taylor, shows clearly that Lincoln is disappointed in more than one way. He had expected, as being the only Whig Congressman in Illinois, to be consulted on the distribution of patronage. His leadership of the party, his career in Congress, have entitled him to that consideration. He had also expected that the administration would give him an appointment to some office commensurate with his position in the political organization in the State and in the nation. These letters disclose that he was unsuccessful, both as a dispenser of patronage and as a candidate for the Land Office, which was the most important appointment in the State of Illinois and which went to a friend of Daniel Webster, all-powerful with the new administration. His fairness appears in the fact that he recommends men of good character, as well as men who have worked for the party and had earned the gratitude of the administration. This phase of his leadership has

remained entirely unknown and is here, for the first time, fully disclosed.

He writes to Herndon:

Washington, Jan. 5, 1849.

DEAR WILLIAM: Your two letters were received last night. I have a great many letters to write and so cannot write very long ones. There must be some mistake about Walter Davis saying I promised him the Post-office; I did not so promise him. I did tell him that if the disposition of the offices should fall into my hands he should have *something*; and if I shall be convinced he has said any more than this, I shall be disappointed. I said this much to him because, as I understand, he is of *good character*, is one of the *young men*, is of the *mechanics*, an always *faithful* and never *troublesome* Whig, and is *poor*, with the support of a widow mother thrown almost exclusively on him by the death of his brother. If these are wrong reasons, then I have been wrong; but I have certainly not been selfish in it; because in my greatest need of friends he was against me and for Baker.

Yours as ever,

A. LINCOLN.

P.S.—Let the above be confidential.

That his career in politics was not entirely free from annoyance and from conflicts which were foreign to his fine sense of justice, and against which he protests with all his might, appears from this letter:

Springfield, Ill., April 26, 1849.

HON. SECRETARY OF HOME DEPARTMENT.

Dear Sir:

Some time since I recommended to your Department the appointment of Turner R. King and Walter Davis to the Land Offices in this place. Several persons here, who desire these offices themselves, are finding great fault with the recommendations; and I learned this morning that charges against King have been, or are to be, forwarded to your Department. I will take pains to avoid imposing any unworthy man on the Department. I am not the less anxious in this matter because of knowing the principal object of the fault-finders to be to stab me.

When a deserving friend and fellow-Illinoisian, A. F. Patrick, though a Democrat, has been removed from a clerkship, Lincoln, the Whig leader, appeals for him for the purpose of wiping out the injurious stigma of removal.

Washington, June 24, 1849.

HON. SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

Dear Sir: I understand my personal friend and fellow Illinoisan, A. F. Patrick, has been removed from a clerkship in your Department on some charge implicating his capacity or business habits as a clerk. In such an implication I suspect injustice has been done him, not by you, but by those on whose information you acted. If this be so you can ascertain it, and I shall be much obliged if you will wipe the injurious stigma from him. This is one thing; another is that if not inconsistent I much wish he could have some temporary employment till about the meeting of Congress. When I say "if not inconsistent" I mean that I wish you to be consistent in all things, and that if obliging Mr. Patrick, Democrat as he is, in this matter of temporary employment, would at all interfere with your consistency, I wish you not to do it.

Your obt. Servt.

A. LINCOLN.

That he detects the weakness of the Taylor Administration can be seen from the closing sentences of a letter which he writes to the Secretary of State and intimating that a little backbone must be displayed by the new administration if the party is to be built up and is to be turned into a militant organization.

Springfield, Ill. July 28th, 1849.

[Lincoln to Hon. J. M. Clayton].

. . . The appointments need be no better than they have been, but the public must be brought to understand that they are the *President's* appointments. He must occasionally say, or seem to say, "by the Eternal," "I take the responsibility." Those phrases were the "Samson's locks" of Gen. Jackson, and we dare not disregard the lessons of experience.

He is frequently called upon to help ungrateful political associates, and when another leader might well hesitate to recommend one who had proved unfaithful, Lincoln's kindness and good nature prevail. This much-coveted letter of recommendation is forwarded to G. W. Rives, but not without a much deserved rebuke:

G. W. RIVES, Esq.,

Springfield, Dec. 15, 1849.

Dear Sir: From the beginning of our acquaintance I had felt the greatest kindness for you and had supposed it was reciprocated on your

ATTENTION! **THE** **PEOPLE!!**

A. LINCOLN, ESQ'R.,
OF Sangamon County, one of the *Electoral* Candidates, will ADDRESS the
PEOPLE

This Evening!!

At Early Candlelighting, at the ~~OLD~~ *COURT ROOM*, ~~in~~ (Riley's Building.)

By request of

MANY CITIZENS.

Thursday, April 9th, 1840.

A Campaign Poster

part. Last Summer, under circumstances which I mentioned to you, I was painfully constrained to withhold a recommendation which you desired, and shortly afterwards I learned in such a way as to believe it that you were indulging in open abuse of me. Of course, my feelings were wounded. On receiving your last letter the question occurred whether you were attempting to use me at the same [time] you would injure me, or whether you might not have been misrepresented to me. If the former, I ought not to answer you; if the latter I ought, and so I have remained in suspense. I now enclose you a letter which you may use if you see fit.

That he feels keenly the ingratitude of the administration and the machinations which resulted in the appointment of John Wentworth to the Land Office, and that he does not hesitate to express his resentment, is seen from his letter to John Addison on August 9. This is a little more than a month after President Taylor's death and the accession of the Vice President, Millard Fillmore. Addison, the recipient of the letter, was a Chicago political leader. Wentworth, the successful claimant, was a picturesque character, taller even than Lincoln himself and commonly known as "Long John." He was editor of *The Chicago Democrat* and later a Congressman and Mayor of Chicago.

Springfield, Aug. 9, 1850.

JOHN ADDISON, Esq.

Dear Sir: Your letter of the 31st of July was received yesterday. The substance of the matter you speak of, in detail, has long been known to me; and I have supposed, if I *would*, I *could* make it entirely plain to the world. But my high regard for some of the members of the late Cabinet; my great devotion to General Taylor personally; and above all my fidelity to the great Whig cause, have induced me to be silent, and this especially, as I have felt, and do feel, entirely independent of the government and therefore above the power of its persecution. I also have long suspected that you were being persecuted on account of this piece of villiany [sic] or for the benefit of the original villian [sic]; and, I own, this fills me with indignation. A public exposé, however, though it might confound the guilty, I fear might also injure some who are innocent; to some extent disparage a good cause, reflect no credit upon me, and result in no advantage to you. . . .

One part of your letter induces me to say I would not now accept the Land Office if it were offered to me.

Yours as ever,

A. LINCOLN.

Disappointed in the hope of obtaining office from the Taylor or Fillmore Administration, and watching the gradual disintegration of the old parties, Lincoln now turns back to the practice of law. Our next letter is not a record of a glittering legal triumph, but an instance of his compassion.

L. M. HAYS, Esq.,

Springfield, Oct. 27, 1852.

Dear Sir: Yours of Sept. 30th just received. At our court just past I could have got a judgment against Turley, if I had pressed to the utmost; but I am really sorry for him—*poor* and a *cripple* as he is. He begged time to try to find evidence to prove that the deceased on his death bed ordered the note to be given up to him or destroyed. I do not suppose he will get any such evidence; but I allowed him till next court to try. Yours, etc.,

A. LINCOLN.

The difficulties which arose in his appearances all over the Eighth Circuit appear from a letter to Linder, in which he asks Linder to attend to a case in Edgar Court where he had been paid “a little fee” and is placed in a dilemma.

Springfield, March 8, 1853.

DEAR LINDER: The change of circuits prevents my attending the Edgar court this Spring, and perhaps generally thereafter. There is a little ejectment case from Bloomfield, in which the name of Davidson figures, but in which a couple of men by the name of Bailey are interested; and for defending which I have been paid a little fee. Now I dislike to keep the money without doing the service, & I also hate to disgorge; and I therefore request of you to defend the case for me; and I will, in due time, do as much or more for you. Write me whether you can do it. Yours as ever,

A. LINCOLN.

These are years of preparation for Lincoln both as lawyer and as politician. His fame as a legal authority and trial lawyer has spread all over the State, and in the meantime the Republican party has been organized and he has thrown over his allegiance to the dying Whig organization and become the recognized leader of the new movement. Offers of nomination to Congress and to the Governorship of Illinois come to him. He declines them, for he has set his mind on the United States Senate. He has made his Peoria speech, quivering, as Herndon says, “with feeling and

emotion" and laying down the law that "no man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent." He is elected to the Legislature on the Whig ticket—and resigns. He comes within three votes of being chosen Senator, then throws his support to Lyman Trumbull, who has bolted the Democratic party because he could not stand for the Kansas-Nebraska bill.

At the first Illinois State Republican convention, in 1856, he makes the famous "Lost Speech," which stirs the delegates to a frenzy of applause. He makes many other speeches that year. But he will not run for office. He writes to President Sturtevant of Illinois College:

Springfield, Sept. 27, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR: . . . Let me assure you that I decline to be a candidate for Congress on my clear conviction that my running would hurt and not help the cause. I am willing to make any personal sacrifice, but I am not willing to do what in my own judgment is a sacrifice of the cause itself.

So the years of preparation begin to draw to a close. Two years more and he will debate with Douglas, enabling the "Little Giant" to capture the Senatorship, reaching out himself for a greater prize and a more appalling task.

IV

LINCOLN'S LEGISLATIVE CAREER

AN entire volume could easily be filled by one who would do justice to Lincoln's legislative career—in the Illinois Legislature and during his single term in Congress. This period of his life is passed over with the usual comment that he did not show much aptitude as a legislator and that his single term in Congress was barren of any results and inconspicuous from every standpoint. Contemporary observers—Herndon among them—declared at the time that whatever political future he had was destroyed by his unpopular attitude on the Mexican War—an expression of opinion about its unrighteousness he could have easily avoided—and by his failure to reap the benefits which should have accrued to him as being the lone Whig member from Illinois. He should have become the dispenser of all political favors of the incoming Taylor Administration. Even the one important political plum—the position of Commissioner of the Land Office—which by all the rules of politics belonged to Lincoln—went to Justin Butterfield of Chicago, who was far more successful in procuring political favors than was Lincoln; and besides, Daniel Webster was his spokesman in Washington.

As to the legislative career of Lincoln, very little has been done to appraise that period of his life. A full résumé of what he did is important and interesting. Beginning with his first political speech, which he prepared during his first unsuccessful campaign, down to the very last address during which he arraigned the Polk Administration and helped to destroy the candidacy of Cass, we find sufficient proof of the maturer Lincoln. He was never, for any long period of time, inactive. He always had some problem before him, whether it was to register a protest against slavery, to remove the Capital to Springfield, to introduce the District of Columbia resolutions, which aimed to abolish slavery in the District, or to hammer away at the "heroic" Michigander—Lincoln was primed and prepared and was ready for all comers.

He certainly displayed a rare leadership in removing the seat of government from Vandalia to Springfield. Though his party was never in the majority while he was a member of the Legislature, yet he managed so to dispose of legislation as to be able, when the time came, to carry the proposition by procuring the needed Democratic votes. On one occasion, he had a narrow escape and succeeded in breaking a hostile quorum only by unceremoniously leaving through the window when the Democratic sergeant-at-arms had locked the door. He was always prepared to defeat the repeated attempts at reconsideration—and successfully steered the entire series of bills through the Legislature which accomplished the change of Capitals. He concentrated all his efforts during an entire session to this one job. He allowed nothing else to interfere with this legislation, even the signed protests against the Illinois anti-Abolitionist resolution, so near to his heart, had to wait. He made all manner of arrangements and agreements, but he accomplished this, to him and to Springfield, most vital work.

In the course of his career in the Legislature he became the leader of his party and remained the most prominent Whig, and then the most prominent Republican, to the day of his elevation to the Presidency twenty years later. The Lincoln of the Sixties began to lay his foundation as the leader of his party in 1835 and kept on adding to it from day to day. The same candor, the same honesty, the same common sense which guided him through those turbulent years during the Civil War—helped him in the early years in the Legislature. It was then that he began to meet people from different parts of the State—his horizon became widened—and he began and continued to learn and to meet the leaders of both parties—friendly with all—and thus began the task of surrounding himself with the most prominent leaders of his day, regardless of party.

It was quite a task to win the Congressional nomination, even when he finally did get it. Logan wanted it. Hardin was not averse to being named. Baker was ready to be drafted. Illinois was then teeming with able men—who sought elective office, the only way to fame and distinction. But finally Lincoln obtained the coveted nomination. The election followed, but not without the hardest and most intense campaign ever waged. Peter Cartwright, the

fighting Methodist, a Jackson Democrat, the roving preacher—was his opponent. He covered the whole Congressional District, but Lincoln was an organizer, a keen political leader. He knew the leading men of his Congressional District as no other man knew them before or since. He had travelled backward and forward over the Eighth Circuit—judges, lawyers, litigants, witnesses, inn-keepers, guests, storekeepers, he met them all, he knew them all and they knew him—he wrote a great number of letters throughout the District—and what a prodigious letter writer he was we are just about beginning to realize! In spite of Cartwright's strong campaign, Lincoln won easily, and when he won he was somewhat disappointed. Of course, his law practice suffered, as it always did when he was a candidate, and he never earned much in those early years even when occupied by the legal business which came to his office.

For some reason, service to the State and Nation took him completely away from his practice. His office was more of a haven of rest and refuge from all manner of trouble than a law office in the accepted sense. There he would eat his frugal meal when the domestic atmosphere was over-charged. There he met his political friends at important conferences. There he wrote the speeches and letters which made him famous. Many a man in those days, and today as well, goes into politics to establish and to improve his law practice or his business, to assist him in his chosen vocation—and in case of the lawyer especially to attract important causes and clients. It seemed to have been the reverse with Lincoln. He practiced law, accumulated a little money from time to time, after he finally paid his debts, in order to be able, when the time came, to conduct a campaign for this or the other office, for he sought nomination or appointment to office quite frequently.

It is well known that his debate with Douglas cost him practically every dollar he had, and he had a hard time to make up his expenditures and his losses, and besides the State Committee asked him for five hundred dollars to make up its deficit. His party actually permitted him to go through the debate with Douglas and expected Lincoln to foot the bills and pay the expense! He was preparing after his election to Congress to make an impression in Washington—for with him were the Democratic Congressmen from Illinois—six in number—Richardson and Or-

lando Ficklin among them—all men with a future—and he the lone Whig.

He knew the personnel of the new Congress, and needed all the time that elapsed before he took his seat to become acquainted with the routine and the main actors in that body. He knew that he could not succeed himself. It was practically agreed that he should not be a candidate to succeed himself. Logan was tentatively agreed upon, so that whatever he was to do or to achieve had to be done during those fateful two years. Constituents were as impatient then as they are now. The new men are expected to do things, to sponsor new legislation, procure appropriations for local improvements, reward the leaders who assisted in their campaigns with appointive office, or rather as he often termed it provide them with political appointments—"for a way to live without work"—all of which was out of the question for this first term Congressman.

But aside from his lack of success along these lines, we must admit, if we compare his performances, his grasp and his courage and his honesty—that very few first term members of the House of Representatives have done more, considering all the circumstances. Of course, it is true that Henry Clay was chosen Speaker on his first entry into the House. But Henry Clay was probably the most gifted and brilliant man who ever entered Congress. John Quincy Adams had been President and, of course, exerted influence and commanded respect when he began his great career in the House. Douglas, too, made a notable record but he belonged to the Democratic party—the champion of the great Jackson, and a remarkable and gifted man, second only to Henry Clay—Douglas, who up to that time knew no defeat and was at the pinnacle of one of the most successful political careers in the history of American politics.

From the utterances of his associates, from the consideration given to him by the Speaker, Robert C. Winthrop—the Brahmin from Boston—and judging from the speeches he made—we may fairly infer that had Lincoln returned for a second term he would have been a great power in the House—second to no other member. But his faithful friend and partner, Herndon, kept on bombarding him with gloomy letters about the ground he was losing, about his unpopularity, by reason of his attitude on the Mexican

War, and by his introduction of the so-called Spot Resolutions, catechising the President and his whole military party who had just been crowned with unparalleled success and glory in the Mexican War—and who incidentally added an empire to the United States.

Lincoln voted for all measures to supply and munition the army and to sustain the conduct of the war to the end. But he could not be induced or prevailed upon by mere considerations of party policy or his own future, to vote approval of what he considered dishonorable, unfair and unjust, and he thus considered our attitude before and during the Mexican War, and demonstrated it by remorseless logic and proof. And he made his position so clear that all could understand, political friend and foe alike. For Lincoln was never misunderstood. His words were clear, simple and lucid. He was not as violent as Tom Corwin—but his attack was more effective because he was calm and consistent, and he demonstrates his position and his ideas as clearly as Euclid demonstrated a simple geometrical theorem. And he so explained his attitude to Herndon, and said: "You would have acted as I did, for I know that you are an honest man."

He was careful to revise the speeches he delivered in Congress before release, and which were then printed in pamphlet form for home distribution. He had no doubt of ultimate vindication and of the triumph of right, hence he urged the distribution of his speeches, though assured by Herndon and others that he was losing friends and was destroying his political future. It was while in Congress that he had time to study and survey the processes of government. It was during that period that he began to know the men who were destined to become the great figures of the Civil War on both sides. It was during his one Congressional term that he began to study the tactics and utterances of Douglas, and to estimate the hold he had upon his party, and was thus able to dislodge him when the hour struck. It was then that he met and came to know Stephens (the Vice President of the Confederacy ten years later) and unconsciously, perhaps, began a mental joint debate with the leaders of the slavery cause.

From Congress he slid into the Taylor Presidential campaign, and made a great number of addresses, attempting the impossible task of keeping the, even then, disintegrating Whig party alive.

They began to call for him in other states. He was able to see that the day of Henry Clay had passed—that Webster and Calhoun and Benton had seen their day—were visibly aging—were about ready to retire—that new men, younger men, were needed to carry on the fight if slavery were ultimately to be extinguished and the Union kept together.

He had met Seward and Chase and Giddings, he read the utterances of all the leaders of the Abolitionist party, as well as those of the leaders of the South, and with this ever-increasing fund of knowledge, this new information, these new experiences, he returned to Springfield seemingly at the end of his political career—but really only to think and study and prepare and arrange all his mental faculties and accumulated knowledge and information for the great event, for the glorious adventure which he hoped was coming, in the indistinct future.

He knew and had an abiding faith that the political position of the South, as represented by the statesmen and spokesmen of that era, was wrong, and that it could not prevail. The experience of mankind was against the cause. And then he looked for leadership among all the men he met and heard and read about, and he became gloomier than ever; he saw the deficiencies, the idiosyncrasies, the vanities, the weaknesses, the drawbacks of each; but he held his counsel and prepared for the time to come. He again returned to his spasmodic periods of the practice of the law. For when he had nothing of greater importance to do he practiced law. And the amazing thing about it all was the undisputed fact that he was a great lawyer, the leader of the bar in Illinois—but he did not know it, or did not believe it. He certainly did not profit by it. He barely made a living—and was frequently subjected to mock trials by his associates for charging scandalously small fees for invaluable services he had rendered, returning fees to clients who voluntarily assessed the value of his services—because he thought they were excessive. Others became rich by reason of their practice and by land speculation. Lincoln was not interested in either method and remained a comparatively poor man.

But he continued his contacts with the people, in the courts, in the country hotels, in the stores, on the streets, in the newspapers and by mail. It became quite fashionable to refer to Lincoln's

Mexican War record—as well as to the speeches he made. Douglas repeatedly referred to his “Spot” Resolutions and undertook to fasten the charge of disloyalty upon Lincoln by reason of his attitude towards those who brought about the Mexican War.

To Rev. J. M. Peck, Lincoln wrote a letter, because the minister had spoken at a Belleville celebration of the battle of Buena Vista, saying,

“In view of all the facts, the conviction to my mind is irresistible that the Government of the United States committed no aggression on Mexico.”

To him Lincoln wrote: “Not in view of all the facts. There are facts which you have kept out of view.” And he went on:

“It is a fact that the United States army in marching to the Rio Grande marched into a peaceful Mexican settlement, and frightened the inhabitants away from their homes and their growing crops. It is a fact that Fort Brown, opposite Matamoras, was built by that army within a Mexican cotton-field, on which at the time the army reached it a young cotton crop was growing, and which crop was wholly destroyed and the field itself greatly and permanently injured by ditches, embankments, and the like. It is a fact that when the Mexicans captured Captain Thornton and his command, they found and captured them within another Mexican field.

“Now I wish to bring these facts to your notice, and to ascertain what is the result of your reflections on them. If you deny that they are facts, I think I can furnish proof which shall convince you that you are mistaken. If you admit that they are facts, then I shall be obliged for a reference to any law of language, law of States, law of nations, law of morals, law of religions, any law, human or divine, in which an authority can be found for saying those facts constitute ‘no aggression.’ Possibly you consider those acts too small for notice. Would you venture to so consider them had they been committed by any nation on earth against the humblest of our people? I know you would not. Then I ask, is the precept, ‘Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them’ obsolete? Of no force? Of no application? I shall be pleased if you can find leisure to write me.”

This certainly does not sound as though Lincoln had any regrets as to his course in Congress—nor does it disclose that he was in fear of political consequences to his future. He was prepared to debate the justice of his votes, of his speeches, with

any one—at any time—and what is more—he was confident of his being in the right. How fine a characteristic in his make-up this was may be seen when he was precisely in the same position in Washington during his Presidency. It was his life work to convert the hostile majority to his way of thinking.

Do we not see and recognize the Lincoln who could castigate a Carl Schurz, who could disarm Horace Greeley, and who could counter and hold at arm's length the entire host of hostile critics? All these attributes became sharpened and strengthened by his legislative career.

But far more important than his actual performances or his utterances during his legislative years was the fact that just as he became known to all the political leaders and factors and groups in Illinois—during the five years he spent in the Legislature—and was able in years to come to benefit by the experiences in the political contests in Illinois, so did his Congressional experience widen his horizons, until he was as much at home on the national political chessboard as he was in his own district. No man has ever been plucked from obscurity without any experience, without any knowledge, without any executive ability, to cope with problems such as those Lincoln was called upon to solve—and he was no exception—excepting only that his political training, like his early education, was amazingly brief. Meagre as the training was when the day of trial came he was able to answer: "Here I am, ready," and proceeded to cope with tasks such as were assigned by fate to none of his predecessors and to none of his successors in office—and from the performance of which he emerged the greatest figure of his day and generation—leaving a heritage of inspiration to his countrymen for all time to come.

V

THE LEGAL PHASE OF THE "FIRST AMERICAN"

EVERYTHING with which Lincoln came in contact, everything in which he participated—became ennobled by reason of such contact and by reason of such participation. Whatever he touched ripened as with the wisdom of the ages.

Given a Republican State Convention which was about to close its commonplace session as have hundreds of others—and an address of Lincoln raises it to such dizzy heights that the reporters forget their mission—the delegates become electrified and the whole country resounds with reports of the "Lost Speech" delivered by Lincoln, and which has to this day become the classic statement of the *raison d'être* of the Republican party.

There were joint debates from time immemorial—but it remained for Lincoln to stage the most remarkable joint debate of all time with Stephen A. Douglas, the ablest and most resourceful protagonist of the opposition.

Given a disintegrating Union, foundered upon the rock of slavery, so mournfully predicted by his great predecessor Jefferson, and so gleefully gloated over by Alexander H. Stephens, the political philosopher of the Confederacy, and Lincoln approached the dying confederation of loosely jointed states—"the gossamer of sand" which connected them having become just sand again; and like Elijah of old—from a distance at first—from Springfield by voice and pen—and then like the prophet, alone with the widow's son, breathed into his nostrils the breath of life—so at Washington during the great ordeal of four years he breathed life into the nostrils of the Union and demonstrated that these dead bones could live—and must live—ignited the dead embers of patriotism in the land and then, when his task was over, like Elijah, ascended in the chariot of fire awaiting him.

In the processes of preparation which this great soul was subjected to, he was trained and prepared among other things in legal reasoning, in legal tasks of the most diversified kinds. It

was but one of the essential courses of study, of experience, even as was his legislative training, or his training in frequent joint debate—his training in flatboating, in surveying, in his Congressional term, in his study of Euclid, or in his intense study of the Bible, of the Constitution and of the great Declaration. All were indispensable to make up and prepare the Lincoln of 1861 as he entered upon the Presidency—the supreme task and trial of his life. All this training contributed to make him what Bacon calls the ready man, for ready he was to see and speak to Union man or Southern sympathizer, soldier or sailor, general or admiral, governor or senator, Abolitionist or Copperhead, editor or preacher, diplomat or foreign minister, cabinet officer or casual visitor—and they were legion from every part of the Union and every corner of the world—and he met all, heard all, spoke to all, replied to every manner of petition, considered and tested every manner of resolution with the reasoning of Euclid, spoke with the simplicity of Bunyan, and wrote with a majesty of diction of the Bible.

Lincoln the lawyer met the leaders of the Bar of Illinois and of Indiana; he met some leading lawyers of his day during his all too short term in Congress. The judges before whom he appeared joined the lawyers with whom he associated and whom he met in his legal battles, and as he had gauged their minds and appraised their abilities he called them one by one to aid him in his own original and phenomenal plan of saving the Union. One by one he fitted them into their various stations and places, each one according to his abilities and achievements. He needed them all; he employed all. He inspired all with the spirit that was in him—to save the Union. And to those who believe that he was preordained and predestined for his task the legal phase of that marvelous life was but a necessary course of training for greater tasks yet to come.

He practiced law as did the others on the circuit. All the frontier life episodes of the men and women who travelled westward to open the great middle western empire of the Union came within his ken. Their problems became his problems. Their aspirations became his aspirations, and he became one of them, and refused other and more lucrative employment elsewhere. To be general counsel for the New York Central Railroad did not interest him.

New York even in the Fifties of the last century rather awed him. The lure of Springfield and the Eighth Circuit became too great, so that even when the supreme moment came, it was to him a great renunciation to leave Springfield and he would have gladly lingered a while longer in the place of his early struggles and his modest triumphs. But the moment was here and he was on his way to Washington for the great adventure, to be present on the great judgment day when the Lord of Hosts judged the Nations on this Continent.

Lincoln the lawyer, who laboriously prepared all his legal documents in that wonderful chirography which has become so familiar as to be recognized by every school child, who examined his witnesses, who tried his own cases, who prepared his own briefs, was so thoroughly trained in what was human in law and lawyers, that he collaborated with the best legal talent of his day in preparing those legal documents which became essential to cement not a more perfect Union—he was through with compromises and half-way measures—but an indestructible Union of indestructible States—which by the Grace of God and the genius of Lincoln it is today.

Henry Winter Davis, Reverdy Johnson, Salmon P. Chase, David Davis, William Pitt Fessenden, Edwin M. Stanton, William M. Evarts and a host of other great lawyers were on the stage upon which the light of an entire world beat its fierce and deadly rays, but it was the modest country circuit lawyer who rewrote the diplomatic notes of the premier international lawyer of his generation, and by a few well-chosen mollifying words and phrases saved the two Anglo-Saxon countries from fratricidal war. It was this modest country lawyer who demonstrated a courage never manifested before and never equalled since, by impaling a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, a President of the United States, a former President and the leader of the United States Senate—as no one ever did or could do before.

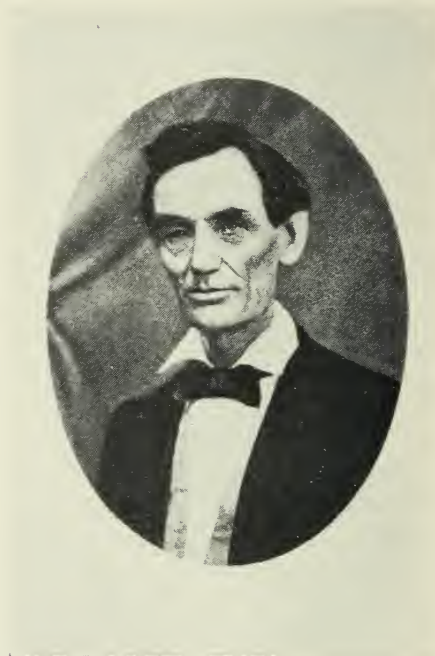
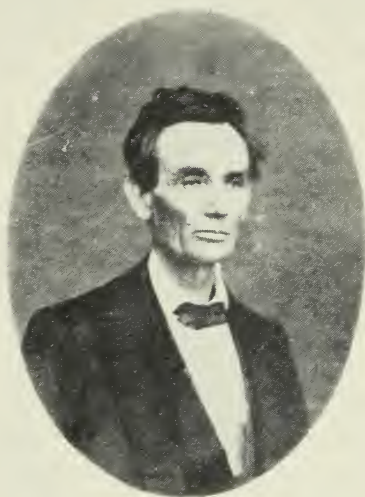
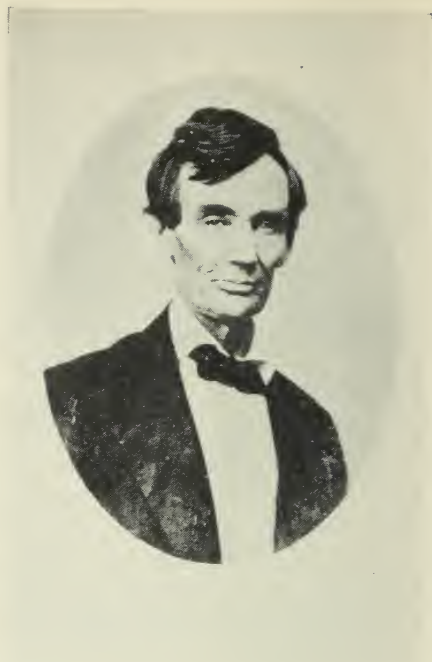
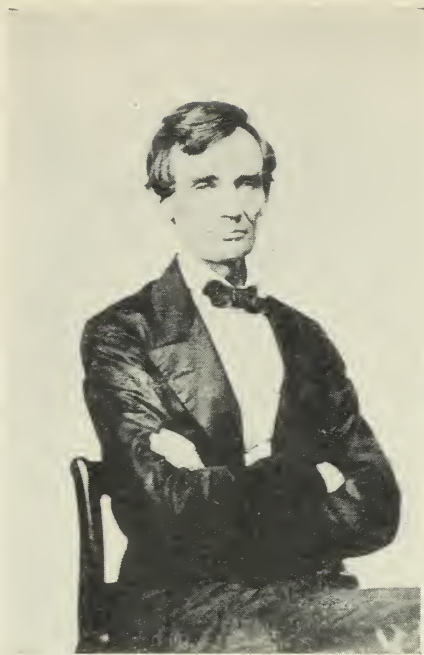
It was this homely frontier country lawyer who evolved and demonstrated the infamy of secession, and then the legal status of the seceded States, which, had he lived, he would have saved from all the bitterness and misery and corruption of Reconstruction. It was this Springfield lawyer, whose largest fee had been

\$5,000 in a law practice of twenty-three years, who drafted, unaided and alone, the immortal legal document—the title deed of freedom which released from bondage four million souls. Great corporations, gigantic fees, monumental questions of sixty years—which employed legal talent of every kind—how petty, how small, how dwarfed they all appear in the presence of this latter-day St. Louis, doing justice under a tree, as it were, in the White House, under the shades of the elms—which alone of all about him partook of the characteristics of the elemental, of the eternal, in the patient, sad-visaged lawyer.

And as is usual in all such cases, during the millennia, his neighbors, his associates at the Bar, with but very few exceptions, did not recognize the divine spark in him. They did not become aware that he was not of them—they saw, they heard, occasionally admired—more often criticized, for he too had a goodly number of Eldads and Medads,—but they knew him not. The assassin's bullet, the chariot of fire, the indescribable political diapason with all the saturnalia of corruption which followed his ascension to Him who loaned him to us as a momentary herald of peace and good will—all were required to open men's eyes, to unlock their bosoms, to bring forth a flood of recollections of Lincoln, the country lawyer of Springfield. The judge came forward and told how he was enthralled by the eloquence of Lincoln in acquitting the widow's son. The legal opponent waxed eloquent at the generosity of Lincoln as an adversary in court. The client became loquacious at his modesty in bearing, his fairness in charges for his services, at the adequacy of preparation of causes and the invaluable service rendered. The young lawyer came forward to recount how he ever extended a helping hand to, and had a word of encouragement for, the young men at the Bar. The jurymen gathered to recall the perfect control he wielded over them in the court-house, and if his cause was just—and he generally engaged in none other—he became and was invincible. He would resort to practices which today might seem uncouth—he would harangue a jury coatless, collarless, with a prelude of a horse-laugh—if he considered it necessary. He would issue a business card which today might run afoul the scores of canons of ethics promulgated upon the slightest provocation—if only to demonstrate that a new bar association had come into being; he would plead with

his own client to relent over his own victim, defeated in a litigation by Lincoln himself, when the victim was a physical cripple. He would make a tender on behalf of a client in order to hold a defendant to his contract—with funds borrowed from a bank for a few moments—money which neither he nor his clients had. He practiced law like a pioneer, with the pioneer ideas of fairness, of justice, of right dealing. He even presided in place of Judge Davis, and on one occasion conducted an entire term of Court in Champaign County.

Those who are fortunate to see or own some of his legal documents will see that the same hand which wrote those legal forms wrote the Gettysburg Address, wrote the Second Inaugural, wrote the letter to General Hooker, and a score of other letters and documents equally marvelous. The same man was big hearted enough to replace the young sparrow into the nest from which it had fallen and great enough to guide the hand of Seward when he was penning the epoch-making Trent despatch—or pocket his suggestions to embroil us in a world war. He was a lawyer in a class by himself—all alone; although we are travelling over the same circuit, all memorizing his arguments, all delving into the wonders of his spoken and written word, he has no followers. His race is run! The last scion joined the sad-featured father. Lincolns in the flesh are no more. Will we see their like again? Who knows? The last great world conflagration produced no Lincolns at a time when they were most needed. Our own times have no Lincolns, but we have at least his heritage—but have we the eyes to see it, the mind to grasp it? We have, in the spirit, if not in the flesh, Lincoln pleading before every tribunal that we love our fellow-man, that we preserve our birthright, that we hold sacred the principles for which he fought and fell and upon which our government rests and must rest if this government is to endure; that we love the stranger; that we accord to all, regardless of religion and color and station, equal protection before the law. These are the maxims which Lincoln the invisible, Lincoln the lawyer, is seeking to implant in every heart, in every soul which claims kinship with the lawyer from Illinois who paid with his life in the greatest of all his causes, in the greatest of legal battles of his great career, before a jury of twenty millions, before an audience of an infuriated world, who were lending aid and



(From the Collection of Frederick Hill Meserve)

comfort to our enemies, to secure the release of four million human beings from the grasp of eleven embattled imperial states, in open rebellion.

A country lawyer, indeed, an unvarnished practitioner, to be sure—unpolished pioneer of course; but not since his great prototype four thousand years ago—the shepherd from the Midianitish Desert—who pleaded at the Court of the great Pharaoh, has it seemed meet to Him who guides our destinies to release from His inner circle on high such another country lawyer—Ambassador of God—Lantern-bearer of a blind humanity—as the raw youth of Sangamon County, who studied law from the seared and yellow pages of the battered volume of Blackstone bought with the contents of an old barrel—the only fortunate transaction in the luckless venture of Berry and Lincoln. The ways of the Almighty are wondrous indeed, wonderful past understanding!

Now that the mists and clouds which surrounded him during those terrifying years are lifted and dispelled, we see him as he was—and what were apparent clouds, black and trembling, was Mont Blanc among men, in its mighty splendor, the eternal sunshine resting on its head!

VI

LINCOLN MORE THAN A COUNTRY LAWYER

AMONG the many notions which have become current about Lincoln none is more worthy of criticism than the failure of his biographers adequately to portray his activities as a lawyer. There are those who claim for him all he achieved and all he has accomplished was due to the fact that he was a lawyer. But when we consider that about two-thirds of our chief magistrates have at one time or other during their careers been lawyers or judges—and yet that particular phase had but little to do with the success or failure of their administrations—we might well hesitate to claim that Lincoln owed so much to the fact that law became his permanent profession.

And then, too, it is a peculiar picture that comes to us through the maze of legend as to the kind of lawyer he was. The criminal causes had a great vogue on the frontiers of civilization in those days—and Lincoln's two or three great victories in criminal causes have captured the imagination of the hero-worshipper—who cannot imagine Lincoln preparing a brief on appeal, or thinking out a carefully prepared legal document. We overlook his versatility as a pleader, as an adviser, as an arbitrator of causes, as a student of Constitutional law, in which he hardly had an equal, unless we take into consideration the great legal instincts of John Marshall. The late Senator Beveridge, whose untimely death crippled the second great undertaking of his life—a companion work to his life of the Chief Justice—saw the resemblance between these two outstanding leaders of men. When he approaches the climax in his epoch-making life of Marshall, and wants to give his readers an idea how great Marshall really was, he says:

“ . . . We must imagine a person very much like Abraham Lincoln.

“Indeed, the resemblance of Marshall to Lincoln is striking. Between no two men in American history is there such a likeness. Phys-

ically, intellectually, and in characteristics, Marshall and Lincoln were of the same type. . . .

"They enjoyed fun, jokes, laughter, in equal measure, and had the same keen appreciation of wit and humor. Their mental qualities were the same. Each man had the gift of going directly to the heart of any subject; while the same lucidity of statement marked each of them. Their style, the simplicity of their language, the peculiar clearness of their logic, were almost identical. Notwithstanding their straightforwardness and amplitude of mind, both had a curious subtlety. Some of Marshall's opinions and Lincoln's State papers might have been written by the same man. The 'Freeholder' questions and answers in Marshall's Congressional campaign, and those of Lincoln's debate with Douglas, are strikingly similar in method and expression.

"Each had a genius for managing men; and Marshall showed the precise traits in dealing with the members of the Supreme Court that Lincoln displayed in the Cabinet. . . .

"Although Southern-born, both Marshall and Lincoln sympathized with and believed in the North; and yet their manners and instinct were always those of the South. Marshall was given advantages that Lincoln never had; but both were men of the people, were brought up among them, and knew them thoroughly. Lincoln's outlook upon life, however, was that of the humblest citizen; Marshall's that of the well-placed and prosperous. Neither was well educated, but each acquired, in different ways, a command of excellent English and broad, plain conceptions of government and of life. Neither was a learned man, but both created the materials for learning.

"Marshall and Lincoln were equally good politicians; but, although both were conservative in their mental processes, Marshall lost faith in the people's steadiness, moderation, and self-restraint; and came to think that impulse rather than wisdom was too often the temporary moving power in the popular mind, while the confidence of Lincoln in the good sense, righteousness, and self-control of the people became greater as his life advanced."

We are also led to believe that Lincoln's was a perfectly angelic nature with clients and litigants on all occasions and under all circumstances. Nothing can be further from the truth. An impatient client complained that his business had been neglected by the firm of Lincoln & Herndon. The letter was received soon after the conclusion of the great joint debate with Douglas. In the very nature of things Lincoln must have been much depressed, not only by his failure to reach the Senate, but also by his loss

of income and his expense during the period occupied by the joint debate. He had about started to recoup his losses. But here is the letter which Lincoln wrote to S. C. Davis & Co., the dissatisfied clients:

“Never to be published—*Herndon.*”

“Springfield, Novr. 17, 1858.

“Messrs. S. C. Davis & Co.

“Gentlemen

“You perhaps need not to be reminded how I have been personally engaged for the last three or four months— Your letter to Lincoln & Herndon, of Oct. 1st complaining that the lands of those against whom we obtained judgment last winter for you, have not been sold on execution has just been handed to me to-day— I will try to ‘explain how our’ (your) ‘interests have been so much neglected’ as you choose to express it— After these judgments were obtained we wrote you that under our law, the selling of land on execution is a delicate and dangerous, matter; that it could not be done safely, without a careful examination of titles, and also of the *value* of the property— Our letters to you will show this— To do this would require a canvass of half the State— We were puzzled, & you sent no definite instructions— At length we employed a young man to visit all the localities, and make as accurate a report on titles and values as he could— He did this, expending three or four weeks’ time, and as he said, over a hundred dollars of his own money in doing so— When this was done we wrote you, asking if we should sell and bid in for you in accordance with this information— This letter you never answered—

“My mind is made up— I will have no more to do with this class of business— I can do business in Court, but I can not, and will not follow executions all over the world. The young man who collected the information for us is an active young lawyer living at Carrollton, Green County, I think— We promised him a share of the compensation we should ultimately receive— He must be somehow paid; and I believe you would do well to turn the whole business over to him— I believe we have had, of legal fees, which you are to recover back from the defendants, one hundred dollars— I would not go through the same labor and vexation again for five hundred; still, if you will clear us of Mr. William Fishbach (such is his name) we will be most happy to surrender to him, or to any other person you may name—

“Yours, etc.,

“A. LINCOLN.

“This shall never
be published. *Herndon.*”

When Herndon heard of the letter he hastened to the clients and recovered the letter and endorsed on the top and at the end of the letter that it was never to be published. But this letter must have been an eye-opener as to what Lincoln could say and write when unfairly charged with neglect of duty.

While a conscientious lawyer at all times and always serving his client with fidelity and to the utmost of his ability, a very fine letter written to one of his clients indicates in characteristic fashion Lincoln's kindness of heart. Although he was ready to obtain a judgment for his client he writes as follows:

"I am really sorry for him—POOR and a CRIPPLE as he is— He begged time to try to find evidence to prove that the deceased on his death-bed, ordered the note to be given up to him or destroyed."

Lincoln, too, was very punctilious as to his charges. And moderate to the point when other practitioners would charge him with ruining their prospects by charging so little for his services. To Benjamin Kellogg, Jr., he gave the following receipt:

"Received, May 11, 1885, of Benjamin Kellogg, Jr., fifty dollars in full ballance of all fees, up to this date, and also one dollar and a quarter, to be applied on the next fee—

A. LINCOLN—"

Lincoln was absolutely fearless as a lawyer—as he was in public life. When he had reached a conclusion, when he had analyzed a proposition, when he became convinced of a state of facts—he would speak his mind and pronounce judgment not only upon a political opponent, but upon the judge presiding—and generally in open court—and did not distinguish or change his practice even when the Supreme Court of the United States was concerned. Lawyers are all acquainted with the famous Dred Scott decision by the Supreme Court—which was held back until after the close of the Buchanan-Frémont campaign. The election had been rather close—and it was well within the possibilities that had the decision been promptly announced before election day, Frémont, and not Buchanan, might have been elected. Now there were great men on the Supreme Court Bench at the time. Roger B. Taney was still Chief Justice. It required some courage to take the Court to task. Newspapers might have done it—the man in the street might have done it—and the Court could disregard comment and

criticism alike. But here was a member of the Bar—the leader of the Illinois Bar—a member of the Bar of the Supreme Court of the United States—who could easily be held to account for his strictures upon the most exalted tribunal in the world. But here was Lincoln, who knew he was right, whose instinct reassured him that the judges, or some of them, had an ear to the ground, and for the moment heard the siren sounds of politics, and came to the conclusion that the cause had not been disposed of simply on the legal questions involved. He saw the hands of Douglas and Pierce and Buchanan in addition to the voice of Taney. Honest and fearless Abraham Lincoln is shocked at the low estate into which John Marshall's court had fallen—the court which had made our Constitution virile and our country great. And Lincoln spoke—Lincoln charged a conspiracy of silence pending the election—and conspiracy of the slave power for the perpetuation of slavery after the election. He was not frightened by a Preston Brooks—he would probably have broken every bone in that coward's body had he ever attempted to argue any question with Lincoln as he did with Sumner, an old man whom Brooks attacked with a bludgeon from the rear—this is what Lincoln has to say:

“My main object was to show, so far as my humble ability was capable of showing to the people of this country, what I believe was the truth—that there was a tendency, if not a conspiracy, among those who have engineered this slavery question for the last four or five years, to make slavery perpetual and universal in this nation. Having made that speech principally for that object, after arranging the evidences that I thought tended to prove my proposition, I concluded with this bit of comment:

“‘We cannot absolutely know that these exact adaptations are the result of preconcert, but when we see a lot of framed timbers, different portions of which we know have been gotten out at different times and places, and by different workmen—Stephen, Franklin, Roger, and James, for instance, and when we see these timbers joined together, and see they exactly make the frame of a house or a mill, all the tenons and mortices exactly fitting, and all the lengths and proportions of the different pieces exactly adapted to their respective places, and not a piece too many or too few,—not omitting even the scaffolding,—or if a single piece be lacking, we see the place in the frame exactly fitted and prepared to yet bring such piece in—in such a case we feel it impossible not to believe that Stephen and Franklin,

and Roger and James, all understood one another from the beginning, and all worked upon a common plan or draft drawn before the first blow was struck.’”

Were a set of conspirators ever impaled as was this quartet in this marvelous indictment drawn by the country lawyer of the Eighth Circuit of Illinois?

As late as August, 1854, he writes to his friend, Thomas, to settle a case for \$110—“and my fee . . . as to the amount of my fee, take ten dollars, which you and I will divide equally.” One can about imagine the kind and quantity of the legal business which occupied him at this time.

Lincoln’s defense of Father Charles Chiniquy, a Kankakee Presbyterian pastor, who led his congregation out of the Roman Catholic church after a bitter quarrel with his bishop over the control of church and school house property in Kankakee, occupies a large section of Mr. Chiniquy’s book, “Fifty Years in the Church of Rome,” published in 1885.

Chiniquy in 1856 found himself the defendant in a criminal action brought by a priest who charged that Chiniquy had affronted his (the priest’s) own sister. The plaintiff had credible witnesses to prove his case. Lincoln was impelled to become Chiniquy’s lawyer. The action was begun in 1856 and on a new trial was concluded in 1857, at Urbana, before Judge Davis.

Witnesses for the plaintiff put Chiniquy in a bad light, so much so that the evening papers in Chicago the day the case went to the jury anticipated with headlines, a verdict against Chiniquy.

Lincoln, according to Father Chiniquy, told him to prepare for the worst, as the evidence was very damaging, meanwhile advising him to pray for deliverance. The evening newspaper stories in Chicago caught the attention of a woman friend of Chiniquy who had knowledge of the conspiracy against him, and she went the same night to Urbana, and told Lincoln the true story. Lincoln went to Chiniquy’s room after midnight to tell him the good news. Before the opening of court the next day the witnesses against Chiniquy got wind of the presence of the witness for Chiniquy and fled the town. Plaintiff’s counsel asked leave to drop the action, saying that he was convinced that Chiniquy was innocent. Chiniquy scored a complete triumph.

Father Chiniquy asked Lincoln for his bill, assuring him that while he had not money immediately available he would pay him in time. Chiniquy already had paid two other lawyers a thousand dollars each, and expected that Lincoln would ask as much, especially as it was he who had finally won the victory. Lincoln replied that he was acting as friend to a man in danger of suffering a great injustice. After a parley, Lincoln said:

"Well, well! I will give you a promissory note which you will sign." The note he wrote out on a scrap of paper, as follows:

"Urbana, May 23, 1857.

Due A. Lincoln
fifty dollars,
for value received."

"After reading it," says Chiniquy in his book, "I said: 'Dear Mr. Lincoln, this is a joke. It is not possible that you ask only \$50 for services which are worth at least \$2,000.'

"He then tapped me with his right hand on the shoulder, and said: 'Sign that; it is enough. I will pinch some rich men for that and make them pay the rest of the bill.' I signed the note."

Stephen R. Moore, a Kankakee lawyer, of Chiniquy's counsel, writing in 1916 about the incident, says:

"The note given by Chiniquy to Mr. Lincoln on May 23, 1857, for fifty dollars for services, I have often seen the original. He had a copy printed so as to save the original from being worn out. Father Chiniquy was a believer in special Providences. Father Chiniquy is entirely reliable in what he says."

When lawyers like Webster and Wirt and Lincoln never made more than four or five thousand dollars a year—there was nevertheless more real advocacy, more skill in the trial of causes, more real effort and preparation than in this day and age. Given therefore the best of our endowed lawyers—and he cannot and will not appear to the same advantage as did the others of those other times—for if for no other reason—the background is missing. The Court House was the theatre, the concert hall, the opera house; and the outside of the Court House was the public forum. Lincoln practiced his profession among friends and neighbors. His reasoning, his logic, his eloquence, his broad humanity—were all called into play—and client and juror and judge and listener were convinced.

The variety of his practice, too, brought into play the finest faculties in him. He was not simply the country lawyer, the corn-field lawyer, the village notary, the petty criminal lawyer. If we compare and study the list of his known cases we shall see practically every phase of law and manifestation of the operation of law as it comes into the lives of the people.

New features in the career of Lincoln at the bar are cited in order to show his remarkable adaptability and the wonderful resiliency of his mind to any new feature, to any new problems, in order that we might better appreciate his thorough preparation for his great work in the Lincoln-Douglas Debate in his epoch-making speech at Cooper Union, and finally at Washington—where he was called upon to face and solve problems which called into play all the various manifestations of this many-sided man, and he actually grappled and solved practically alone, all the great questions which came up during those overcrowded years in Washington. The rebellious Cabinet, the hostile Congress, the threatening Abolitionists, the disloyal Copperheads, the treasonable activities of Vallandigham and his coadjutors, the Trent Affair, the choice and removal of generals, the suppression of peace talk with the suggestion of telling the “erring sisters to go,” the struggle with a semi-hostile press and a pacifist pulpit, the superb diplomacy which kept England, France and other European countries out of the dispute, the creation of an army and a navy, the wearing down of all opposition, the Emancipation Proclamation, the beginnings of Reconstruction, the final Victory and the apotheosis in the sealing of the pact with the blood of the first martyr in the Presidency—were all the decrees of Providence choosing this physical and mental giant to grapple with the task which pygmies had been unable to comprehend—free a race, solidify the Union, and take his place, when his task was done, with the few immortals—who tower over their fellows in the history of mankind.

VII

LINCOLN'S LAW PARTNERS, CLERKS AND OFFICE BOYS

OF the three partners associated with Abraham Lincoln throughout his career at the Bar of Illinois, a good deal has been written. Stuart, Logan and Herndon are well known to us from different addresses and articles in various magazines, to say nothing of the more definitive treatises by Frederick Trevor Hill and John T. Richards, as to Lincoln the lawyer. Other biographies, too, generally allot a chapter or two in their more extended works to the influence of these three men on Lincoln's life.

Dr. Newton's fine volume entitled "Lincoln & Herndon" does full justice to the junior partner who remained loyally by the side of his chief for sixteen years, and kept the office in readiness, awaiting the return of the senior partner when his work in Washington had been completed, for he promised "Billie," and reiterated to his wife, that when his stay in Washington is concluded "I will return to Springfield and continue the practice of law as though nothing had interrupted it."

We have been told how he had been educated by the condescending Stuart, and trained by the superior Logan, in the practice of the law—practical men both, who would never have associated themselves with Lincoln solely for his own benefit—both convinced that he was a valuable ally, who would add to their prestige and to their income.

It is more than a twice-told tale how he failed to appreciate the real value of his own services as a lawyer, and charged less than any other practitioner of his ability, to the great annoyance of partners and other practitioners alike. Some of his famous causes have been listed and enumerated, and an entire literature has sprung up about many of them; but one phase of his practice, which took him on the Circuit for months at a time, has somehow been overlooked, and this omission has to do with some of the local partners he had in different points in Illinois—particularly in the Eighth Circuit.

One partnership has been continuously omitted, or intentionally overlooked, until lately, and that is the partnership with Ward H. Lamon, although Lamon himself ever proclaimed it only to be ignored by the two chroniclers of Lincoln at the Bar of Illinois who unceremoniously brush aside his claims and simply refer to him as having retained Lincoln on special occasions. Not only did this partnership exist, but it was advertised in the local papers, and if unfounded, Lincoln could have made short work of it. A card and an advertisement are to be seen in the files of the local paper, which read as follows:

ABRAM LINCOLN, <i>Springfield.</i>	W. H. LAMON, <i>Danville.</i>
LINCOLN & LAMON,	
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,	
HAVING formed a co-partnership, will practice in the Courts of the Eighth Judicial Circuit, and the Superior Court, and all business entrusted to them will be attended to with promptness and fidelity.	
☛ Office on the second floor of the "Barnum Building," over Whitcomb's Store.	
Danville, Nov. 10, 1852	2 16 ly

LINCOLN AND LAMON'S PROFESSIONAL CARD.

From *The Iroquois Journal* of July 6, 1853, published at Middleport, Iroquois County, Illinois.

It remained for Mr. Paul M. Angle of Springfield, to come to the rescue of the discarded partner in the person of the redoubtable Ward Hill Lamon, by pointing to and reprinting the notice in the *Iroquois Journal* at Middleport, Ill., on November 10, 1852, that "Lincoln & Lamon, Attorneys at Law, having formed a co-partnership, will practice in the Courts of the Eighth Judicial Circuit and the Superior Court, and all business entrusted to them will be attended to with promptness and fidelity." So much for Lincoln's Vermilion County partner.

But this was not the first of similar advertisements. On April 12, 1837, the *Sangamo Journal* carried the following notice: "J. T. Stuart and A. Lincoln, attorneys and counsellors at law, will practice conjointly in the Courts of this judicial circuit. Office No. 4 Hoffman's Row, up stairs."

The fact remains that this was not the only local partnership of this kind. To those who state that he was retained as special counsel in other cases, and acted as such exclusively, it might be suggested that that was true on many occasions, and the printed records in the cases in the Supreme Court and Federal Courts completely justify this claim; but that is true only in such cases where the recital is clear that he, or his firm, were associated only in the case at bar, and the fact is thus reported; and there were quite a number of such cases. Take cases like: *Hancock v. Hodgson* (4 Ill. 329); *Mason v. Park* (4 Ill. 432); *Martin v. Dryden* (6 Ill. 187); *Parker v. Smith* (6 Ill. 411); *Cook v. Hall* (6 Ill. 575); *Broadwell v. Broadwell* (6 Ill. 599); *Frisby v. Ballance* (7 Ill. 141); *City of Springfield v. Hickox* (7 Ill. 241); *McNamara v. King* (7 Ill. 432); *Kincaid v. Turner* (7 Ill. 618); *Cunningham v. Fithnan* (7 Ill. 650); *Wilson v. Van Winkle* (7 Ill. 684); *Roney v. Monaghan* (8 Ill. 85); *Garrett v. Stevenson* (8 Ill. 261); *Henderson v. Welch* (8 Ill. 340); *Wilcoxon v. Roby* (8 Ill. 475); *Webster v. French* (11 Ill. 254); *Smith v. Dunlap* (12 Ill. 184); *McArtee v. Engart* (13 Ill. 242); *Ross v. Irving* (14 Ill. 171); *Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Road v. Isaac G. Wilson* (17 Ill. 123); *Meyers v. Turner* (17 Ill. 179); *Hildreth v. Turner* (17 Ill. 184); *Illinois Central Railroad Co. v. County of McLean* (17 Ill. 291); *Phelps v. McGee* (18 Ill. 155); *Illinois Central R. R. v. Morrison* (19 Ill. 136); *Illinois Central R. R. v. Hays* (19 Ill. 166); *Sprague v. Illinois River R. R. Co.* (19 Ill. 174); *McDaniel v. Correll* (19 Ill. 226); *People v. Bissell* (19 Ill. 229); *Wade v. King* (19 Ill. 301); *Laughlin v. Marshall* (19 Ill. 391); *Constant v. Matteson* (22 Ill. 546); *Miller v. Whitaker* (23 Ill. 400); *State of Illinois v. Illinois Central R. R. Co.* (27 Ill. 64); *Forsyth v. Reynolds* (15 Howard 358)—in all of these cases it appears clearly that Lincoln, or his firm, were specially retained.

In this entire list of cases, it is made to appear clearly that Lincoln, or Lincoln & Herndon, were either counsel or associated with the other counsel enumerated in the statement of the case or preceding the brief résumé of the legal points they urged, and which precede the opinion of the Court. No one can, by any stretch of the imagination, read the fact that a partnership existed in these cases as between the lawyers who appeared with

Lincoln and his firm. They filed separate briefs, as well as separate appearances, and the Court reporter invariably makes a clear record of the facts of the separate appearances of these different advocates.

But now we come to a series of cases where the appearances are not noted or reported, as were the appearances in the foregoing list of cases, but the documents recite that Lincoln's appearance is that of a member of a firm whose name is fully subscribed as a firm, and very frequently in Lincoln's own handwriting. A great many of these documents are new and have not been published, and they have attracted little attention. That may be one reason for not having been cited or mentioned in the list of cases generally referred to in the volumes and articles that have to do with Lincoln the lawyer and with Lincoln's law practice. And then, too, the biographers refer to and reproduce documents from some of his better known cases only. Perhaps a letter, very rarely referred to and found in none of the editions of Lincoln's works, may throw some light on the underlying reason for his practice or for having partners in different localities of the gigantic Eighth Circuit which he had to cover. He was the only lawyer who travelled over the entire Circuit, for his practice extended throughout the entire Circuit; whereas other lawyers practiced in but a limited number of the counties which made up the Eighth Circuit.

To James S. Irwin he writes:

"Judge Logan and myself are willing to attend to any business in the Supreme Court you may send us. As to fees, it is impossible to establish a rule that will apply in all, or even a great many cases. We believe we are never accused of being very unreasonable in this particular; and we would always be easily satisfied, provided we could see the money—but whatever fees we earn at a distance, if not paid before, we have noticed, we never hear of after the work is done. We, therefore, are growing a little sensitive on that point."

But when he had some one on the spot, even though only a temporary partner, he had no such apprehension about the payment of fees, as the "local" partner would no doubt look after that—not altogether unimportant—part of the practice.

And so we find quite a list of such partnerships in different parts of the State, and the documents in the cases bear the im-

print of such partnership relationships. We find, among others: Swett & Lincoln, Harlan & Lincoln, Ficklin & Lincoln, Harris & Lincoln, Lincoln & Lamon, Goodrich & Lincoln, Lincoln & Thomas, McWilliams & Lincoln, Edwards & Lincoln, Williams, Lincoln & Herndon and Ferguson, Logan, Lincoln & Herndon—appearing for clients as law firms, and not as associates. These may have been some of Lincoln's temporary partnerships with lawyers in various County seats, but partnerships they were—at least in these particular cases.

In the case of the Goodrich partnership we find that he was one of the leaders of the Illinois Bar, and at one time actually proposed a permanent partnership with Lincoln to include the Springfield office, but which Lincoln declined. He remained loyal to Herndon.

James Harlan, another of these temporary partners, became a member of the United States Senate, and the friendship thus formed during the temporary or local partnership lasted to the end of Lincoln's life. Robert Lincoln subsequently married the daughter of Senator James Harlan.

Ficklin and Harris were afterwards candidates for Congress. Ficklin was elected a year later, while Harris was unsuccessful in his candidacy—both against Lincoln in 1848 and against Yates in 1850.

Richard S. Thomas was another special partner, and there is a long correspondence between the two dealing with a number of cases disposed of and of fees divided. Lincoln was seeking business in this manner for many years. His Springfield practice, alone, could not support him.

One of his early letters in 1846 to Andrew Johnson ends as follows:

"Give my respects to Mr. Williams, and have him, together with yourself, to understand that if there is anything I can do, in connection with your business in the courts, I shall take pleasure in doing it, upon notice."

William Fishback must have been another such local partner, although no document has as yet appeared, aside from a number of letters, to establish the fact.

Some years after this correspondence we actually find Wil-

liams retaining the firm of Lincoln & Herndon, and signing the legal document in question as Williams, Lincoln & Herndon, and appearing together under this special or temporary arrangement in 1855. The cases Lincoln tried, either in the Trial Terms or on appeal, were numerous, and these eleven additional firm names subscribing legal documents are certainly novel, most of them new and never printed or published before. This practice, while it might be frowned upon in these days, worked out to the entire satisfaction of all parties concerned, and in many cases gave Lincoln the opportunity of helping young lawyers in their trial or appellate work, on this basis of a temporary or special partnership.

Here is a partial list of such local partnerships; even though the case in question is the only one in which the temporary partnership existed, the name of Lincoln does appear as associated in some partnership relation with the other lawyer or lawyers, as the case might have been. The list is not complete, but it will serve as a guide to a full and complete treatise on the subject of Lincoln's law practice in the different Counties of the Eighth Circuit:

LOGAN COUNTY

Lincoln & Goodrich
Young & Jones, Lincoln & Stuart
Lincoln, Stuart, Wyatt & Jones
Lincoln & Lacey

MENARD COUNTY

Harris & Lincoln
Lincoln & Baker
Bledsoe & Lincoln
Robbins & Lincoln
Campbell & Lincoln
Lamborn & Lincoln
Baker, Matheny & Lincoln

MACON COUNTY

Post & Lincoln
Lincoln & Thorpe
Thornton & Lincoln
Benedict & Lincoln
Emerson & Lincoln

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

CHRISTIAN COUNTY

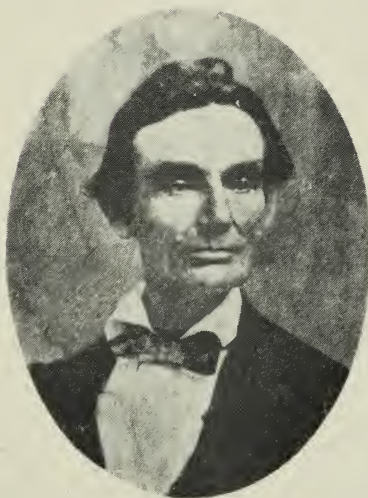
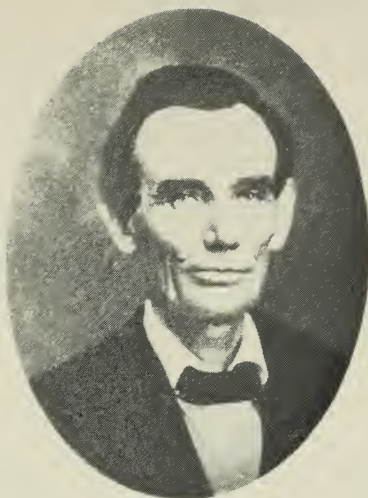
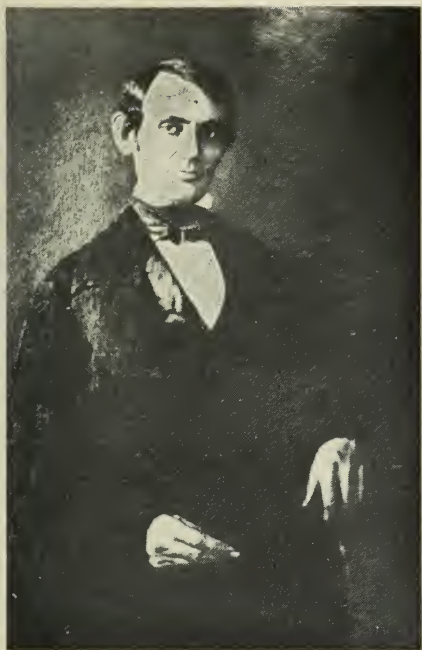
Mason & Lincoln
Rountree & Lincoln
Stuart, Edwards & Lincoln
Lincoln & Thornton
Vandever & Lincoln
May & Lincoln

WOODFORD COUNTY

Lincoln, Clark & Hewes
Haskill, Brown & Lincoln
Holmes & Lincoln
Lincoln & Jones
Clark, Lincoln & Manning
Lincoln & Shope
Gridley & Lincoln
Davidson & Lincoln
Lincoln, Gridley & Wickizer
Lincoln & Clark
Gridley, Clark & Lincoln
Shope, Powell & Lincoln
Purple, Sanger, Thorpe & Lincoln
Lincoln, Thorpe & Cooper
Lincoln & Peters
Brown & Lincoln
Ramsay & Lincoln
Lincoln & Merryman
Lincoln & Bemis
Fenn & Lincoln

VERMILION COUNTY

Lincoln & Davis
Lincoln & Peters
Murphy & Lincoln
Lincoln, Lamon & Davis
Fletcher, Lincoln & Lamon
Pearson & Lincoln
Drake & Lincoln
Lincoln & Lamon
Lincoln, Harmon & Swett
Lincoln & Allen
Harmon, Beckwith & Lincoln
Sloan, Lincoln & Lamon
Chandler, Lincoln & Lamon



(From the Collection of Frederick Hill Meserve)

Pearson, Lincoln & Lamon
Lincoln & Lamon, Allen & Chandler
Fletcher, Jones, Chandler, Davis & Lincoln
Cullom & Lincoln

PIATT COUNTY

Moore & Lincoln
Lincoln & Post
Emerson & Lincoln

CHAMPAIGN COUNTY

Lincoln, Swett, Orme & Whitney
Whitney & Lincoln
Davis, Swett, Lincoln & Whitney
Coler, Sim & Lincoln
Somers, Somers & Lincoln
Lincoln, Coler, Sim & Sheldon

EDGAR COUNTY

Lincoln & Dill
Blackburn & Lincoln
Benedict & Lincoln
Lincoln, Dill, Emerson & Steele
Lincoln, Linder & Dill
Lincoln & Linder

SHELBY COUNTY

Moulton & Lincoln
Thornton & Lincoln

DEWITT COUNTY

Weldon & Lincoln
Moore & Lincoln
Lincoln & Gridley

MCLEAN COUNTY

Weldon & Lincoln

U. S. COURT, SPRINGFIELD

Lincoln & Taylor
Clark & Lincoln
Purple & Lincoln
Lincoln, Browning & Bushnell
Lincoln, Logan & Gillespie
Ketchum, McClernand & Lincoln
Gillespie & Lincoln

As a result of these many associations with lawyers who had all manner of cases, Lincoln's law practice was of the most comprehensive nature and brought him in contact with legal problems as wide as the whole field of the law. Some of the subjects may be of interest: jurisdiction OF JUSTICE of the peace, the validity of a slave as the consideration for a promissory note, enforcement of gambling debts, seduction, fraud, sale of real estate of decedent, guardianship, mortgage and mechanic's lien foreclosure, divorce, specific performance, suretyship, county seat wars, ejectment, wills, the defense and sometimes the prosecution of crimes, damages for personal injuries, for prairie fires, rescission, slander, fees and salaries, mandate, quo warranto, injunction, replevin, patents, taxation, insurance, carriers, partition, liquor questions, political questions, statute of frauds, railway stock subscriptions, eminent domain, trusts and trustees, questions of constitutional law, and procedure at law and in chancery. In the circuit courts, where Lincoln was often employed at the time the case was called for trial no case seemed too small to command his service. The trials in that day indicated a litigious disposition in the community which has happily disappeared with the advance of civilization.

Here is one of the cards which was printed by his enemies who predicted his defeat in 1864 and that this card would be used by Lincoln after his return to the bar of Illinois:

A. LINCOLN
Attorney and Counsellor at Law
Springfield, Ill.

—0—

To Whom It May Concern

My old customers and others are no doubt aware of the terrible time I have had in Crossing The Stream, and will be glad to know that I will be back on the same side from which I started on or before the 4th of March next, when I will be ready to Swap Horses, Dispense Law, Make Jokes, Split Rails, and perform other matters in a small way.

That some of these partnerships were serious affairs may be seen from a letter of J. P. Usher, Secretary of the Interior during Lincoln's Administration. He writes to Lamon on May 20, 1885: "You were his partner for years in the practice of law, his confidential friend during the time he was President." Usher came from Kansas, and seemed to remember this partnership so distinctly, although neither Hill nor Richards, who wrote of Lincoln the lawyer, as much as mention his name in connection with his law partnerships on the Circuit. Whitney, in his book "Lincoln on the Circuit," does reproduce a document in which Swett & Lincoln appear as the attorneys with Whitney & Davis, and all the four names are signed by Lincoln to the declaration which was all written by Lincoln, a facsimile of which may be found in Whitney's valuable work "Lincoln on the Circuit."

Rankin came to the Lincoln & Herndon law office rather late and at a time when Lincoln was beginning his last political campaign which led to the White House; hence he has nothing to say about any but the last of Lincoln's partners, Herndon. Jesse W. Weik certainly has no word for any of these, particularly for Lamon whom he actually charges with advertising himself as Lincoln's law partner: "Lamon lived in Danville and was a mediocre lawyer. He suffered himself in later years to be advertised to the world as Lincoln's law partner, and he was sometimes associated in lawsuits with Lincoln, as the records of the courts in Vermilion, and also in McLean County, Ill., indicate; but the partnership was invariably limited to the case in hand." Lamon is one of the trio, the other two being Delahay and Simon Cameron, whom Weik dislikes—and quoting Horace White, says: "Cameron's appointment was the most colossal blunder of Lincoln's public life,—moral obtuseness of the same kind as his intimacy with Lamon, Delahay, et al.,"—not a very reliable authority as to the legal relationships of Lincoln & Lamon, years before Weik finally concluded to write his "Real Lincoln."

There may have been no exclusive or continuous partnerships for any long period in most of these associations of Lincoln and other lawyers, but one can well understand that in the remote counties like Woodford and Edgar, he had need of similar arrangements as he had in Vermilion County, and that there is a great deal of justification for the claim of some who say: "My

grandfather was Lincoln's law partner in Shelbyville," or "My greatuncle was the partner of Abraham Lincoln when in Edgar County," certainly more justification than for the *ipse dixit* of the biographers who limit Lincoln's partners to the three partners of longer duration. Add to these family claims the documents here published, and there is more justification that Lincoln was given to these local, temporary partnerships which yielded revenue, and a local partner to look after the case, as well as after the payment of the fees when the work in the case was completed.

And as Lincoln concluded his work in one county, he was prepared to meet his new work and new partner in the next county to which Judge and lawyers proceeded in the legal cavalcades which were the order of the day in the frontiers of the western country.

LINCOLN'S OFFICE BOYS

What an interesting law office Lincoln's must have been, can and may be discerned from the fact that quite a number of young men who studied in his office and who came under his influence achieved success in various stations of life. Every one of them achieved distinction, every one of them displayed the result of the benign influence of the senior member of that firm of lawyers—Colonel Elmer Ellsworth, the many sided genius—the young man who gave so much promise to all who knew him that his loss was equivalent to the loss of an entire army division. The letter Lincoln wrote to Ellsworth's parents is one of the finest gems of epistolary literature.

And another student in the office was John Hay. More fortunate by far than Ellsworth, for he lived through the great adventure, he became the biographer and historian of Lincoln and his inseparable companion, and later the friend of Robert T. Lincoln. Hay, after the war, travelled in foreign lands, edited newspapers, wrote excellent poetry and even better prose, became a great ambassador at the Court of St. James where he easily equalled the best and surpassed many, and concluded a notable career in diplomacy as Roosevelt's Secretary of State; and there was no greater Secretary of State from the days of Jefferson to Hughes.

John H. Littlefield, another student, whose brother asked Lincoln that his younger brother, John, be taken into Lincoln's office, met Lincoln at Ottawa in 1858: "All right, send him down and we will take a look at him." When he came Lincoln said: "Arrange the preliminaries with Billy and go ahead."

Then came William Fishback and Henry B. Rankin. William Fishback, after helping Lincoln out in minor cases, went to Arkansas, and in time became Governor; and his son is now one of the Federal Judges of the Arkansas Judicial District. Fishback withstood Lincoln's urgings to return to Springfield. Rankin contributed a great deal of valuable Lincoln material which fills many a hiatus in the life of Lincoln. His writings are valuable and display a fine loyalty to his great chief. The greater part of his life seems to have been spent in contemplating and writing about his contact with Lincoln and his office.

And next comes Henry C. Whitney. Lincoln liked Whitney and wanted to do much for him. He asked him to pick some position in the Federal service to which he could designate him. Lincoln even suggested that he be government surveyor. Whitney followed him on the Circuit and saved for posterity some important facts about Lincoln's life which are much needed to complete his eventful life on the Circuit.

Of course, a great many others claim the distinction of having been students and clerks in the office, but their stay was so short that they occupy somewhat the same position as the local and official partners. But these six were known to all as students in that office. These six were in the office and were some of the many who came in and became attached to that great figure, then in the making.

You can easily see the results of the association. They followed him to the end, like Ellsworth, whom an entire nation mourned at the outbreak of the war. You can easily tell the Lincoln influence in the life of John Hay, who filled a number of great careers—poet, author, journalist, diplomat and statesman of the first order. Whitney and Rankin were overwhelmed by the influence and kept on telling and writing to a wondering world what Lincoln was to them and to their generation. But these boys were all heirs to the noble spirit of Lincoln, which had no fear and which knew no fear. A truly great lot of law students they were. What

other law office of his day can boast such an array of splendid lawyers, statesmen and soldiers?

Charles S. Zane came in 1856 and applied to become a law student in the office of Lincoln & Herndon. Herndon received him cordially, in the absence of Lincoln, but somehow he never became part of the office. So he did the next best thing and settled down in the same building and on the same floor. After Lincoln's election he became a partner of Herndon's under the name of Zane & Herndon, and subsequently became a Justice of the Supreme Court of Utah.

The chance meeting of Abraham Lincoln and the schoolboy, Gibson Harris, in the old log school house at Albion, appears to have aroused mutual admiration. At any rate, five years later (1845) young Harris entered the law office of Lincoln & Herndon at Springfield, as law student and private secretary to the firm. When Lincoln became a candidate for Congress in the old Springfield district in 1846, the task of writing a personal letter to every man of prominence in the district fell to the lot of the young private secretary. Years later, when on the way to Washington, the family stopped in Cleveland when Harris had become a prosperous merchant, and Lincoln invited Harris and his family to meet him, and offered to appoint him to an important Federal position, which Harris gratefully declined.

This seemed to have been one of Lincoln's noble impulses—calling the young men whom he had come to know from his law office to the service of the nation, which needed the best talent available. One of Gibson Harris' most highly prized relics of his association with the martyred President, was a copy of his favorite poem *O Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud*, written down by Mr. Harris as dictated to him by Lincoln.

Augustus Macon was another of his law students. He was a brother of Judge Thomas Macon of Denver, Colorado. Augustus Macon lived in Canon City until shortly before his death, when he came to Denver to live with his son-in-law. Augustus was a native of Kentucky, and when a young man studied law under Abraham Lincoln. The Macon family were great friends of Lincoln, and the great man was very fond of the young law student. In one of his letters in 1860, he refers to still another of his students, and this one is David Logan.

In later years these local partners and law students and clerks and office boys and secretaries helped Lincoln in his political ambitions, and when he rose to the heights of leading a Nation's fight for life, he called for these local partners and law students of his early years, and gave them an opportunity to be and remain junior partners and associates in the greatest cause in which he engaged and to which his whole life was but a prelude, and to which he gave his heart and his mind and his life. Lincoln might well be proud of all his partners, all his clerks, all his secretaries, both permanent and temporary. They constituted a fine galaxy of patriotic workers, all needed to make this Nation endure.

VIII

HOW LINCOLN IMMORTALIZED THE FREEPORT DEBATE

THE debate at Freeport between Lincoln and Douglas, the second in the series of seven at widely separated points in the State, marked the high water mark of the struggle between slavery and freedom. The debates are a commentary upon the doctrines held by Lincoln which led him, after almost a lifetime of preparation, into the place of power where he could re-cement and preserve what the founders of the Nation had called into being.

Did any one at Freeport on the 27th day of August, 1858, see or appreciate what was happening, as Douglas was answering the second question as a result of which a nation was then and there saved from impending disruption and destruction?

It was just six days after the monster meeting at Ottawa where Douglas made his almost regal entry and opened the first debate. The Republicans were seriously considering as to whether Lincoln was the man to have been successfully pitted against Stephen A. Douglas. The debate at Ottawa concluded, and Lincoln was still in splendid condition in spite of predictions that he could not appear at the second joint debate. Lincoln at Freeport was prepared to take hold of the leadership and to direct the remaining six debates as he had mapped them out from the moment the challenge was accepted. He had heard and read every important utterance by Douglas up to that moment. At Ottawa he heard Douglas' whole case restated in an hour. Douglas never added much after that—stripped of the replies made necessary by Lincoln's argument, by Lincoln's questions, by Lincoln's replies, by Lincoln's new material, Lincoln's sustaining and defending Trumbull, Lincoln's charges of forgery of a spurious platform, Lincoln's charges of destroying the Missouri Compromise with the passage of the Douglas Kansas-Nebraska Bill, Lincoln's charging the plotting of a new additional and supplemental and enlarged Dred Scott decision, including "State" as well as territory—

answering these charges kept Douglas busy for the remaining six debates and he never had the chance of launching an additional attack on Lincoln excepting only during the last closing half hour at Alton, as he undoubtedly intended to do from the beginning.

Let us see. Douglas at Ottawa opens in an oratorical effort of an hour—the best of all his addresses during the debates. Lincoln sits mute and listens. He concludes with an attempt to make Lincoln dance to his music, so to say. Douglas thunders at Lincoln:

“I desire to know whether Mr. Lincoln today stands, as he did in 1854, in favor of the unconditional repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law.

“I desire him to answer whether he stands pledged today as he did in 1854 against the admission of any more Slave States into the Union, even if the people want them.

“I want to know whether he stands pledged against the admission of a new State into the Union with such a constitution as the people of that State may see fit to make.

“I want to know whether he stands today pledged to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia.

“I desire him to answer whether he stands pledged to the prohibition of the slave trade between the different States.

“I desire to know whether he stands pledged to prohibit slavery in all the territories of the United States, North as well as South of the Missouri Compromise line.

“I desire him to answer whether he is opposed to the acquisition of any more territory unless slavery is prohibited therein.

“I ask Abraham Lincoln to answer these questions in order that when I trot him down to lower Egypt, I may put the same questions to him.”

Douglas had evidently carefully thought out his method of conducting the debate. It was the same method which proved successful in the United States Senate. It was his well-known method which had served him so remarkably on the stump for nearly a quarter of a century, so why not now with Abraham Lincoln?

And thus Douglas thought he would keep Lincoln busy during his hour and a half answering the seven questions he had propounded, by answering and explaining or denying the charges he (Douglas) had made, both against Lincoln and Trumbull and the whole Republican party, without giving Lincoln a chance to

have his audience hear what Lincoln had to say for his candidacy. Douglas did not want Lincoln to deliver his well-prepared opening address. Another man might have fallen into the trap and so filled up his hour and a half attempting quickly to answer these questions. In the replying one-half hour of Douglas, the "Little Giant" would have concluded his job and would have left Lincoln sufficient material to occupy his opening at Freeport without making any progress himself, only to be again overwhelmed with Douglas' charges, criticisms and questions in his one and a half hour at Freeport, which Lincoln could not have coped with in his half hour on that day. But that was not Lincoln's method. He could not thus be swept off his moorings.

What actually did happen when Lincoln heard the opening address of Douglas at Ottawa was that he had fathomed his opponent's plan, completely envisaged his purposes and his arguments, which he made and would continue to make if he, Lincoln, would permit him. Douglas never rose above his first performance, his initial speech at Ottawa, for there he spoke freely, fluently, looking down upon his victim whom he thought he could crush by his superior ability as a debater, as he did all who stood in his way in the Senate. He was still even-tempered, confident that Lincoln would not be able to develop and be at his best owing to a slower, though surer, method of reasoning for which he was well known. Lincoln was never in a hurry. Douglas was accustomed to rush his opponents. A great many never had the opportunity to reply adequately to Douglas. He was through before they realized what was transpiring. He had accomplished by speed what others could not by solid argument. His very career was a marvel of speedy climbing from one to the other rung of the ladder of fame.

And what a remarkable man Douglas really was! He knew no fear. He defies the President and the whole Administration with the same fearlessness as he destroys the Missouri Compromise, the most hallowed bulwark of all parties up to that time. The leaders of the South follow him as they did all Southern leaders beginning with Jefferson and Madison and Jackson down to John C. Calhoun. And here he is on the final lap in a victorious march from penury to political primacy and to the Presidency, which

he is sure to attain if he but wins this Senatorial election needed to insure his nomination for the Presidency two years later. No other name has appeared upon the horizon. Douglas alone holds the center of the stage. He is known throughout the land—even Greeley and Crittenden are swept into his camp. They both advocate his election to the Senate. It will be an easy matter, he thinks, to laugh this curious, if not grotesque, candidate from the boards—whether in his heart of hearts he knew better, we may only surmise. But he certainly acts in Ottawa as he opens as though nothing and no one would stand in his way—surely not Lincoln.

But what happened at Ottawa after Douglas concluded? Lincoln starts as he always does and did—calmly and quietly, somewhat nervously at first (he always needed a few moments for mental lubrication) before the mission of the hour takes complete possession of him. He talked to the audience and to the Nation, as he did at Cooper Union two years later, unconcerned and unaffected by what Douglas said, unconcerned by the effort of being forced by Douglas into sidetracking his line of thought and his program for the discussion, unaffected by the attempt of Douglas to frighten him into doing as Douglas wanted him to do and plunge into a hand-to-hand struggle with Douglas and answer his questions at once.

No, Lincoln had a plan of his own of reaching the voters of Illinois and of the Nation. If Douglas had a preliminary statement or platform at Ottawa, so did Lincoln have one, and Lincoln proceeded to state it, and he had an hour and a half to Douglas' hour to do it in; and that with Lincoln's directness, with his concise habit of speech and his mastery of logic and total lack of circumlocution or repetition, and his thorough preparedness with facts and figures, with essential quotation of all relevant material which was needed for the occasion.

Douglas listened to an argument, to a platform, to a theory of government, to an analysis of the problem which agitated the whole Nation such as he never listened to before from any other opponent. In the Senate he could heckle and confuse and cross-question and browbeat an opponent, most of them old men. Not so here. Lincoln here, like Douglas, had the exclusive right to talk, without interruption, and Douglas never experienced up to

that moment, a similar hour and a half of mental shell and shot, of deadly reasoning and argument of an array of fact and a condensed arraignment of himself and of his legislative career, incidentally of the whole Democratic party, and particularly of the Dred Scott decision, in a withering and marvelous allegorical arraignment of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, two Presidents and Douglas, and of all his finely spun purposes for the future, as he did now. Douglas was in a rage which became more uncontrollable as the speaker concluded without answering any of the seven questions put to him by Douglas; Lincoln has actually ignored Douglas and his questions and his threats. No such thing had ever happened to Douglas before.

Douglas had a half hour in this closing speech at Ottawa during which he stressed the point ad nauseam, that Lincoln dared not answer, did not answer, would not answer, could not answer the questions, but which he would force him to answer in order to show him up in order to prove that he would not answer in Ottawa or Freeport, as he would in Jonesboro and in other parts of the State. It was clearly a half hour wasted on the part of Douglas, during which he could have developed his attack in his opening speech or supplement it by additional argument, which he could not force into an hour, whereas Lincoln had an hour and a half; but no such thing happened. He fumed and he threatened, he grew furious at the charges of conspiracy contained in Lincoln's argument, and instead of getting answers to his questions he found himself repelling and explaining charges contained in Lincoln's argument at the very outset. Lincoln was careful of what he said. Robert Hitt, the shorthand reporter, was there, and the debate would be reprinted verbatim and would be read by millions, North as well as South, and so his quotations were there, his clippings were ready, his crucial statements were printed or written out and handed to the reporters. He, Lincoln, would take no chance of being misquoted in newspapers, most of them hostile, which went out of their way to misquote and misrepresent, and which were read with almost religious zeal by friend and foe alike. And so while Douglas' performances may have been both more successful as oratorical or theatrical achievements before this comparatively small audience as compared with a whole nation of readers—and Douglas had a glorious voice and a splendid

personality on the platform, far better in every respect than Lincoln as a rule—yet the report in cold type the next morning in *The Chicago Tribune* was a revelation. Lincoln had scored from every standpoint. His hour and a half statement of the case, of the subject matter, could not be improved upon. It left Douglas in the air. His questions ignored, his statement shown to be impossible, his manner inferior and in sharp contrast with the dignity of Lincoln's apology for the life of the Union, his irate half hour's reply—the most perfect demonstration that he had met not only his equal but his Waterloo. If this was to be an index of Lincoln in joint debate, Douglas found at last an opponent who did not fear him, an opponent who was thoroughly acquainted with every word he said, who knew his record from a thorough study of his published speeches, and who could demolish a false argument, an inaccurate statement, detect an incomplete or inaccurate quotation, better than any other man living.

All these things Douglas probably suspected, but now he saw, as he had feared, that Lincoln was more dangerous than the entire Senate and all the Republican leaders combined. And finally, he saw that Lincoln would take no chance of either answering questions or asking them without mature consideration and without reducing such mental dynamite to writing.

Lincoln must read his answers to questions which had been printed in the press, in order to avoid inaccuracy or withdrawal or modification of statements or charges that he was unfair or incorrect in his statement, and Lincoln would certainly not ask any question, or rather *the great* question without writing it down and reading it to his antagonist, so that his antagonist would and could not equivocate or straddle the clear-cut inquiry—the answer to which would forever put an end to his Presidential aspirations.

So Lincoln used part of the intervening six days between the meetings of Ottawa and Freeport, to prepare the answers to Douglas' seven questions and to frame his four questions; of course he, like Douglas, spent a good deal of time addressing audiences in towns along the road from Ottawa to Freeport. No battle was ever harder fought than this fight for the Senate in Illinois in 1858.

Between Ottawa and Freeport, Lincoln was most concerned

with the correct report of the first debate. Hitt did his duty nobly. The debate was properly reported and Lincoln had a printed copy of the two addresses of Douglas' and of his own when they reached Freeport. It evidently never occurred to Douglas how this Ottawa speech would compare in print with that of Lincoln's first address.

At Freeport Lincoln had the opening address and spoke for an hour. If Douglas dreamed that Lincoln was afraid to answer his questions, propounded at Ottawa, he was soon to be disillusioned. But it is hardly possible that Douglas expected Lincoln to go through the six joint debates remaining without answering the questions propounded by Douglas. If he did, he had not long to wait until Lincoln, with lawyer-like precision, drew from his papers the seven questions asked by Douglas and as printed in *The Chicago Tribune*—questions which had now been read by the entire country. He proceeded to answer them, at first categorically, briefly and as completely, as precisely as only Lincoln could. But he was not going to rest on a short categorical answer. He now proceeded to answer them fully and clearly so that all—not only logician and controversialist could understand, but what was of far more importance—that all the voters in the land could read and understand. It was an amazingly thorough job, a splendid demonstration of what Lincoln, at his best, was capable of performing. The questions Douglas asked were not only completely answered, honestly answered, generously amplified after the brief answers, but the questioner, Douglas, was permanently placed in second place by his neighbor and hitherto politically unsuccessful friend and antagonist.

And as though this feat alone were not sufficient, this holding at bay the man who never knew defeat, this leader—the foremost man of his time in political life, he, Lincoln, the obscure, the humble, the shy, proceeded to propound four questions. He would “bring forward a new installment when he would get them ready”—the honest answer to one of them alone would for all time make an end of Douglas in politics.

How little Lincoln feared Douglas can be seen from the new method which he adopted when he said that there was only one way he could account for Douglas' conduct about using spurious resolutions—never passed at Springfield or at any convention or

at any public meeting at which Lincoln was present ; but let Lincoln speak for himself :

“I can only account for his having done so upon the supposition that that evil genius, which has attended him through life, giving to him apparent astonishing prosperity, such as to lead many good men to doubt there being any advantage in virtue over vice, I can say I can only account for it on the supposition that the evil genius has at last made up his mind to forsake him.”

This certainly does not indicate that Lincoln had the remotest fear about the result of the debate—and its effect upon the nation-wide audience. He reads the questions and answers as though he was an old hand at it, as though he had been debating all his life, as though he had been trained by twenty years of service in the Cabinet, in the House, or in the Senate. As though Lincoln had not done enough damage to Douglas and his cause, he points out Douglas’ recklessness of utterances, his inaccuracy in stating facts, both as to the Kane County resolutions and as to the treatment of Senator Chase attempting to amend the Kansas-Nebraska Bill when it was under discussion in the Senate. Here, for the second time, we see that by Lincoln’s splendid strategy Douglas is forced to fill up his hour and a half first with Lincoln’s four questions, and then commenting upon and criticising Lincoln’s method of replying and Lincoln’s replies to the seven Ottawa questions. Here he did not follow Lincoln’s method of studying the questions and carefully preparing replies, for this is not the method of the brilliant Douglas. He evidently feared the comment of the papers or of the hearers in the audience—that he was not prepared to answer Lincoln’s questions promptly, and especially as he made a great point of Lincoln’s failure to answer promptly or that he feared to answer them now and wait till the next debate, and the debate at Jonesboro was almost three weeks off. The stars in their very courses seemed to be fighting for Lincoln.

Douglas, it was clear, must answer now or never ; and he proceeds to answer, particularly the fateful second question—“Can the people of a United States Territory, in any lawful way, against the wish of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits prior to the formation of a State Constitution?”—a question loaded with sufficient explosives to blow to

eternity not only all of Douglas' hopes and ambitions of a lifetime, but of the whole Democratic party and slave power alike.

Douglas proceeds to answer, and does answer, with a sneer and a bravado such as no other man under similar circumstances could assume, as follows:

"I answer emphatically, as Mr. Lincoln has heard me answer a hundred times from every stump in Illinois; that in my opinion the people of a Territory can, by lawful means, exclude slavery from their limits prior to the formation of a State constitution. . . . It matters not what way the Supreme Court may hereafter decide as to the abstract question whether slavery may or may not go into a Territory under the Constitution, the people have the lawful means to introduce or exclude it as they please, for the reason that slavery cannot exist a day or an hour anywhere, unless it is supported by local police regulations . . . established by the local legislature. . . . Hence no matter what the decision of the Supreme Court may be on the abstract question, still the right of the people to make a Slave Territory or a Free Territory is perfect and complete under the Nebraska Bill."

Here he ignores the Dred Scott decision—the sheet anchor of the South and of the slave power—attempting to please Illinois and the North, but stabbing the entire South in its most vital parts. He must win the Senatorship, at least, or he is hopelessly eliminated for the next two years. He still had hope of pacifying the South by his marvelous personality, by his wonderful presence on the platform. He would reestablish himself as he had so often done before. Douglas could have adopted no other course, could have made no other answer and survive, and Lincoln knew all that. Douglas concludes by saying, "I hope Mr. Lincoln deems my answer satisfactory on that point." Ah, what pathos in that comment, what a strange fatality has begun to pursue him, the hitherto invincible "Little Giant."

Nothing that happened in Lincoln's uneventful life up to this moment was more satisfactory to him than this answer. Lincoln was indeed satisfied. Here was the undisputed leader of, up to that time, an undivided and invincible party—committing political suicide in answering Lincoln's question—a question which Lincoln had been entreated by every leader of the Republican party not to ask, even as they asked him to omit his "house divided" para-

New Salem Nov 10th 1835-

Hon Excellency Governor Lincoln

Dear Sir

Understanding
that Mr Levi Lewis of Vassalboro,
is an applicant for the office of Justice
of the Peace for the County, I take the liberty
to say to you, that he is appointed to
be Justice of the Peace. He is a most
worthy man, and I doubt not, is most
thoroughly qualified for the
office & a most

Yours Obedt Serv^t
A. Lincoln

First Known Lincoln Letter

graph on a former occasion. The board of strategy, beginning with Judd down to Medill who persisted in his belief that Lincoln was wrong—even years later—when Lincoln referred to the incident—were unanimous as to both propositions—they were looking for the Senatorship which the split of Douglas and his friends with the Buchanan administration made possible. Why throw it away for the sake of a phrase or a question? Lincoln, however, did ask the now famous second question, and did use the “house divided” paragraph.

The first, answered by Douglas, destroyed Douglas. The second, when uttered, destroyed the slave power as it brought before the nation the spokesman and the leader, who understood more clearly than any other living American what was ailing the Union—and spoke in a tone and in a style and in a voice which clearly showed up this hateful institution which had been hiding its ugly head behind compromise and chicanery and political subterfuge from the day of the great Declaration to this very moment. This same problem almost literally killed and destroyed the great leaders of three generations and now it laid low the “Little Giant,” one of the ablest and keenest minds in the arena of our national politics.

Lincoln had good reason to be satisfied with the answer thus wrung from Douglas. With the answers thus uttered to Lincoln’s famous four questions, he launched into an onslaught upon Lincoln’s answers. They were inadequate, they were insincere, they were avoiding the issue. He, Lincoln, actually says that he could not state what he would do about slave trade between the States, as he had had no opportunity to study the question, and hence could make no honest reply. Was ever a similar statement made by another candidate? Was not he, Douglas, ready to answer all questions? And on the spot? here ringing in his sarcasms about Lincoln’s “Spot” Resolutions? Why was Lincoln dodging?

And then, further infuriated with Lincoln’s charges about the Kane County resolutions and Chase’s proposed amendment to the Kansas-Nebraska Bill in the Senate—he practically used himself up during his hour and a half and did not add anything new to what he had said before. He found himself enmeshed in Lincoln’s scheme of things. He, Douglas, actually closed the door to the Presidency, and there was Lincoln, ready in his half hour, to give

him enough material to keep him busy at Jonesboro three weeks hence, as he was to open with an hour's talk after he had succeeded in "trotting" Lincoln down to Egypt, where he proposed to impale him upon the imaginary inconsistency of his statements in the North and in the South of Illinois. And all this happened in and during Douglas' address in Freeport.

In his half-hour reply in Freeport, Lincoln could well afford to be humorous and condescendingly good-natured. There was not much he had to fear from Douglas henceforth, and besides he called to his aid the published speeches of the first debate and declined to waste time on repetition of answers which, in his opinion, he had adequately made. He rather gently reminded the judge that he had not answered his, Lincoln's, charges. He said: "I have answered my questions fully and honestly. I cannot see how they can be answered more fully." But "will not the judge be a little more explicit about his speech in the Senate about the editor of the *Washington Union*?" For here Lincoln quotes the Judge's speech in the Senate of March 22, 1858, which he happens to have handy, and offers some of these pamphlets and clippings to Douglas, so that the reports of the second debate will re-enforce those of the first. There is nothing Douglas can add to embarrass Lincoln in the remaining five debates. He had already referred to Lincoln's record on the Mexican War and on the "Spot" Resolutions. Douglas had shot his bolt and gained nothing. Lincoln had propounded his questions. The answers made by Douglas ruined his chances of ever receiving the support of the South, up to that time indispensable to Democratic success in all Presidential elections, especially the coming election of 1860.

Douglas became more incensed with every succeeding session, using up his voice until in Alton, while Lincoln proceeded in the same manner as he began—unmoved by the excitement and the irritation of his angry opponent. Lincoln added something to his stature on each occasion. He began at Jonesboro to change the whole trend of the debate by taking Douglas at his word and readily coming to the defense of Lyman Trumbull, thus using up Douglas for another session.

Lincoln rose to his greatest moral height at Galesburg, and concluded at Quincy and at Alton. By that time the whole country knew that a leader had arisen who knew more about the ail-

ment of the Union than any other man, and that he of all men was best qualified to bring about a solution and a cure.

And all this had its beginnings years before the joint debates. Lincoln had wrestled with this problem in the watches of the nights for twenty years. But the campaign for its final decision began and became possible at Freeport, Illinois, on August 27, 1858, the moment Douglas made answer to Lincoln's second question, and concluded with the hope that "Mr. Lincoln deems my answer satisfactory." Lincoln did deem it satisfactory. Lincoln's friends did not, and plainly said so. Any one could have foreseen, said they, the reply Douglas was forced to make to attain the re-election to the Senate. And Lincoln would have no one to blame but himself if he was beaten. If Lincoln made any reply at all to these warnings and criticisms, he must have made the answer attributed to him, that his eyes were upon the campaign of 1860: "I am after bigger game. The battle of 1860 is worth a hundred of this."

This, as all other momentous decisions in his life, was made by Lincoln alone, uninfluenced by other minds or other men. He, and he alone, assumed the responsibility. Had he not asked the question and had he not thus disqualified Douglas for 1860—Lincoln might have been elected United States Senator—a not altogether foregone conclusion. But had he been so elected, in 1860, during the convention which sought a nominee for the Presidency, he would have been in the Senate during those momentous two years preceding, 1859 and 1860, when the Senate destroyed more reputations, ended more careers, than any previous session of that body, and the Senate throughout its entire history has been known as the graveyard of many an ambitious statesman. Lincoln's honesty and outspokenness alone would have supplied insuperable handicaps to his candidacy, for Lincoln would not have been a silent Senator. He certainly was not a silent Congressman during his one term in the House. Douglas returned to the Senate, a discredited man, immediately supplanted on that most important Senate Committee on Territories by Jefferson Davis, up to that time his staunch follower, and he was to hear more and more about his apostasy to the platform of the slave power during the two years which followed.

Senator Benjamin of Louisiana, one of the great lawyers and

statesmen of the day, often called "the brains of the Confederacy," pronounced the final judgment upon him in the following manner, referring more especially to Lincoln's declarations at Freeport in reply to the questions asked by Douglas, regarding his position on the slavery question:

"In that contest, the candidates for the Senate . . . went before the people. They agreed to discuss the issues, they put questions to each other, for answer, and I must say here, for I must be just to all, that I have been surprised in the examination that I have made of this discussion between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Douglas . . . to find that Mr. Lincoln is a far more conservative man . . . than I had supposed him to be. There was no dodging on his part. It is impossible not to admire the perfect candor and frankness with which his answers are given—no equivocation, no evasion."

How far he had lost his hold with the Southern leaders is evidenced by this excoriation by Benjamin:

"I have been obliged to pluck down my idol from his place on high, and to refuse him any more support or confidence as a member of the Democratic party. His adversary stood upon principle and was beaten, and lo! he is a candidate of a mighty party for the Presidency of the United States. One stood on principle—was defeated. Today, where stands he? The other faltered—received the prize, but today where stands he? He is a fallen star; we have separated from him."

Lincoln made Freeport's name immortal even as did the Magna Charta Runymede; and Luther the portals of the Church at Augsburg; and the Declaration of Independence, Independence Hall in Philadelphia.

IX

THE CLIMAX OF THE GREAT LINCOLN-DOUGLAS JOINT DEBATE AT GALESBURG

HISTORIANS have been unkind to Abraham Lincoln in more than one respect, particularly as to his part in the famous joint debates with Douglas. He who was the embodiment of truth, who hated exaggeration, who never suppressed facts—he who never spoke unless he had all the facts, and when he had them, spoke in a manner that an entire country could hear and read and understand—now suffers and is still misunderstood by reason of the absence of material facts which would throw light on his career and on his epoch-making acts and statements.

The Lincoln of the joint debates has never been thoroughly described by any one, nor has he received full justice for his great contribution to the Constitutional discussions which went far to settle the most important problem since 1789. The adequate and definitive treatment of Lincoln's great adventure, the Presidency, is still awaiting the great historian who will give a lifetime to the task.

At Galesburg on October 6, 1858, Lincoln began on his victorious march, which was as certain as the progress of the suns. At Ottawa, at Freeport, at Charleston, at Jonesboro—he had but taken the measure of his opponent; he who had read every word which Douglas had spoken on the stump, in the House of Representatives, in the Senate, and while on the Illinois Supreme Court bench—and knew what the Judge would say, and how he would say it—during these four preliminary debates Lincoln simply drove Douglas into position. After the opening statement, Douglas never again spoke as he intended to speak. Lincoln, who followed with an address of ninety minutes, and on every other occasion, said something which irritated and angered the Judge, and made him forget what he intended and planned to say. Douglas had evidently carefully prepared a continuous oration to be delivered in the style of the period, which he intended to deliver in

certain sections at the different debates. He had taken four opening addresses and four closing addresses, thus leaving Lincoln four one-hour-and-a-half addresses, which Lincoln used relentlessly and inexorably. At Galesburg his highly sustained address showed not only that he had taken Douglas' full measure, but that his cause had nothing to fear from that quarter. Never after that day at Galesburg does he condescend to follow or pay but passing attention to the irritated and angered Douglas. Here he reached the high water mark of his career up to that time, and never really spoke in the same manner during the entire debate, either before or after, excepting only at Alton, where he spoke his final message as one inspired.

He mildly reminds Douglas at Quincy: "Does he not know, does he not appreciate, the great drama that was even then being enacted? Will he persist in petty quarrelling and quibbling, he, the great Douglas, the undisputed leader of the Democracy? Will he not rise to the great occasion? Will he persist in the childish repetition of futile charges and insinuations in practically the same words as he began, as he used in the speeches in Chicago and on the stump during the times between the several debates? Has he but one piece to declaim? Will he not cease threatening Lincoln—Lincoln, who could not be threatened, Lincoln, who knew no fear? Will he not stop calling this one or that one—'liar' after he had demonstrated a proposition, even as Euclid did? Would he call Euclid a liar by way of refuting a self-evident proposition?"

Examine that marvelous record and it becomes clear that Lincoln never overlooked anything Judge Douglas said or asked or charged. He had the text as reported, compared it with his opponent's statement, which was ever the same, and in passing replied to every statement he considered deserving of reply. "Could not Lincoln make the same speech and stick to the same speech, as he did—using the same phraseology?" He (Douglas) talked the same way, said the same things in Ottawa and in Galesburg, in Freeport and in Quincy, in Charleston and in Alton. Lincoln ever said some other thing except the one wanted by Judge Douglas. Lincoln never answered his questions at the time the Judge wanted them answered. Lincoln persisted in writing down questions and writing down answers, and read them and compared

them when thus in juxtaposition. Lincoln persisted in having printed statements, extracts, decisions with him in his pockets all the time, and ever asked, "Put your finger on the spot," when a quotation was inaccurate, or false, or only partly quoted—or misquoted. Douglas had a great deal of satisfaction in sneering at Lincoln's "Spot" Resolutions and raised many a laugh from his devoted followers. But Lincoln's mastery of his argument against slavery from the day the first slavery legislation was enacted until the moment he opened his mouth in Galesburg, had never been equalled by any other man on the continent. He knew every phase of his subject. He knew every idea promulgated by the friends of slavery and by the friends of freedom, and had the quotation or the legislation or the speech under discussion with him. He knew what the fathers and founders had said, and quoted from them in confounding Douglas when he attempted to distort or misquote them.

"You say Jefferson favored slavery, Judge Douglas? He did not," he said, in speaking of slavery, "he trembled for his country when he remembered that God was just."

"Do you say, Judge Douglas, that the negroes are not included in the Declaration of Independence?"

"I believe the entire records of the world, from the date of the Declaration of Independence up to within three years ago, may be searched in vain for one single affirmation, from one single man, who said that the negro was not included in the Declaration of Independence; I think I may defy Judge Douglas to show that he ever said so, that Washington ever said so, that any President ever said so, that any living man upon the whole earth ever said so, until the necessities of the present policy of the Democratic party, in regard to slavery, had to invent that affirmation."

"Are you relying upon that great Commoner, Henry Clay—are you actually affirming that Henry Clay has inspired you—and that you are but carrying out Henry Clay's beliefs and policies as to Slavery? Hear what Mr. Clay had to say when he was once answering an objection to the Colonization Society, that it had a tendency to the ultimate emancipation of the slaves—Clay said that 'those who would repress all tendencies to liberty and ultimate emancipation must do more than put down the benevolent efforts of the Colonization Society,—they must go back to

the era of our liberty and independence, and muzzle the cannon that thunders its annual joyous return; they must blot out the moral lights around us; they must penetrate the human soul, and eradicate the light of reason and the love of liberty.' And I do think," says Lincoln, "I repeat—that Judge Douglas, and whoever, like him, teaches that the negro has no share, humble though it may be, in the Declaration of Independence, is going back to the era of our liberty and independence, and, so far as in him lies, is muzzling the cannon that thunders its annual joyous return; that he is blowing out the moral lights around us, when he contends that whoever wants slaves has a right to hold them; that he is penetrating, so far as lies in his power, the human soul, and eradicating the light of reason and the love of liberty, when he is in every possible way preparing the public mind, by his vast influence, for making the institution of slavery perpetual and national."

Lincoln knew all the legislation, beginning with the ordinance of '87, when and where the whole trouble began. He followed the evolution of the whole dismal national tragedy until he brought it down to the date of the debates. And when the two champions appeared on the 21st of August at Ottawa for the first time, we witness upon that great stage upon which were riveted the eyes of the whole country, the champion of slavery, and the champion of freedom. Douglas unquestionably represented the side of slavery, Lincoln unquestionably represented the side of freedom—Douglas, fresh from his triumphs in the United States Senate where he gradually but inevitably took the place of Webster, of Clay, of Benton, yea, even of Calhoun. In that same United States Senate which had witnessed some of the greatest of our national gladiators constructing, reinforcing and strengthening the beams of the Union, Stephen A. Douglas appeared as the most remarkable and fearless debater and legislator of that day and generation.

Fearless he was, like Randolph of Virginia, and Clay of Kentucky; eloquent he was, like Corwin and Yancey; learned he was, like some of the greatest scholars who preceded him in that forum which in that era had witnessed the appearance of practically all the great constitutional scholars of their day. With all that prestige, fresh from defeating the then president of the United

States on the Kansas legislation, he was the undisputed orator and spokesman of the Democracy, the inevitable nominee of his party for the Presidency in the forthcoming National election, travelling in state in a manner never equalled by any other candidate, he reached Ottawa, the locality where the first joint debate was launched.

Opposed to him was he who was commonly known as the most often-defeated and disappointed candidate for office, a man who had surmounted troubles innumerable from the days of his childhood, a man upon whom the burdens of life had fallen so heavily that he never reached the calm, the sunshine, the conviviality, the proud position of his more successful and fortunate opponent. By some strange irony of fate, humble Abe Lincoln was picked out to oppose the conquering Douglas, who up to that day knew no defeat. No poorer choice could have been made, was the opinion of almost every one who watched the two gladiators upon that memorable stage. How could Abraham Lincoln hope to defeat Douglas, or even to cope with Douglas? How could the man with the single term in Congress, driven from public life—as he was often reminded by Douglas for taking the unpopular side of the Mexican War, and looking with disfavor upon the Administration which plunged us into it, and practically forgotten—how could he cope with the State Legislator, the nationally known advocate, the Supreme Court Judge, the Congressman, the United States Senator, the inevitable Democratic nominee for the Presidency? But fortune had played the young Republican party many a trick, and this was evidently another; to be actually represented in the great State of Illinois, opposing the greatest speaker of his day and generation, by poor Abe Lincoln, the man of yarns, the plodding country lawyer, the ill-clad farm hand and rail splitter! Will the new Republican party ever come into its own—after Frémont—Lincoln? The time for retracing their steps was gone.

There they were, confronting each other, and as usual, with the hard luck of the Republican party, Douglas had to begin—to deliver the first blow. Douglas would also close the seventh and last joint debate, and so would first hem in Lincoln on every side and finally deliver the *coup de grâce*. Douglas was the beginning and Douglas was to be the end of the epoch-making and fatal

performance. He had the first as well as the last word—what hope was there then for Lincoln?

But under that crude exterior, behind that careworn, sombre, sad-featured visage, underneath his homely clothes, under that high, out-of-date hat, was the most original human being who was born in America since that first day upon which that dreamer-sailor first saw land. Here was a man who was born and brought up in the great open spaces, in the great deserts of the young Republic, even as was his prototype in Egypt, four thousand years ago. Here was the gnarled, rugged oak, weather-beaten and scarred, subjected to snow and storm and sleet, to heat, to thunder and to hurricane. There he stood, like the monarch of the forest, defying the inclemencies of the weather and of the seasons, and still remaining supreme—calm, serene, confident, right—eternally right!

Douglas spoke his piece as it had been prepared, as it had been spoken from a score of other platforms, and consequently with but little conviction; always the same platitudes, the same simple story of how the conspiracy was hatched between Trumbull and Lincoln, the one to steal renegade Democrats and baptize them into Abolitionism, and the other to steal Whigs and baptize them into Abolitionism, and thus re-enforce the Republican party and hostile Buchanan office holders, all for the purpose of defeating him—Douglas—who had brought forward the only real constructive legislation, who had invented the only nostrum which would answer all questions and solve all problems, including the never heretofore solved slavery problem—Popular Sovereignty.

And the Judge concluded his statement by asking Lincoln seven questions, which he insisted that he answer forthwith in order to rivet Lincoln to his chariot—he, Douglas, was going to conduct this joint debate. Lincoln delivered his first hour-and-a-half address without paying much attention to the fact that Douglas existed. Douglas' remaining half hour was, therefore, full of irritation and anger and disappointment that Lincoln did not refer to his questions, that he was evidently afraid to answer his questions, because Lincoln knew that he, Judge Douglas, would "trot him down to Egypt" or to some other place, where he would not dare to make the same speech that he made at Ottawa.

And so the overwrought Douglas kept it up until they came to

Galesburg, and here Lincoln delivered his hour-and-a-half talk, carefully prepared and thought out during practically an entire lifetime, and from that moment on, until his second inaugural, six years later, Lincoln kept steadily climbing and growing, until his entire life work blossomed out like a great constellation, and became visible to all men from the altitude he had attained on the day he delivered his immortal Second Inaugural.

Galesburg marked the turning point of Lincoln's career; the Galesburg, Quincy, and Alton addresses were but three portions of a great oration, of a great argument, before the greatest assembles that ever were assembled at any time, where he pleaded and argued for the life of the Nation, for the liberty of a race, for the triumph of eternal principles.

Douglas kept repeating charges of conspiracy between Trumbull and Lincoln, imaginary inaccuracies, between different statements of Lincoln and Trumbull—kept on harping on the fact that Lincoln would not dare to talk in Egypt as he talked in Chicago. He became sufficiently petty to refer to the appearance of Fred Douglas with one of Lincoln's friends in the outskirts of the crowd of one of the joint debates—thus emphasizing his charge that Lincoln was for absolute equality between the races. Hear what Lincoln said in a hitherto unpublished memorandum—which he carried with him during the joint debates:

“Negro equality! Fudge!! How long, in the government of a God, great enough to make and maintain this Universe, shall there continue knaves to vend, and fools to gulp, so low a piece of demagoguism as this?”

If we compare the eleven addresses of Douglas delivered from the opening at Ottawa to the closing at Alton, and boil them down, we find practically the same words and phrases and similes. If we do the same thing to the ten addresses of Lincoln, we find one connected, finely woven argument, consistent, continuous, logical, irresistible in its force, which represented the entire political creed and philosophy of Abraham Lincoln with reference to the fundamental principles upon which rested the American Union. In it we find everything that constitutes the cardinal principles upon which our Constitution rests, which the Declaration of Independence stands for, and which every good man and true

throughout the history of the Union who ever stood for Union, for Liberty, for Justice and for Right has uttered in one form or another. In it we find the great heart and soul of Lincoln, throbbing and beating for the love of his country, for the love of his fellowmen. In it we find the ripest wisdom, the soundest philosophy, which is as true today as it was on the day it was uttered, and which will remain true for all time to come. He demonstrated with the exactness and definiteness and lucidity of a geometrical proposition that the Dred Scott decision was the result of political considerations and conferences by conspirators he chose to designate under transparent names such as Stephen, Roger, Franklin and James—and he further demonstrated by a chain of historical events absolutely incontrovertible that the fathers and founders had acted and legislated in reference to the hateful institution with the sole object of looking to its ultimate extinction. This is what he said in a hitherto unpublished memorandum which he had with him during the joint debates:

“The effort to prove that our fathers who framed the government under which we live, understood that a proper division of local from federal authority, and sound provision of the Constitution, both forbid the federal government to control slavery in the federal territory, is as if, when a man stands before you, so that you see him, and lay your hand upon him, you should go about examining his tracks, and insisting therefore, that he is not present, but somewhere else. They *did*, through the federal government, control slavery in the federal territory. They did the identical thing which Douglas insists they understood they ought not to do.”

Against these two propositions Douglas made no headway—history was against him—the new world order was against him!

One cannot help feeling, in view of Judge Douglas' great abilities and demonstrated capacity for legal argument for joint debate, for political discussion and acumen—one cannot help thinking that he began to suspect, after he listened to Lincoln, that he might be on the wrong side of that great question, because Lincoln demonstrated beyond the peradventure of a doubt that his own nostrum of Popular Sovereignty was not sound, could not be sound, and unless Euclid was a “liar,” Judge Douglas knew that his argument was false and was a mere fabric of sand, to fall apart upon the slightest collision with justice and with right and

with sound reasoning. Upon no other theory can one explain the ever-growing weakness of Judge Douglas' attack. He who had successfully fought with the leaders of his party, he who had successfully fought to a standstill men like Seward, and Sumner, and Chase, and Wade, in the United States Senate, a man who could tell an unruly and a fault-finding and defiant audience of twenty thousand Chicagoans—which declined to hear his justification for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise—a few minutes before twelve o'clock on the Saturday night when he returned to Chicago two years before: "Fellow citizens of Chicago: It is now twelve o'clock Saturday night. I am going to church tomorrow, and you can go to Hell,"—that man certainly was not afraid of Lincoln nor the audiences which he faced; but he was beginning to fear that he was not standing upon firm ground, and that the earth, so to speak, was breaking under him—there seems to be no doubt that he was himself convinced by Lincoln's inexorable logic. But as Lincoln says in still another hitherto unpublished memorandum—"He (Douglas) never lets the logic of principle displace the logic of success."

At Galesburg Lincoln began his career of leadership triumphant. At Galesburg he definitely and clearly convinced even Douglas that his cause, Lincoln's cause, was just, and that there was only one answer to the question which they were debating. Douglas as the contest closed was beaten—tired and exhausted, while Lincoln stood prepared to continue—he could not be tired out in this fight. At the beginning Douglas had a premonition that Lincoln was a dangerous opponent. His premonition turned out to be justified. Lincoln spoke from the first like a man who knew of no opponent, like a man who appealed to an entire people, like one inspired in an inspired cause. It was not the same Lincoln whom Douglas had met in Congress, whom Douglas had met in their trips through the Eighth Circuit, or at the various functions in Springfield and in other parts of Illinois. It was the God-inspired, the God-intoxicated soul, picked by an inscrutable Providence to perform a task under which had stumbled and fallen the leaders of a quarter of a century. A new man had arisen on the plains of Illinois who, when he spoke, had an entire nation listening, contemplating, meditating, reasoning, and finally, when Father Abraham called, an entire nation responded: "We are coming, Father Abraham, five hundred thousand strong!"

X

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: WITH THE IMMORTALS

It has become a custom hallowed by the ages to recall annually the memories and performances of the departed. Fervent and intense as is the observance at first, it gradually mellows and becomes more formal, and frequently the anniversary becomes a biennial event and then a quinquennial, then a centennial memorial, frequently remembered only—rather than formally observed. The vast majority of these terminate within a short period, for only the closest family ties keep us concerned about those departed. Have we not seen it all in our own day—how short-lived and baseless is temporary fame? The hero of today—whom we greet with triumphal arches and hosannahs—who is greeted by rulers and people alike—is barely remembered twenty years later.

We must, therefore, conclude that nothing short of lasting performance, nothing less than what benefits the race, only an unselfish performance coupled with the greatest sacrifice which changes the course of an entire race, frees a people from bondage, and implants upon the minds of those who follow an eternal elemental principle which up to that day was either unknown or unrecognized, and which does not change with the tides, nor with the progress of the suns—only such an individual, whoever he be, wherever he comes from—only such an one cannot and will not be forgotten.

And when one such is found, human nature veers completely the other way. No mere lip worship, no formal memorial will do. We go the whole length of the gamut of human gratitude and love and set apart an entire day—an entire day of complete rest for the United States, of complete inactivity, of shutting down the myriads of human endeavors and occupations on the farm, in the mine, in the counting house, in the courts, in the schools—all given over and dedicated to the memory of Lincoln!—indeed a gigantic sacrifice running into many hundreds of millions of dollars—counting time and effort suspended and money expended

and lovingly foregone—in order to celebrate the natal day of him who—like Elijah of old—breathed the spirit of life into an expiring Union. An entire day—not only to remember, to recount, but to contemplate and study the life and character of him who has thus become distinguished. First one State, Massachusetts, twenty years ago, then another, and then President Roosevelt, twenty-one years ago, asked the Congress of the United States to declare Lincoln's birthday a special holiday.

And now there have sprung up all over this land Lincoln organizations, who follow annually a program which has for its sole object to bring before and explain to the people of his Union, young and old, the great services rendered by him to make his Union free and mighty and respected by all the nations of the world—because he made it an emblem of righteousness, an example of brotherly love, a people loving and pursuing justice. His heritage of unselfish advice to the plain people—and he concerned himself mostly with those—because the vast majority of his fellow-countrymen were plain people, is now and has for the last seventy years been slowly absorbed. His appeals in his own day seemed to reach the common people—they understood Father Abraham—whether it be the starving, dole-receiving English cotton spinners of Manchester—crippled by the blockade, which prevented the exporting of cotton—or the plain people in the marshes at Shiloh, at Vicksburg or in the Wilderness—they all understood him—and went straight into the valley of the shadow of death—because he asked it. The so-called leaders could not respond so quickly. How could you expect the Cabots, the Adamses, the Sumners, the Sears, the Chases, the Lees, the Davises, the Longstreets, the Beauregards and the rest of the aristocracy of the North, as well as of the South, to stoop or rather look up to—for like Saul he towered over all—this crude frontier giant, who would talk in the patois of the frontier, who like Æsop of old would draw his similes from the farm and from nature, and who had as much regard for the art in clothes or the habiliments of the boudoir as did Socrates—as he walked with his disciples in his Athenian groves.

Somehow or other these few human intellectual giants have a vision of their own—they see through it all—no phrase, no adornment, no veil, no hue, no color conceals the great heart, the

great soul, which burns like a perpetual fire—now and forever. Unconsciously, perhaps, Lincoln ignored all these superficialities—suffered from all these social disadvantages so-called, and concerned himself with eternal things only. He may have even used some of these social leaders—for he needed agents in the diplomatic service—he needed social secretaries—he needed intermediaries with these recalcitrant Governors and unreasonable Senators, with these pompous and strutting would-be saviours of the nation, who simply did not comprehend him or the problems with which he was coping. One day he was perfectly willing to give up his task to any one who would appear to be able to do better than he; the next day he actually convinced the two or three other men in the country—who seemed to understand the enormous task, but actually tried to sidestep it, or to sacrifice the Union in carrying out their theory as to slavery—that to do what they advocated was treason if not madness outright. And then when he had arranged the fighting forces, his diplomatic forces, his legislative forces, his State leaders and his spiritual leaders, into some semblance of team work, he was forced to combat the entire Democratic party who had actually succeeded in organizing itself in the North under the sinister influences of Vallandigham, Pendleton and Seymour in opposition to his struggle for the Union—and urged cessation of hostilities at any price and negotiation for peace with the Confederacy in 1864 at any cost—the very thing he prevented England and France and other European powers from inaugurating two years before. But in time they simply withered before him—the party almost ceased to exist. Not one of these time-servers, not one of these political or military leaders saw or wanted to see or hear his mellow reasoning or his well-considered program. Resignations from high officials were either threatened or requested, for Lincoln could not forever be trifled with. Chase ascertained that to his complete discomfiture. Washington was a treason-infested town—and the miracle of it all was that the assassination of the one man who stood between the living and the dead was so long deferred.

Little wonder, then, that those who lived to see what he had accomplished turned an intellectual somersault, and from suspicion turned to trust, from heartless criticism, to praise and appreciation. He had made it clear, at last, that Lincoln had a



John T. Stuart
(In the Possession of Logan Hay)



Stephen T. Logan
(In the Possession of Logan Hay)

policy, that Lincoln was honest, that Lincoln was capable, that Lincoln was unselfish, that Lincoln was trustworthy, that Lincoln was a statesman, that Lincoln was a great military leader, that Lincoln was a diplomat, that Lincoln was adamant on saving the Union, that Lincoln was not a slave driver, that Lincoln was not a clown, that Lincoln was not a cruel conqueror, that Lincoln was not an enemy of the South, that Lincoln was not prepared to upturn Southern society, that Lincoln was not against peace on honorable terms, that Lincoln was not here to perpetuate a military hierarchy; above all, that Lincoln was not afraid, and could not be intimidated or turned from the one true course he had outlined when he registered his oath in heaven to preserve the Union. And now that he was no more—all saw even more clearly how this simple child of the forest had been selected by Providence to bridge the chasm between the slave and the free, between a mobocracy and a democracy, between darkness and light.

Of course, there were those who saw it not to the very end—nay, to this day there be dissenters. Men today demonstrate by quoting the unspeakable billingsgate of Civil War and Reconstruction times, then voiced by the halt, the lame, the sick, the envious, the mentally decrepit—that the real Lincoln was not what the people thought he was. Of course we are not concerned with those—there be even spots on the sun—but the sun ever shines, and yields life and nourishment and health and vigor—and only the lame, the halt and the blind concede it not. But they are as ineffective as the fool who sayeth there is no God. The commotion, the noise, the misleading rumors, the unholy slanders, were gaining such velocity, such strength, were voiced from so many points of vantage, appeared and reappeared in so many disloyal and half-loyal sheets, that Lincoln himself began to doubt—not that his cause was just—not that his was the only course to pursue—but he began to doubt whether the people, his people, would continue to stand by him, or whether the siren sounds of a disgraceful peace, of a perverted peace, would not finally become so effective as to distract the attention of his followers and finally defeat him at the polls, at a time when the rays of the rising sun of victory and of peace with honor were becoming visible on the horizon.

And at one time, and only one time, he said: "It is my belief that from present indications the Administration will be defeated at the polls at the next election." But he had hardly spoken these words when things began to happen. Grant regenerated the army and it began to hammer away at Lee's army, and the process of attrition was on. Sherman began to destroy the heart of the Confederacy—Sheridan destroyed its source of supplies; Thomas (a Northern Robert E. Lee) gave the death blow to the Confederacy when he wiped out its army within its borders and helped to isolate Lee. Farragut at Mobile, and the blockade along the entire coast completely destroyed Confederate water traffic. The election in November was as overwhelming as was the work of the army and of the navy. The people had spoken again for Abraham Lincoln. The prophets of evil, the soothsayers in the North, were indeed as effective as the fool who sayeth there is no God.

But the common people, the plain people, the poor people, Lincoln's people, Lincoln's neighbors, Lincoln's soldiers, Lincoln's sailors, Lincoln's clients—an entire nation of clients saw it all—not only at the end when even Chase and Andrew and Reverdy Johnson began to concede and to comprehend; they saw in the beginning—God Almighty had opened their eyes—and they beheld Lincoln and Douglas arguing and debating whether a house divided against itself could stand. Douglas wanting the Senatorship said it could; Lincoln, however, cared *not* for the Senatorship and actually lost it when he said, so that an entire world could hear: "A house divided against itself *cannot* stand,"—and won the Presidency! I know of no better example or anecdote which better describes that great event—the dramatic election of 1860—than the quotation from Major H. C. Whitney, in concluding his great work—"Lincoln on the Circuit":

The story is somewhere told, that, twenty-five centuries ago, the citizens of Mitylene resolved to erect a statue of Jupiter, Father of Gods and Men, in front of that masterpiece of architecture, the great theatre, and that they invited a display of statues of the mythological god, from which to choose an adequate one.

Upon the day of the choice, the citizens of the Lesbian Isle

crowded into the plaza, there to behold two draped figures which were to compete for the honor of saluting the sun, as it arose from the Mediterranean, for hundreds of slowly revolving years.

The draperies fell apart and revealed a figure of classical beauty—the perfection of symmetry—a paragon of sculpture—a miracle of art—an image in which glorious life had been arrested at its highest tide—a fit marble ideal of the presiding divinity in the assemblage of the gods!

Also a rough effigy of a human figure—no majesty in its lineaments—no grace in its pose—apparently no art in its execution—no harmony in its relations—no dignity in its bearing:

“Tetrum ante omnia vultum.”

The popular verdict was prompt—one mighty shout rent the air:—“*Here is our Jupiter!*” was the universal acclaim, all pointing to the masterpiece of sculpture: “*to the sea with the base imposture*”, designating the inglorious statue.

But the poet Alcæus arrested the fierce outcry: “Men and brethren,” exclaimed he, “I crave one further test of judgment: let but the applauded and the condemned statues, each, be elevated to the height of the shaft where the chosen one is to find its long repose, before we judge conclusively.”

To this fair proposal, assent was finally made; and on the designated day, the same eager throng filled the great space which was to be the scene of final judgment.

The two draped figures were poised in mid-air. The draperies were unloosed, and the two competitors stood out in bold relief against the pure azure sky.

But mark the change! the favorite had been transformed by the intervening distance. The classical features—the sparkling eye—the luminous countenance, had vanished: but, a greater transformation had been wrought in the other figure, by distance, the arch-enchanter.

Life had been impressed upon those hitherto ungainly features—majesty sat enthroned upon those rugged lineaments—the eyes gleamed with the fire of genius:

. . . deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care;

and a God stood outlined in classical marble, to the view.

A cry went up, drowning the sound of the waves that broke on the Lesbian shore: "*Here is, indeed, a God! this is worthy to preside at the council of the Immortals! This is JUPITER!*"

In the year of destiny—1860—*our* people, moved by Fate, met to select a Jupiter Tonans, to preside over councils much more majestic than the fabled assemblages of Mount Olympus: councils involving the destiny of the human race.

The competition which ensued and its result, are indited on the most familiar pages of recent history; and the statue of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, reproduced *ad infinitum* in bronze, granite and marble, and enshrined in all patriotic hearts, will remain the great central figure of humanity and unselfish patriotism as long as civilization shall hold sway.

XI

"PEW 89." LINCOLN AND BEECHER

As the fatal day of secession was drawing near, and as it became more evident from day to day that the Democrats could not unite upon a candidate who would suit both North and South, with Douglas more than ever determined to lead his party on a platform with "Popular Sovereignty" as its main plank, and of which he was the sole and original author and architect—Lincoln quietly journeyed over to New York to deliver his epoch-making address to the American people in Cooper Union, the significance of which was sensed even at that time, and the inevitable results of which have since that day been adequately appraised.

Grudgingly at first, it is true, was this done, by Bryant and Greeley and even by Evarts and David Dudley Field, because of the novelty of the occurrence. It was the first political move of its kind. No other leader did just that. His hearers expected an oration, and heard a calm analysis of the problem. Those who said they knew him expected humor, yarn and story, and were treated to cold, convincing facts and unanswerable reasoning. His enemies hoped for an attack upon the entire South, and were treated to an exhortation to remain brothers. The South expected an assault upon her peculiar institution, and received sympathy and an honest statement that he, in their place, would in all likelihood act as they did. William Cullen Bryant and his committee who invited him, expected to decide upon a second choice should Seward's nomination become impossible, and found in this lawyer from the West a candidate of such intellectual attainments that they began to feel that the new Republican party had at last found a leader. He seemed to understand and explain the problem better than any other living man; and what was even of vaster importance, this man had a solution.

But Lincoln himself was little concerned, or at least did not seem to be, as to what was happening around him. He carefully

edited his speech for the press, the manuscript of which Amos J. Cummings threw into the waste paper basket after it had been set up. Lincoln seemed to be more concerned with the men and leaders he met in the East, and he took a short trip through New England.

He was looking for men who really, or in part at least, understood the ominous occurrences of those fateful days throughout the Union, as statesmen and leaders were struggling with the problem of the right of the States to withdraw from the Union on the one hand, and the power of the rest to coerce such States to remain in the Union on the other—both springing from the one problem which was occupying his inner self and soul for upwards of twenty years. He found but few men of clear vision in the sections which he had traversed up to that day. Herndon, Lincoln's man of all work, was corresponding with many—notably Theodore Parker, but Parker was ageing and he belonged to Boston's élite and exclusive set, preoccupied with his vocation to an extent which made him unfit for leadership in the great struggle about to befall his country. He had nothing of the crusader about him. He was a scholar and a divine.

And then Theodore Parker left for foreign travel at just about the time when he was needed most, and contented himself with rendering vicarious help by correspondence from distant points. Lincoln looked for a younger man in the prime of life—eloquent, fearless, respected both at home and abroad. He needed a man known in every pulpit in America, for Lincoln had a true appraisal of the influence of the pulpit in the homes of America. And while he came to New York to deliver his message to the bewildered American people, who were oppressed with the premonitions of the impending storm, on the 26th day of February, 1860, he quietly slipped over to Brooklyn and attended a service in Plymouth Church, and then and there appraised Henry Ward Beecher and determined that should the opportunity arise—as arise it must—Beecher would fit into his plans for saving and salvaging the Union from the impending cataclysm which he, in spite of unfounded claims and doubts to the contrary, alone seemed clearly to foresee.

And so he found his seat, or was shown into the first seat of "Pew 89," about six or seven rows from the platform, a trifle to

the right of that pulpit from which so many eminent voices have been heard pleading and preaching on behalf of every human cause, the platform from which Beecher sold the little negro girl Pinkey.

Lincoln was about to be invited to deliver his great address, which he finally delivered in Cooper Union, in Plymouth Church, but the leaders decided otherwise, and Cooper Union became the sounding board of the nation. It was there Lincoln wound up his campaign and the whole country listened: Charleston listened even as did Boston; Memphis even as did Montgomery, and above all Hammond and Yancey and Jefferson Davis and Iverson and Rhett and Stephens and Breckenridge—they all heard, they all read and saw the handwriting on the wall which, strange to say, they all understood, and when Beecher heard this man he, too, had an awakening. Here was a man with a message which shone clear and distinct as did the rays of a noonday sun.

As he sat there in "Pew 89," a great resolution was formulating in his mind. Take the battle of Union and liberty against disunion and slavery from the politician and the political platform, to the preacher and the pulpit. A man like Beecher was needed to lead the advance—the others would follow Beecher. Beecher was a host in himself. This question could not ultimately be settled in the grocery store, in the saloon, or in a caucus. It must be settled on a higher level. It was a problem of the ages, and must be answered and disposed of as were all the great questions of the ages,—in the House of God. Those who came to the foot of the altar normally have no selfish mental reservations, no bargainings for place or pelf or political preferment. Lincoln was ever in need of the house of worship. When they were being transformed into hospitals he countermanded one order at least "for we need them more than ever today," he said.

Here questions are settled in the light of conscience guided by justice and the eternal truth, the seal of God. And thus Lincoln in "Pew 89" saw a great light. He cannot win unless he is on the side of God, and invokes the aid of the ministers of God. Was ever a visit to church fraught with such eternal results? There stood before him the sternest spokesman of God's eternal law. The fearless exemplar of a creed which knew no preferment among men, except as to their deeds, their actions, their love of their fel-

lowmen—Beecher the intellectual giant, the fearless preacher, the champion of right and the bitter enemy of slavery—never left the mind or the plans or the calculations of Lincoln after that day.

The faithful Herndon had supplied his senior partner with the best available reading material on the all-absorbing problem. Lincoln knew the utterances, the principles of the man. He had carefully read some of Beecher's sermons. Now he was there to see him in action.

To judge from Lincoln's own statements as to Beecher's worth, this short occupancy of "Pew 89" was one of the most important events in his career. Beecher was as yet a doubtful ally, a questionable asset, for he belonged to those leaders who insisted upon speed, upon action, the moment they reached a conclusion which, to them, seemed right and proper, regardless of whether all might be lost were such a course adopted. He simply could not break away from Garrison and Phillips and all their followers who demanded prompt emancipation, with the Union saved or destroyed. To them the Union was an abomination and the Constitution but a compact with hell. How many a great cause was wrecked in order to give utterance to a beautiful or striking phrase!

But as it was given to Lincoln to shape the course of his pre-election managers, to educate his Cabinet, to train his generals, to inspire his newspapermen, to guide his war governors—so it became his lot to train the spokesmen in the pulpit. The great mass of the people being a God-fearing people who hearkened to the leaders in the pulpit, Lincoln trained the preachers to preach Union based upon justice to all—a part of Lincoln's religion. He reached them all. The preachers of every denomination were summoned. They came to him for guidance and found it. He inspired them all. He preached the religion of America—"Love thy neighbor as thyself"—or as Hillel puts it—"That which is hateful to thee, do not unto thy neighbor." Lincoln was the lay preacher of the ages.

I will not here discuss Lincoln's alleged second visit to Beecher's home. I will rest on the statement of one of his successors, the learned and eloquent Newell Dwight Hillis who, from the same pulpit, proclaimed and believed it. He had occasion to

talk to Mrs. Beecher, who was quite sure of the visit and of the visitor, and who interrogated her husband as to who it was who walked the floor above her for hours on that fateful night. Beecher, however, never spoke of his conversion that night—from the critical, damaging and semi-hostile attitude towards Lincoln, to one of meek and reverent love and appreciation of this man of sorrows who had that night come into his life and fought once again Jacob's battle of Yabbok, when Lincoln summoned him to heights of service and sacrifice to which he had been blind to that very moment. How could he humanly be expected to make confession that his nocturnal visitor had so far convinced him that he turned his back upon what he had said and done to that moment? How could he be expected to confide to any human being the struggle with the angel of light and leading, that he had succumbed, that he saw a new vision which he had not seen, that God was beckoning and calling—and he had not seen, and he had not heard?

No! Beecher could not be expected to talk of the supernatural happenings of that night.

In "Pew 89" Lincoln saw as in a vision the reformed Beecher, the Beecher girded with the right, Beecher the exhorter of Great Britain, Beecher who defied the English clergy, who came off triumphant from a clash with Manchester's and Liverpool's mobs of six thousand *sans-culotte*, who conquered public opinion from the pulpit at home and especially abroad at a time when it was of the utmost importance that England be kept from interfering with the struggle which was being fought on this continent. All the great names of the era have come into their own, whoever they were, whatever they were, whatever may have been their origin. We know them now. We have had true appraisals of practically all, and when we ask for the man who could have taken Beecher's place in England it is a fair question.

Beecher had courage; Beecher had ability; Beecher had sincerity; Beecher had experience; Beecher had standing; Beecher was admired, loved, revered as few other men were. He was an orator of a new school, the tribune of a new faith, the spokesman of a new America. How Lincoln immediately picked him when the hour struck after having seen and heard him from "Pew 89"

in Plymouth Church on that February day in 1860 is but another token of Lincoln's uncanny ability to pick the right men for his purposes. He passed over the preachers he had met in East and West, in Washington, and familiarized himself with the deeds and doings of the Yankee preacher of Brooklyn, Harriet Beecher Stowe's brother, the brother of the little school teacher with a book under her arm, the mother of a large family, the wife of another preacher who yet had time to deal slavery its mortal wound with her book—"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

When he looked at Beecher and heard him from his pew, he may well have thought that this brother and sister were messengers of God to help him in his great task. "Is this the little woman who brought on this great war?" he asked good-naturedly when he met her. And then, after reading those speeches, five of them which Beecher delivered in England, he said to his Cabinet towards the end that if the war was ever fought to a successful issue there would be but one man—Beecher—to raise the flag at Fort Sumter, for without Beecher in England there might have been no flag to raise. Such was his judgment as to the great service Beecher rendered to the North and to the Union by his triumphal tour of Great Britain where he pleaded like a prophet of the Old Testament for the ultimate success of his people and warned an entire hostile world not to side with the prophets of Baal, but to remain on the side of the ever-living God.

Never was there such another spectacle aside from that one which stands out for the ages when the one man—Elijah—confounded and defied and defeated and put to shame the false priests and prophets, and established on that day the true faith and the true God. In a minor, mundane way this is just what Lincoln chose Beecher for and had him go to England, anxious for our defeat and undoing. It was Beecher who brought home to Christian England, more than any other man, that they were following false prophets, pursuing the will-o'-the-wisp of slavery—doomed, eternally doomed—by Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation.

No one knows what passed through Lincoln's mind when he saw and heard Beecher from "Pew 89." But when the time came to make the choice, when others asked who could and should go,

who was capable of performing the Herculean task, who could stand the fury of the mob, the hatred of the bankrupted dealers in Southern cotton which was so slow in coming, who could speak encouragement to the dole-receiving cotton spinners and workingmen—surely not Charles Francis Adams, not Thurlow Weed, not one of those who thought in his heart that he could do better than Lincoln, not one of those qualified. They were all found wanting.

Lincoln, however, remembered the man to whom he listened from "Pew 89" in Plymouth Church on February 26, 1860, and picked his man even as he had picked Ericsson years before any other one would concede even sanity to the inventor and who was one of Lincoln's indispensable tools in saving the Union. Yes, Beecher was sent. He, indeed, went to England and when asked not to speak of slavery and secession turned upon his advisers and thought, if he did not actually say, "Get thee behind me." But in God's own time he went, he hurled his eloquent defiance at the evildoers and came away triumphant. Once more was the judgment of the occupant of "Pew 89" justified—magnificently justified. It was but one of a score of such similar miraculous decisions which contributed to save the Union and made Lincoln immortal.

One need but glance at some of the posters and placards which were prominently displayed in the streets of Liverpool and Manchester, some of the cities where Beecher was to speak, to appraise the magnitude of the problem with which Beecher was confronted. The blood-red posters summoned the mob to prevent his speaking. The audacity of the lies contained in these placards almost surpasses belief. They charge him with demanding that "the best blood of England must flow for the outrage England had perpetrated on America." They charge him with recommending that London be sacked, and other similar pronouncements, which the posters recite. They then call on Englishmen to see that he gets "the welcome he deserves."

The great adventure of Beecher in England was but one of many such well-timed and well-prepared and matured decisions of this great leader of men. Yes, "Pew 89" is properly and justly labelled as the most famous of pews in that historic edifice. Now Lincoln stands enshrined in artistic glass in the main window,

gazing from on high upon that great pulpit from which so many great voices spoke to the people during three-quarters of a century: Lyman Abbott and Newell Dwight Hillis carried on the great tradition.

Lincoln and Beecher—just one of those God-inspired partnerships in Lincoln's life, and he had many and he was loyal to all. Lincoln and Herndon, in spite of every effort to sever, death alone severed that partnership when the junior partner helped as unselfishly as his great chief worked unselfishly to redeem his benighted brethren. Lincoln and Stanton—a curious partnership, begun in hatred and undisguised contempt for Lincoln on the part of Stanton, when they met in Court in Cincinnati three years before his appointment as Secretary of War, and ended in adoration at the deathbed of his great chief. "Now he belongs to the ages," said the mourning Stanton, who never was the same man after the light which served as his guide was snuffed out.

Lincoln and Seward—began with a feeling of condescension on the part of the War Premier and ended in admiration and love such as has seldom been equaled, and continued to the last day of Seward's eventful life. We are fortunate in having the commentary of one of the members of the Cabinet upon this almost brotherly relationship—that of J. P. Usher—years after he had been able dispassionately to look back upon both great leaders after they had gone to their eternal reward:

"I want you to know and remember that the friendship and regard for each other which existed between Lincoln and Seward was never surpassed even in the case of David and Jonathan."

Lincoln and Johnson—when the entire host of politicians and statesmen oppose Johnson, try to shake Lincoln's confidence in him, try to prevent his nomination for military governor of Tennessee and then for Vice President, and are shocked at his manners at the Inauguration, Lincoln points to his sacrifices for the Union, his battles for Tennessee—one of the vital border States—standing much alone among his Southern people for the Union, in daily danger of assassination; his chief and friend, who never forgot service for the Union, said: "Andy Johnson is all right."

Lincoln and Douglas—can anything finer be pointed out in

the entire history of politics than the friendship of Lincoln for Douglas, the man who by force of circumstance was first his great antagonist and defeated Lincoln for the one prize for which he yearned as he yearned for nothing else? Still he ever remained his friend. He liked Douglas. He would have called Douglas to great office had he lived, and he charged him with the greatest task a friend could demand from a friend. He asked him to keep the Democrats of the nation in line for the Union, and Douglas cheerfully acceded to his request. Death alone severed this relationship. Lincoln needed Douglas and suffered from his absence in the Senate.

Lincoln and Welles—no finer friendship can be conceived than the one existing between the Connecticut Yankee Democrat and Lincoln. It sprang up the moment the two men met. In consequence, the most important branch of the government, aside from the army, did its work in an amazingly efficient manner. The great blockade which strangled the Confederacy was the work of Welles. The transforming of the navy from wood to an armored engine of destruction was the work of Welles, guided by his beloved chieftain. And now he repaid his President. In a diary as accurate, as honest, as painstaking and as complete as has ever been written, he immortalizes Lincoln's life in and with his Cabinet, and the first great effort to show that great leader at work in the Cabinet, in the struggle with the giants who were there to help and to advise, is revealed by this accurate and painstaking diarist and historian.

And had he lived, had he been permitted to complete his work, had he been privileged to bind up the nation's wounds as he meant to do, he would have set an example of how fairness, forgiveness, sincerity and love of neighbor would have brought about a restoration of relations between the followers of Grant and those of Lee, as was contemplated by those two great captains at the table at Appomattox. Lincoln might have seen and consulted Lee as Grant wanted him to do. Then the sinister chapter of Reconstruction might never have been written, the scandalous chronicle of the Johnson impeachment would never have been part of our nation's history, and what followed as results from the departure from Lincoln's plans would not have been possible, as there would have been no hymns of hate against

a fallen enemy; no dirge of *vae victis* would have been heard in half of Lincoln's restored Union. The oppressor would have been awed by that towering personality, and the decades of hate and misery and misunderstanding would have been impossible.

And it was a message of universal amnesty, of orderly reconstruction, of abridging the duration of the war and compensating the slaveholder, of re-admitting the departed States at the earliest moment, which he poured into Beecher's ears on that night when he walked the floors and knelt in prayer with Beecher, praying for Beecher's enlightenment as well as for the salvation of his embattled country and the speedy success of his sorely tried army.

Plymouth Church should become the Mecca of all those who love Lincoln and appreciate Beecher, for there two champions became united who wrought for the preservation of our Republic. Here we have them—Lincoln and Beecher—forever enshrined in the deathless history of that religious platform, as important in our history as Bunker Hill and Independence Hall. The group against the wall of Plymouth Church facing the green which separates the buildings on the outside, shows Beecher in all his glory of militant manhood—the one great motif of his life indicated in the group on the right, and his distinguished, though temporary, occupant and momentary pewholder to his left—modest, serious, sad-faced, humble and sublime—the Lincoln of "Pew 89." Long may it endure! Long may people go and gaze and obtain inspiration from this marvelous group—truly an inspiring group for the ages, as inspiring as Luther at Worms, as Washington at Valley Forge, as the series of statues of the marvelous monument of the Reformation at Geneva!

XII

FROM SPRINGFIELD TO WASHINGTON

LINCOLN's career may have seemed to many observers in 1858 to have reached its highest point during his campaign of that year against Stephen A. Douglas for election to the United States Senate. Up to that momentous election day he had never been so anxious to win anything as he then was to win the Senatorship and the victory over Douglas. He expresses his feeling at the time in a memorandum which may have been used in one of his unrecorded speeches, or which he may have intended to use but did not.

"Twenty-two years ago," he says, "Judge Douglas and I first became acquainted. We were both young then; he a trifle younger than I. Even then we were both ambitious; I, perhaps, quite as much so as he. With me the race of ambition has been a failure—a flat failure; with him it has been one of splendid success. His name fills the nation, and is not unknown even in foreign lands. I affect no contempt for the high eminence he has reached. So reached that the oppressed of my species might have shared with me in the elevation, I would rather stand on that eminence than wear the richest crown that ever pressed a monarch's brow."

Such was the *apologia pro vita sua* of the man who, the Spoon River historian, in his recent biography, would have us believe, was a poor loser!

We must not think of Lincoln as thrown into despondency by his defeat by Douglas. On the contrary, despite all expectations and predictions, he remained calm and confident. He knew that the tide had been turned for Douglas by the "gerrymandering" of the political map of Illinois and by the importation of illiterate "repeaters" from the East. His followers knew it, too. He was still, after his defeat, at the head of his party in Illinois.

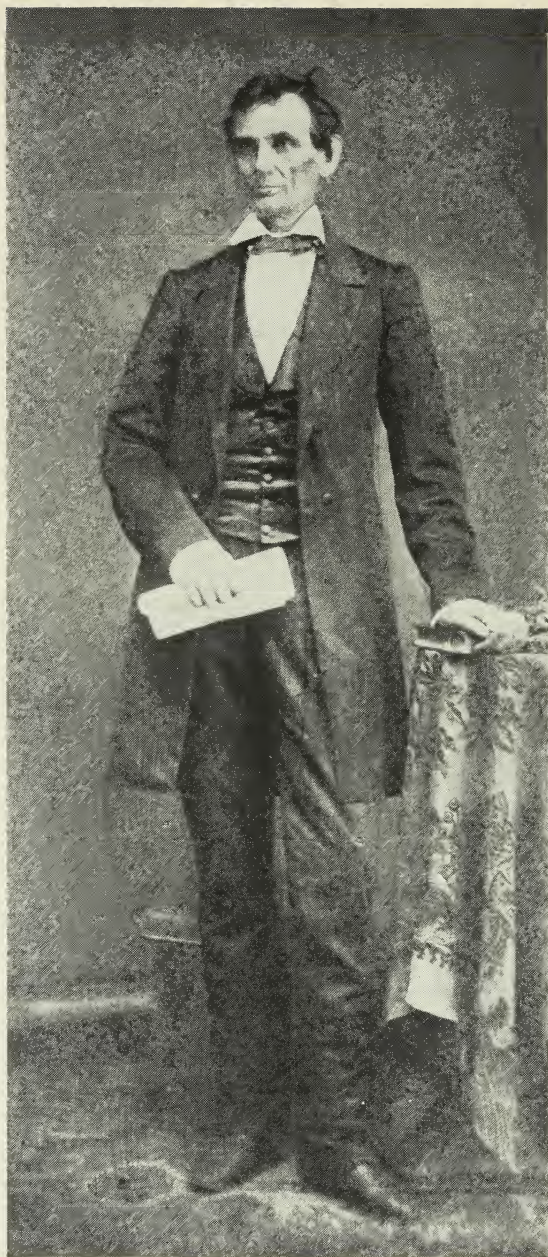
That party was now, of course, the Republican party. The old Whig or National Republican party, after flourishing for a quarter of a century after 1824, and after electing General

Taylor to the Presidency in 1848, had disappeared as a practical element in politics after its failure to elect General Winfield Scott in 1852. The "Know-Nothings" and the "Anti-Nebraska men," the latter of whom stood out against the attempt to introduce slavery into Kansas and Nebraska by what was known as "Squatter Sovereignty," had attempted to fill in the gap. Then, in 1854, came the new Republican party, running Frémont as its first Presidential candidate in 1856. Opposed to it stood a Democratic party which was soon to be as hopelessly split as the Whigs had been between its Northern and Southern wings.

In the letters and documents of this period we find that Lincoln is taking the lead in prescribing the policy and platform of the Republicans not only in his own State but in the Nation. "The fight must go on," he declares. "We are right and cannot finally fail." He is satisfied to have lost the Senatorial election when another course might have won it at the expense of "demoralizing and prostrating" the Republican party "everywhere for years." He labors to keep the extremists from committing the party to measures which will alienate the moderates.

As 1860 rolls around he considers the Dred Scott decision, with its vindication of the fugitive slave law, a splendid asset for the coming Presidential campaign. He is anxious to win all those who oppose the spread of slavery but are as yet unwilling to attempt its destruction. He does not wish to give aid and comfort to the Democratic party, which, if the Republicans keep to the middle of the road, is riding to certain fall and disruption. He sees clearly that this is neither the time nor the campaign for raising the wolf's head of the problem of the fugitive slave, if success is at last to crown the banners of the Republican party. If that plank, he writes, referring to a proposed condemnation of the fugitive slave law, "be ever introduced into the next Republican National Convention it will explode it."

He is for taking no unnecessary chances in the election. He sees clearly that the slavery question has remained unsettled during four administrations, and he sees the necessity of new tactics, new candidates and a new platform. If there is to be any exploding of a convention he prefers it to occur in the Democratic convention. This event he foresaw. It became an actual fact at



Photograph in the Library of Congress

Charleston, where in 1860 the Democrats met and adjourned without making a nomination.

So all Summer and Fall the tide of battle rolls. Lincoln has made his great Cooper Union speech in February. He announces his desire "to be placed anywhere, or nowhere, as may appear most likely to advance our cause." In May he is nominated at the historic Republican convention in the "Wigwam" at Chicago. He stays quietly at home in Springfield, largely letting his record and his past speeches speak for themselves. He refuses constant reiteration of his stand on slavery, though holding firm against "a compromise in regard to its *extension*." The secession of South Carolina on December 20th does not shake him.

Finally we see him on his way to Washington, reassuring his fellow-citizens of North and South as well as he can in homely addresses delivered along the way. And we have in his own words, as jotted down in his presence by a historian interviewer, the story of his trip from Philadelphia to Washington, long wrapped in mystery.

Let us go back to letters, written after the Douglas campaign, in which he discusses the existing situation, accepts his defeat with good grace, and demonstrates that the party is in fighting trim for the greater conflict in 1860. "We are clean," he declares, "and have not thrown ourselves into the arms of Douglas" —as Greeley and others of the "moderates" have advised. Paine, to whom he writes on November 19, 1858, he himself has described as a "highly valued friend of mine of long standing." Less is known about Inman, except that he was obviously a Republican sympathizer. Chase is, of course, the Salmon P. Chase who was later in the War Cabinet and after that Chief Justice of the United States.

Here are the letters:

Springfield, Ill., Nov. 19th, 1858.

[To E. A. Paine.]

Well, the election is over and in the main point we are beaten; still my view is that the fight must go on. Let no one falter. The question is not half settled. New splits and divisions will soon be upon our adversaries and we shall have fun again.

M. M. INMAN, Esq.

Springfield, Nov. 20, 1858.

My dear Sir:

Your very kind letter of the 9th was duly received. I shall duly consider its contents. The fight must go on—we are right, and cannot finally fail. There will be another blow-up in the so-called Democratic party before long. In the meantime let all Republicans stand fast by their guns.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

HON. S. P. CHASE.

Springfield, Ills., April 30, 1858.

Dear Sir:

Reaching home yesterday I found your kind note of the 14th informing me that you have given Mr. Whitney the appointment he desired; and also mentioning the present encouraging aspects of the Republican cause—and our Illinois canvass of last year. I thank you for the appointment. Allow me also to thank you as being one of the very few distinguished men, whose sympathy we in Illinois did receive last year, of all those whose sympathy we thought we had reason to expect.

Of course I would have preferred success; but failing in this, I have no regret for having rejected all advice to the contrary, and resolutely made the struggle. Had we thrown ourselves into the arms of Douglas, as re-electing him by our vote would have done, the Republican cause would have been annihilated in Illinois, and, as I think, demoralized and prostrated everywhere for years, if not forever. As it is, in the language of Benton, “we are clean” and the Republican star gradually rises higher everywhere.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

On June 9 he writes to Chase again:

It appears by the papers that the late Republican State Convention of Ohio adopted a platform, of which the following is one plank, “A repeal of the atrocious fugitive slave law.” This is already damaging us here. I have no doubt that if that plank be ever introduced into the next Republican National Convention it will explode it. Once introduced, its supporters and its opponents will quarrel irreconcilably. I enter upon no argument one way or the other, but I assure you the cause of republicanism is hopeless in Illinois if it be in any way made responsible for that plank—I hope you can and will contribute something to relieve us of it.

Lincoln is at last becoming conscious that his career was anything but "a flat failure" and that he is among the two or three men from whom the convention will select a candidate to lead the fight.

How unfair the charge that he was eager for the nomination and that he crowded all other competitors for the nomination! Again and again he stated that Seward and Chase and McLean have been the older leaders in the cause and that he cannot compare his claims with theirs. He still has his doubts as to his availability and modestly replies to all missives which urge his nomination. Two letters, given below, are typical of a number of others which he wrote and show that there was no indecent haste about his candidacy, as far as he was concerned.

To a New Haven editor, James F. Babcock, he writes on April 14, 1860, a letter in which he says:

As to the Presidential nomination, claiming no greater exemption from selfishness than is common, I still feel that my whole aspiration should be, and therefore must be, to be placed anywhere, or nowhere, as may appear most likely to advance our cause.

To another admirer he sends this letter:

Springfield, Ill., April, 1860.

WM. GOODING, Esq.,

My Dear Sir:

Reaching home yesterday I found your very kind and complimentary letter of March 21st, and for which I sincerely thank you. Our down East friends did, indeed, treat me with great kindness, demonstrating what I before believed, that all good, intelligent people are very much alike.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

On May 16, 1860, Lincoln is nominated at Chicago, receiving on the third ballot 354 out of the 466 votes cast. He settles down at Springfield to await the results of the campaign, writing many letters, holding many conferences. Ten days after the nomination he writes to Schuyler Colfax, editor of *The St. Joseph Valley Register* and later to be Vice President under Grant, "Your very kind and acceptable letter of the 18th was received two or three days since. You distinguish between yourself and my *original* friends—a distinction which, by your leave, I propose to forget."

His humor crops out in a note to an autograph hunter who admits that he is not of Lincoln's political faith: "You say you are not a Lincoln man, 'but would still like to have Mr. L.'s autograph.' Well, here it is."

As he did not desire to join a Masonic lodge for fear that his motives might be misunderstood, so, not being a drinking man himself, he did not offer liquor to the committee which came to give him official notification of his nomination. But something more important than a temperance crusade was confronting him. So he writes to an officious inquirer:

J. MASON HAIGHT, Esq.,

Springfield, Ill., June 11th, 1860.

My Dear Sir:

I think it would be improper for me to write or say anything to, or for, the public, upon the subject of which you inquire. I therefore wish the letter I do write to be held as strictly confidential. Having kept house sixteen years, and having never held the "cup" to the lips of my friends then, my judgment was I should not, in my new position, change my habit in this respect. What actually occurred upon the occasion of the committee visiting me I think it would be better for others to say.

Yours respectfully,

A. LINCOLN.

He wrote a great many letters to his friends and to local Republican leaders. Many of these were marked "Private and Confidential." The new letter to "Dick" Thompson, whom he later named as one of the commissioners for the Union Pacific Railroad, illustrates his caution and his attempt to guard against mistakes—it ends with the words "Burn this." There was nothing sinister about the expression. He explains a similar request in a letter to Leonard Swett, an old Eighth Circuit friend: "Burn this; not that there is anything wrong in it, but because it is best not to be known that I wrote at all." In another letter to Swett a few days later he suggests "great caution and delicacy is necessary."

This same caution is revealed down to the last days of the campaign. The editor of *The Louisville Journal* asks him to set forth in writing his views. Lincoln refuses: "I have had men to deal with, both North and South: men who are eager for something new upon which to base new misrepresentations; men who

would like to frighten me, or at least to fix upon me the character of timidity and cowardice. . . . I intend keeping my eye upon these gentlemen, and to not unnecessarily put any weapons in their hands."

Here is the Thompson letter:

Private

Springfield, Ill., July 10, 1860.

HON. R. W. THOMPSON.

Dear Sir:

Yours of the 6th is received, and for which I thank you. I write this to acknowledge the receipt of it and to say I take time (only a little) before answering the main question.

If my *record* would *hurt* any, there is no hope that it will be overlooked; so that if friends can *help* any with it they may as well do so. Of course, due caution and circumspection will be used.

With reference to the same matter of which you write I wish you would watch Chicago a little. They are getting up a movement for the 17th Inst. I believe a line from you to John Wilson, late of the Genl. Land Office (I guess you know him well) would fix the matter.

When I shall have reflected a little you will hear from me again.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

Burn this.

To the same effect is his letter to George T. M. Davis of Philadelphia, a Unionist, who later rose to be a Colonel in the Federal Army:

Springfield Ill., Oct. 27, 1860.

GEORGE T. M. DAVIS, Esq.,

My Dear Sir:

Mr. Dubois has shown me your letter of the 20th and I promised him to write you. What is it that I could say that would quiet alarm? Is it that no interference by the government with slaves or slavery within the States is intended? I have said this so often already, that a repetition of it is but mockery, bearing an appearance of weakness and cowardice which perhaps should be avoided. Why do not uneasy men read what I have already said? and what our platform says? If they will not read or heed them, would they heed or read a repetition of them? Of course the declaration that there is no intention to interfere with slaves or slavery in the States, with all that is fairly implied in such declaration, is true, and I should have no objection to make, and repeat, the declaration a thousand times if there were no danger

of encouraging bold, bad men to believe they are dealing with one who can be scared into anything. . . .

While Douglas and Breckenridge, representing respectively the Northern and Southern wings of the disrupted Democratic party, and John Bell, candidate of the "Constitutional Union party," are rushing about the country and addressing large audiences, until both candidates and audiences are alike tired out, Lincoln sticks to his policy of remaining at home, well content with the belief that his opinions and his platform are well known to the whole country and that repeating them *ad nauseam* will be of no earthly use.

So election day of 1860 comes and Lincoln is elected—a minority President but with almost half a million more votes than Douglas, his ancient rival and still his competitor.

During the anxious days which drag on from election day until he reaches Washington, he is adamant against yielding to the hollow panaceas and plans which come without number, and which offer to sacrifice all which has been gained by years of effort and by the epoch-making election of 1860. Here the real leader of the Union makes his influence felt. Hold the fort until after inauguration day, and yield nothing; make no compromise with slavery—such his plans. Hence these new letters to Kellogg and Defrees simply make the policies of Lincoln at this time more clear and more definite. Kellogg was a Republican Congressman from Illinois. Defrees was Superintendent of Public Printing for the State of Illinois and is remembered as author of a constitutional amendment, lost in the storm of the Civil War, to prohibit slavery in new States and territories.

Here are the letters:

Private and confidential.

Springfield, Ill., Dec. 11, 1860.

HON. WILLIAM KELLOGG:

My Dear Sir:

Entertain no proposition for a compromise in regard to the *extension* of slavery. The instant you do they have us down again; all our labor is lost and sooner or later must be done over. Douglas is said to be again trying to bring in his "Pop. Sov." Have none of it. The tug has to come and better now than later.

You know I think the fugitive slave clause of the Constitution ought

to be enforced—to put it in the mildest form, ought not to be resisted.
In haste,

Yours as ever.

A. LINCOLN.

Dec. 18, 1860.

TO HON. JNO. D. DEFREES,

My dear sir:

Yours of the 15th is received. I am sorry any Republican inclines to dally with Pop. Sov. of any sort. It acknowledges that slavery has equal rights with liberty and surrenders all we have contended for. Once fastened upon us as a settled policy, filibustering for all South of us and making slave States of it, follows in spite of us, with an early Supreme Court decision, holding our free-State Constitutions to be unconstitutional. Would Scott or Stephens go into the Cabinet? And, if yea, on what terms! Do they come to me? or I go to them? Or are we to lead off in open hostility to each other?

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

He leaves Springfield. His stops at different cities on his way to Washington have not entirely been reported, or the short addresses he made to the people who turned out to see and hear the President-elect. At Bloomington and in Lancaster he spoke—and the Lincoln of the common people, with his homely similes, crops out. Here is the Bloomington talk, which appears for the first time:

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF BLOOMINGTON AND McLEAN COUNTY:

I am glad to meet you after a longer separation than has been common between you and me. I thank you for the good report you made of the election in old McLean. The people of the country have again fixed up their affairs for a constitutional period of time. By the way, I think of the people very much as an old friend said he thought of women. He said when he lost his first wife, who had been a great help to him in his business, he thought he was ruined, that he could never find another to fill her place. At length, however, he married another who he found did quite as well as the first, and that his opinion now was that any woman would do well who was well done by. So I think of the whole people of this nation: they will ever do well if well done by. We will try to do well by them in all parts of the country, North and South, with entire confidence that all will be well with all of us.

With these unpretentious words on his lips Lincoln arrived in Washington to take up his tremendous new responsibilities. On the way he was threatened with assassination. We are particularly fortunate in being able to present for the first time a complete interview between President Lincoln and Benson J. Lossing, one of the leading historians of the Civil War, in which the ghost of the story of Lincoln's "stealing into Washington like a thief in the night" is finally laid to rest.

It is hard at the present time to realize why such importance was attached to this incident by Lincoln's enemies in the press and in public life. As the narrative shows, he simply took the precautions which the situation seemed to demand. Yet the events of his journey probably received more attention in the newspapers of the day, both in America and abroad, than many a great battle. In his recently published biography Edgar Lee Masters revives it. It is too bad that Mr. Masters did not discover this honest statement, now available in Lincoln's own words as Lossing set them down, and supplement it with the statement of President Felton of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. There would then have been no room left for speculation or malicious invention.

But because so much venom, slander and distortion of facts has been employed on the episode it is worth while to give the Lossing interview in full, as the historian set it down in his diary, under date of December 7, 1864:

I called on President Lincoln with Congressman I. N. Arnold of Ill. at 9:30. Met him in the Cabinet Council Room alone. He endorsed on the Permit of the War Department, his recommendation of me, to the courtesies of all public offices in the Service. At my request he gave me an account of his journey through Baltimore to Washington, as follows:

"I arrived at Philadelphia. Agreed to stop over night, and on the following day hoist the flag over Independence Hall. In the evening there was a great crowd, and I received my friends. I received a message from Mr. Judd of Chicago, a warm personal friend, asking me to come to his room. I went, and found there only Mr. Judd and Mr. Pinkerton, the latter a detective whom I had seen in Chicago. He had been employed for some days in watching or searching for suspicious or expected suspicious movements in Baltimore, in connection

with my passage through, the time of which was known from public announcement.

"Pinkerton informed me that a plan was prepared for my assassination. He knew of the plan, but was not sure the conspirators would have pluck enough to execute it. He wanted me to go with him right through to Washington that night. I didn't like that. I had made engagements to visit Harrisburgh, and go from there to Baltimore, and I wished to do so. I made arrangements, however, with Mr. Judd for me to return to Philadelphia the next night, if I shall be convinced there was danger in going through Baltimore the next day. I told him that if I should meet at Harrisburgh, as I had other places, a delegation to go with me to the next place (thru Baltimore) I should feel safe and go on. When I was making my way back to my room through crowds, I met Fred. Seward. We went together to my room and he told me that he had been sent at the instance of his father and General Scott to inform me that their detectives in Baltimore had discovered a plot there to assassinate me. They knew nothing of Pinkerton's movements. I now believed such a plot to be in existence.

"The next morning I raised the flag at Independence Hall, went on to Harrisburgh with Mr. Sumner (now General) Hunter, Ward H. Lamon and others; met the Legislature and people, dined and waited until the appointed time for me to leave.

"In the meantime Mr. Judd had so secured the telegraph wires that no communication could pass to Baltimore, and give the conspirators knowledge of the change in my plans.

"In New York some friend had presented me a new beaver hat, in a box, and in it had placed a soft wool hat. I never wore one in my life. I had this box in my room. Having informed a very few friends of the secret of my movements, and the cause, I put on an old overcoat that I had with me, and putting the soft hat in my pocket, I walked out of the house at a back door, without exciting any special curiosity. Then, I put on the soft hat, and joined my friends, without being recognized. I was not the same man. Sumner and Hunter wished to accompany me. I said no, you are known, and your presence may betray me. I will only take Lamon (now Marshal Lamon of the District of Columbia), whom nobody knows, and Mr. Judd; Sumner and Hunter felt hurt.

"We went back to Philadelphia and found a message from Pinkerton, who had returned to Baltimore, that the conspirators had held their final meeting that evening, and it was doubtful whether they had the nerve to attempt the execution of their purpose. I went on, however, as the arrangement had been made. It was a special train. We were sometime in the depot at Baltimore, I heard people talking

around, but no one particularly observed me. Thus I arrived, unexpectedly in Washington."

Thus Lincoln's great ordeal and triumph was beginning—but in no ignoble or undignified fashion.

XIII

LINCOLN'S LOYALTY TO HIS FRIENDS

THE foundations of a fame which has lasted to this day had a great many elemental causes upon which they were based in this extraordinary life. Biographers, contemporary statesmen and political leaders are, however, agreed upon one point, although they seem to differ about a great many others in his life, that in Lincoln is to be found a profound loyalty and attachment to his friends, to his neighbors, to his fellow-practitioners and to his political associates.

As a rule, the history of a career of one such as his is strewn with the wrecks of other careers in order that the principal actor who climbed to prominence through the efforts of his friends may have a free path. It is an old familiar story that most men, as a rule, climb to fame and political preferment at the expense of their friends. Few among the conspicuous are to be found who worked with others for the common good and came out with friendships unimpaired.

At the end of Lincoln's term there was not one man—with the possible exception of Vallandigham, not even Chase, and he belonged and remained permanently in the opposition—who was not, so to say, overwhelmed with Lincoln's kindness, with Lincoln's fairness. Here was Chase, first a potential and then a disappointed candidate for the Presidency in 1860, as well as in 1864, frequently very unkind to his chief—but never disloyal, as some claim. Chase was too formidable a champion of the Union to be disloyal to Lincoln, who waged the battles of the Union; but he certainly was not slow to emphasize his misfortune and bewail his lot in being neglected by an ungrateful party when they came to pick a leader for the great emergency. He was more than reconciled—he was overwhelmed by the kindly treatment of Lincoln which culminated in his designation as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, in spite of the powerful opposition expressed by letter and in person by his many opponents. Lin-

coln did not flinch—he recognized that as Governor of Ohio and as Senator he had fairly earned the gratitude of the party and of the country. Hence, Lincoln overlooked Chase's many irritating actions. Chase's case was extreme, as was Stanton's. He cared little or nothing about Stanton's boorishness, about his outspoken comments about himself and his policy before he came into close contact with him; he had completely forgotten the almost savage treatment he received a few years before at the hands of Stanton in the McCormick Reaper patent case. He had similar experiences with the vain but gifted Senator Charles Sumner, the representative of the élite of Massachusetts—a man always concerned with the traditions of the Senate—and whether he was properly filling the rôle of Daniel Webster; he was not an easy man to get along with. The Congressional clique of extremely able men made up of Henry Winter Davis, Benjamin Wade and Lyman Trumbull—were not the class of men any more than Sumner to be led by Lincoln. Each one at first was convinced that he could do infinitely better than Lincoln were he in Lincoln's place, and still each one of these was gradually convinced of Lincoln's great leadership, of Lincoln's towering ability, of Lincoln's great accomplishments. The governors of states loyal to the Union, too, were a class of men—extraordinary as governors go, almost every one of them capable, earnest, sincere and tremendously able,—each a peculiar personality.

Beginning with Andrew of Massachusetts—a governor of that great militant commonwealth—a trifle too sure of himself and a bit impatient at first with Lincoln, more than overmatched by Stanton, Lincoln's able deputy; Buckingham of Connecticut, Curtin of Pennsylvania, Tod and Dennison of Ohio, Oliver P. Morton of Indiana, Yates of Illinois, Johnson of Tennessee, Kirkwood of Iowa and the rest, especially Seymour of New York, the Mephistophelian figure of the Civil War—brilliant and gifted, learned, scholarly, but ambitious at a time when patriotism should have dominated all men in office—all these came in contact with Lincoln, and all were ultimately swayed by him. Each one made requests and demands upon Lincoln, and all had plans and policies which they urged upon Lincoln. All of them could not be granted; some were. Each one of them made recom-

mendations to, and demands upon, Lincoln, that his advice, that his plan, be followed.

Unfortunately, the correspondence with these men which would throw a great deal of light on this complicated phase of Lincoln's domestic diplomacy and statesmanship, is incomplete. A great many have hidden their discomfiture by suppressing the letters Lincoln wrote in reply to their unreasonable demands and to their inept and impractical advice of how they would save or serve the Union.

His relations with Governor Newell of New Jersey have just come to light in letters hitherto unpublished. The Governor was unquestionably one of Lincoln's friends, loyal to the core, frequently invited to the White House by Mrs. Lincoln, as a number of her unpublished letters testify. Colonel Hatfield, one of Newell's friends, desired promotion in the army. He enlisted Governor Newell's undivided support, exacted a promise that Governor Newell would neither support nor recommend any one for any position which would, in any degree, interfere with Hatfield's chances. Subsequently, and while this application was pending, Governor Newell was compelled to recommend another friend, Colonel Allen, for a minor position; and as might be expected, Lincoln saw his way to granting the minor job at Governor Newell's request, but could not appoint the former to the Brigadier-Generalship, which he wanted. When it became known that the minor appointment was made, Colonel Hatfield promptly charged Governor Newell with double-dealing and unfairness. The Governor, for some reason, had to take notice of the charge and was forced to refute the charge. Lincoln was the only one who could help him out of his predicament and Governor Newell did not hesitate to appeal to Lincoln to clear him. To our generation—looking in retrospect at the much-occupied and overworked Chief Magistrate, it seems almost inconceivable that he found time to enter into such minor issues, such local misunderstandings, while the very existence of the country was at stake. And still he seems to have had time for all things—especially to help a friend, to remove a mistaken belief, to rectify a wrong impression, to clear a name and destroy baseless enmity. Witness the two letters—Newell to the President and the President to Newell:

"Col. Hatfield is impressed with the belief," writes Governor Newell, "that I have not faithfully urged his appointment to a Brigadier-ship with your Excellency, chiefly on account of the few words I said to you in relation to Col. Allen. You will remember that upon the eve of the departure of the Burnside Expedition I said to you that Col. Allen would like to be made a Brigadier over the Regiment which he had commanded as acting Brigadier. At the same time I stated that I did not desire that he should by any means interfere with my application previously made for Hatfield and that Allen should only be advanced if two were given to us, and that I desired Hatfield to be understood to be my choice over all others.

"Your Excellency knows how faithfully, zealously, and importunately I have urged Hatfield's appointment and I beg you to write on this note that I have acted in good faith with him, and urged his success to the best of my ability."

And here is Lincoln's reply:

"Executive Mansion,
Feb. 18, 1862.

HON. W. A. NEWELL,

My dear Sir:

Your note on the other half of this sheet is exactly true as far as is within my power to know. Your advocacy of Col. Hatfield for a Brigadier-General has been earnest, without reservation, oft repeated, and persistent, so that I can and do know it was not in your power to do more for Col. Hatfield with me than you have done—

You never urged Col. Allen, except with the express reservation that his appointment should in no wise interfere with Col. Hatfield.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN."

And all this in the beginning of the year 1862, when the most epoch-making events were engaging Lincoln's attention, when the outlook was so dark that no one thought that Lincoln could hold out—not to say be re-elected—when men, hundreds of thousands of men, had to be raised by draft, when riots were frequent in New York and in St. Louis, when armies had to be clad and fed and munitioned, when intervention was in the air, when Congress was investigating the conduct of the war, when our armies had been uniformly beaten, when a hostile opposition was girding its loins to destroy the party in power and Lincoln with it. It was just this, Lincoln did throughout his stay in the White

House—down to the second candidacy in 1864; when even supermen like Francis Lieber urged Lincoln to resign and make way for Grant or some other new man; when Lincoln himself wrote a memorandum and sealed it and preserved it—showing that even he began to doubt the faith of the people in him—this is what he wrote:

“This morning, as for some days past, it seems exceedingly probable that this administration will not be re-elected. Then it will be my duty to so cooperate with the President-elect as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration; as he will have secured his election on such ground that he cannot possibly save it afterward.”

A most impressive incident was Lincoln's treatment of the delegate from Kansas, Mark W. Delahay, who asked Lincoln to send him two hundred dollars to come to Chicago and vote for him. It illustrates Lincoln's gratitude and loyalty better than any other incident—and his determination to accomplish what he considered of importance by means which he considered proper. There was no cant about him. A similar act in our own day defeated an aspirant for a Presidential nomination. Here is the correspondence; the name of the delegate had for a long time been withheld from the head of the letter—and appears without the name in all the Lincoln works publications:

“As to your kind wishes for myself, allow me to say I can not enter the ring on the money basis—first, because in the main, it is wrong; and secondly, I have not, and can not get, the money—I say, in the main, the use of money is wrong; but for certain objects, in a political contest, the use of some, is both right, and indispensable. With me, as with yourself, the long struggle has been one of great pecuniary loss. I now distinctly say this— If you shall be appointed a delegate to Chicago, I will furnish one hundred dollars to bear the expenses of the trip—

Your friend, as ever,

A. LINCOLN.”

Lincoln kept his promise, paid the expenses, and what is more he did so although the candidate failed of election and the Kansas delegation which was elected was instructed for Seward. Another man in Lincoln's place would have dropped the unsuccessful candidate for delegate, for by the law of politics, he who fails is not

to be considered—"successful politicians have no conscience," they say—but see what Lincoln writes to Delahay:

"Reaching home last night I find your letter of the 7th— You know I was in New England— Some of the acquaintances I made while there, wrote me since the election that the close vote in Conn. & the quasi defeat in R. I. are a drawback upon the prospects of Gov. Seward; and Trumbull writes Dubois to the same effect— Do not mention this as coming from me— Both those states are safe enough for us in the fall— I see by the despatches that since you wrote Kansas has appointed Delegates and instructed them for Seward— Don't stir them up to anger, but come along to the convention, & I will do as I said about expenses."

There is some doubt as to whether Delahay ever actually accepted Lincoln's generous offer, but it is a fact that within ten days after Lincoln's inauguration he appointed him to a Federal office with a comfortable salary and even asked for his preferences as to other appointments in Kansas. Lincoln writes:

"When I saw you a moment this morning I forgot to ask you about some of the Kansas appointments, which I intended to do. If you care much about them you can write, as I think I shall not make the appointments just yet."

It mattered little that this man had asked for something that roused a protest in Lincoln's mind as to the propriety of the act—it mattered little—but the fact that he made an effort to help Lincoln when Lincoln needed help—that was the test, and Lincoln lived up to his noble ideal of rewarding one who aided him. It was but the sequel—one of many—of defending Armstrong free of charge because his mother, Hannah, aided him, befriended him when he needed aid, when he needed friends.

Among Lincoln's daily tasks of State were errands of mercy, help to those who were his friends, besides the thousand and one things that reached him from the daily visitors in Washington. He evidently had time for all these things in addition to the working out in his own mind at first, and then with his Cabinet and Congressional and Senatorial Committees—the most important problems in our history which had to do with the salvaging of the Union, and with repairing and rebuilding it upon foundations of law, of order, of justice, and of good will to all

The Court instructs the jury

that if they have any reasonable doubt as to whether Metzger came to his death by the blow on the eye, or by the blow on the back of the head, they are to find the defendant "Not guilty" unless they also believe from the evidence, beyond reasonable doubt, that Armstrong and Norris acted by concert, against Metzger, and that Norris struck the blow on the back of the head.

What if they believe from the evidence that Norris killed Metzger, they are to acquit Armstrong, unless they also believe beyond a reasonable doubt that Armstrong acted in concert with Norris in the killing, or purpose to kill or hurt Metzger.

Lincoln's Requests to Charge in the Armstrong Case

men. The problem at this distance seems extremely simple. Some even claim that it would have solved itself. So thought those who laughed at Columbus with the flattened end of the egg, and at Alexander who cut the Gordian Knot—while others had talked of the impossibility of unravelling the puzzles. But as time recedes, we all begin to see the greatness of the task—and the greatness of him who successfully coped with it and accomplished it. He could not have done all this alone. He needed an instrument. His party—the new Republican party—was at first the doubting, if not unwilling, instrument which he gradually transformed by just such methods as he used with Newell and with Stanton and with Seward and with Chase, into an enthusiastic host which worked with Lincoln. We are told that men in regiments and divisions in battle march willingly, actuated by the universal appeal—by the team work of the multitude. In the main it was in that manner that Father Abraham, by his kindness, by his generosity, by his nobility of character, created a unison, a team work among all leaders in the different parts of the Union—which in due time brought him to a position of power, when he could and did command a united North against a disrupted and quarreling leadership in the South; Grant and Sherman and Sheridan and Thomas and Farragut and Porter, great as they were, different in character as they were—volumes have been written and will be written about each one of them—finally worked in harmony under the spell of Lincoln.

Andrew and Curtin and Morton and Dix and Tod and Yates—with different ambitions and different backgrounds—different in environment, education and ambitions—as they were—ultimately worked in unison, practically wiping out party lines, and brought their commonwealths under the leadership of Abraham Lincoln.

Sumner and Wade, and Henry Winter Davis, and Thad Stevens, and Fessenden, and Zachariah Chandler, and Trumbull, and Douglas—volumes could be written and have been—about their idiosyncrasies, their different ambitions, their clashing theories, their foibles, their vanities and above all their great ability and strength of character—different as they were, ultimately worked in unison under the spell of Abraham Lincoln—each assigned to his appointed task—including the brilliant

Douglas, whom he convinced and converted, and who became Lincoln's spokesman to the Democratic party in the Nation.

Greeley, Bennett, Medill, Weed, Childs—who at first coped with each other in their powerful journals in order to belittle and discredit and then to advise Lincoln as to his proper course—the newspapermen in all ages have a wide outlook and wield great power for good or for evil—the power of the press in those days was simply tremendous—but ultimately they worked in unison with Abraham Lincoln and wrote and advised their millions of readers as Lincoln directed.

Beecher, Parker, Simpson, Storrs and a great many preachers—and how many of them ever agree—who at first had lost faith in Lincoln—was he not too slow? was he not too cowardly? was he not controlled by corrupt politicians? queried the religious leaders—ultimately began to see and understand, and worked with Lincoln.

Wendell Phillips, Garrison, Lovejoy and the whole Abolitionist phalanx, as ideal and impractical and impatient a group of reformers as ever gathered under one mutinous flag—who mercilessly condemned, reviled and literally cursed Lincoln—"The slave hound of Illinois"—ultimately began to perceive that there was a Deity that guided Lincoln—did penance and henceforth became silenced and thereafter worked with Lincoln.

The poets, Whittier and Stedman and Longfellow and Whittman, and the whole choir of poetical nightingales, who in a middle key cavilled at and irritated Lincoln and thought that they influenced Lincoln with their limpid verse, ultimately, but alas too late, changed poems of carping and criticism into poems of sadness, of tears and pæans of praise and glory to the dead conqueror.

His own neighbors in Springfield, with whom he had lived and grown into middle age, who at first doubted and questioned the reality of what they read and heard—their neighbor Lincoln a great statesman! the poor lawyer a great diplomat! the spinner of yarns, of jokes a great military leader! the poverty-stricken surveyor the head of a great nation! the poor fellow who fled from the outbursts of his wife, the fearless captain in a gigantic convulsion—it can't be, it is simply impossible! Not until his remains reached Springfield did all search their memories for the thirty

years during which they had known him, to find that he was one of the fortunate mortals who had worked with Lincoln. For having worked with Lincoln became a badge of distinction, as high an honor as belonging to the Order of the Cincinnati in Washington's day, as high a privilege as being a member of Cromwell's "Ironsides," as glorious an association as membership of those noble three hundred who gave their all for love of country thousands of years ago in far off Thermopylæ.

XIV

LINCOLN AND THE LOWLY

IN the first address delivered when he was a candidate for the first time for the Illinois Legislature, Lincoln concluded his statement by saying: "I was born, and have ever remained, in the most humble walks of life. I have no wealthy or popular relations or friends to recommend me. My case is thrown exclusively upon the independent voters of the country; and, if elected, they will have conferred a favor upon me for which I shall be unremitting in my labors to compensate. But, if the good people in their wisdom shall see fit to keep me in the background, I have been too familiar with disappointments to be very much chagrined."

From this moment, until the first great victory of his difficult struggle for recognition—his nomination for the Presidency—he always lived and adhered to his association and life with the poor, the bereaved, the working mass of his fellows. When asked for a biography for campaign purposes, he replied: "The story of my life is the 'short and simple annals of the poor.'" And these early settlers were poor, indeed. At every point in life up to that moment his career had been a struggle with adverse circumstances, with poverty, both his own and that of the poor townspeople of Springfield and those he met on the Circuit. He lived with them, he sympathized with their problems, he loved the plain people and they loved him and suffered with him through all his trials. He could not help detecting—not that he cared—a sort of patronizing condescension of the leaders of the Eastern and New England élite to the frontiersman of Sangamon County, the pleader of the causes of the poor denizens of the Eighth Circuit. His famous, illustrative quaint stories and droll reminiscences, the very pranks he played upon the so-called better class or wealthier citizens, were ever taken from the lives of the lowly and the experiences of the poor. They were his friends in the early days of his great struggles; they met him in his grocery

store, they were his associates on the farm, they visited his modest law office, they supported him in his campaigns, they sent him to Congress, they crowded the court-house, the lawns in front of the court-house when he spoke to them at recess, and they trooped after him during the joint debate which made him famous, and they eagerly followed him on his tour to Washington, and finally greeted his remains on their mournful return, to rest among the neighbors and friends of his early trials and tribulations.

And wherever he went during the twenty-odd years of his preparation for his Presidential Administration—he sought out the plain people, the common people, the artisan, and the children. They flocked to him and his heart was theirs. They did not note his appearance, his looks, his eyes—those marvelous eyes that saw and pierced the soul—those eyes, Lincoln's sad eyes, attracted the innocents everywhere.

And so it was when he came East—to New York—then as now the gateway to the Continent, the city of wealth and the great mart of Mammon, then as now—when he had concluded and lived through his first great ordeal at Cooper Union—where the “best minds” of the nation took his measure, and reluctantly admitted that a great leader had come upon the scene and had spoken the message of the Union. The poor people devoured the editions of the daily papers which carried his address—and those publications immediately printed and published his remarkable address in pamphlet form—the greatest of its kind ever delivered in New York up to that time. Its circulation ran a close race with “Uncle Tom's Cabin” and the daily prayer book. He found time to visit Plymouth Church and hear Beecher, and then he walked down to the Mission at Five Points and delivered a short address to a class of children during the religious exercises. As told by Lincoln:

“When Sunday morning came I had nowhere to go. Mr. Washburne proposed to take me down to the Five Points Sunday School. I was very much interested by what I saw. Mr. Pease—the head master of the school—wanted me to speak. Washburne spoke and then I was urged to speak. I told them I did not know anything about talking to Sunday Schools, but Mr. Pease said many of the children were friendless and homeless, and that a few words would do them good. And so I arose to speak—but I didn't know what to say. I remem-

bered that Mr. Pease said they were homeless and friendless, and I thought of the time when I had been pinched by terrible poverty. And so I told them that I had been poor; that I remembered when my toes stuck out through my broken shoes in winter; when my arms were out at the elbows; when I shivered with the cold. And I told them there was only one rule; that was, always to do the best you can. I told them that I had always tried to do the very best I could and that if they followed that rule they would get along, somehow. That was about what I said. And when I got through Mr. Pease said it was just the thing they needed. And when the school was dismissed all the teachers came up and shook hands with me and thanked me, although I did not know that I had been saying anything of any account."

And so Lincoln greeted the nation with his famous address on the Bowery, for Cooper Union then, as now, is at the head of this old thoroughfare, and included in his visit to New York a stroll down to the Five Points Mission. Like his great prototype in Egypt, who went out to seek his brethren who were being worked to death by the Pharaoh of Antiquity, so this modern Moses ever went among the poor, the lowly, to see his brothers struggling with slavery, with poverty and with ignorance. And he never appeared to better advantage than he did when among his own—he was ill at ease in fine clothes. He was never happier in all his trying career than when almost crushed by the droves of freed slaves when walking through the streets of Richmond—just taken by his victorious army. He was most at home in the open, under the trees. Said the scholarly aristocrat Sumner to the polished Frenchman Laugel: "Come, I will show you a modern Saint Louis dispensing justice under a tree." He needed no gilded palaces of justice, no formidable edifice—anywhere, everywhere, under all circumstances, at all times, at midnight, early in the morning, while shaving, while consuming his frugal meal, he was on the *qui vive* to do justice, to help his fellowman, to stop a court-martial sentence, to hear the plea of a heartbroken mother—on one occasion in Yiddish, a language he did not understand—to greet a neighbor, to encourage a departing regiment, to get the news from the War Office whether the condemned man still lived, whether his boys in the Virginia marshes were

still struggling to maintain the law hallowed by the lives of the fathers.

Every man, every woman, every child, every petitioner, who came and took his place in that unending line, sooner or later reached Father Abraham and was heard. Hence the stately and scholarly gentlemen who preceded him in office—Polk and Fillmore and Pierce and Buchanan—fairly shrivel into insignificance beside this colossus of a man, with a heart which beat for all, with a heart that went out to all, with a religious soul which prayed for all, with a Herculean frame which strove and labored for all. His rare, impatient outbreaks always came when the representatives of wealth made unreasonable demands to the detriment of or in preference to all the people. "If New York wants a battleship, its people are sufficiently wealthy to buy one," he advised. To the banker who protested against our entry into war with the South, predicting cessation of trade and for fear that he would thus cause grass to grow in the streets of our cities, he replied: "I registered an oath in heaven to protect and preserve this Union and to maintain it against all manner of assault, even if we must go to war—let the grass grow where it will."

Example and incident and story might be multiplied to show how his life was one constant contact with the common people. "God Almighty must love the common people or he would not have made so many of them," he is reported to have said. While a great many sayings attributed to him have proved apocryphal, this one is certainly in line with his whole mode of life to be genuine. His favorite poem, too, is one that leans to the vast majority of religious folk, "Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud" and that gem of Oliver Wendell Holmes, "The Last Leaf." Always and ever, the serious, the sad side of life was his portion; his hard struggle with poverty, with adversity, with the tolls of death, and with the terrible ordeal which was his during two years of calamitous warfare, coupled with great loss of life, until the turn of the tide at Vicksburg and at Gettysburg. It seems as if the Divinity ever chooses for His instruments the shepherds who toil with their flocks, the son of the miner to publish His word and reform a corrupt religious hierarchy, the poor lens maker to illuminate a backward generation, the poor Genoese

sailor to discover new continents, the poor mechanic to invent the steam engine, the poor rail splitter to free a race and stabilize a democracy. No! the bankers, the merchant princes, the conquerors, the great money lenders—have played but a poor rôle in the history of the world. Call the roll of the centuries from antiquity to the present day and you find the resplendent tomb of the Pharaoh is all that is left of might and prowess and wealth, but the frail ill-fed and poorly clad Gandhi leads the millions of his fellows in India. You will find Alexander and Cæsar, brilliant in their fight for autocracy, but how hollow when compared with the eternal and everlasting results of the achievements of a tongue-tied Moses and an humble Lincoln!—the first class worked for self, the second for others; the first have become dim memories of warning, the second are immortal and live in the hearts of grateful succeeding generations.

XV

LINCOLN'S DIPLOMACY

WHEN Lincoln arrived in Washington, at the end of February, 1861, the city was seething with secession and rebellion. South Carolina, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana had voted themselves out of the Union and formed a provisional government, with Jefferson Davis at the head. Virginia attempted to compromise. It failed.

Inauguration day approached. Delegation after delegation came to Lincoln to urge peace at any price; otherwise, they declared, "grass might grow in the streets of the cities in the North." The Cabinet was in the making and portfolios were assigned, accepted and rejected daily. All manner of rumors were afloat. Lincoln remained optimistic. He was writing an inaugural address which he hoped would be received as an olive branch by the border States and prepare the way for the return of the States which had seceded.

Inauguration day came and went without an untoward incident. Washington, thanks to General Scott and his able deputy, Colonel Robert E. Lee, bristled with Union bayonets. The aged Taney, with the pallid visage and stony eyes, administered the oath, and Lincoln's old opponent, Senator Stephen A. Douglas, stepped close as the new President began his inaugural, in order to ward off with his own body a possible assassin's bullet. Then came the inaugural ball, with its interminable handshaking. Lincoln and his Cabinet, in which Seward and Chase, Secretaries of State and of the Treasury, respectively, contended for power, settled down to consider the situation. Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania held the portfolio of War. It was not until the beginning of 1862 that he resigned at Lincoln's request and was succeeded by the imperious Stanton. Observers wondered who was to be the real head of the new administration. Nothing had transpired which would indicate that Lincoln himself intended to lead.

Lincoln had hoped to avoid war. That hope vanished on April

12, when the Confederate batteries at Charleston opened fire on Fort Sumter. Lincoln's latest biographer has described this affair as being "as puerile" as two boys quarreling across a chalk line. The practical idealist who in 1861 had the destiny of the Union in his hands thought differently. So did his countrymen. The shot at Fort Sumter awoke an indifferent people to the real menace of the Slave Power.

Less than a week later came the attack by a Baltimore mob on the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, with casualties on both sides. Meanwhile Lincoln had issued his first call for troops—the first 75,000 of the 1,000,000 who were to fight for the Union before the war ended. The South, too, was arming. The few wooden hulks that made up the Northern navy were hurrying to blockade the Southern ports. People thought the war might last a few months, but no one any longer doubted that there would be a war.

Who was to command the army of the North? General Winfield Scott was old, obese and infirm. Colonel Robert E. Lee might have had the place had he not chosen to throw in his lot with his native State of Virginia. Brigadier General Irvin McDowell ceased to be a candidate after his disastrous defeat at Bull Run, the first pitched battle of the war, in July, 1861. Finally Lincoln selected George B. McClellan, a comparatively young man whom he had met during his litigation with the Illinois Central Railroad.

In the diplomatic field, second only in importance to the field of military operations, Lincoln made excellent choices and showed consummate skill. An appointment with far-reaching consequences was that of Charles Francis Adams to the Court of St. James's. In his diplomacy Lincoln did not fumble. He prepared to match wits with diplomats trained in the school of Talleyrand, and rarely, if ever, equaled for brilliancy and statesmanship. Far too little emphasis has been placed by historians upon our foreign relations during those momentous years which were just beginning. Yet if Lincoln's diplomacy had failed, if England had led a concert of European powers against us, if Russia had joined against us or had remained indifferent, the results would have been fatal to the Union. With the blockade opened, with recognition and ultimately intervention on behalf of the South,

the dissatisfied Northern Copperheads, backed by a great section of the Democratic party, would have accepted peace at any price.

This catastrophe Abraham Lincoln averted. Through Charles Francis Adams and Charles Sumner he kept in constant touch with John Bright, the foremost spokesman of liberal opinion in England, and the English friends of the Union rallied around Bright. Letters from Bright, written to Sumner, were read to the Cabinet in Washington. They culminated in Bright's intimation that Lincoln send some statement which the former might use in molding English public opinion. Lincoln did send him a resolution, which has remained to this day in the Bright family. It is written in Lincoln's own hand and runs as follows:

Whereas, while heretofore States and nations have tolerated slavery, recently, for the first [time] in the world, an attempt has been made to construct a new nation, upon the basis of, and with the primary and fundamental object to maintain, enlarge and perpetuate human slavery; therefore,

Resolved, That no such embryo State should ever be recognized by, or admitted into, the family of Christian and civilized nations; and that all Christian and civilized men everywhere should, by all lawful means, resist to the utmost such recognition and admission.

Lincoln could not have found an abler spokesman than John Bright. No statesman of his stature had ever spoken in such generous terms of the United States as Bright did. He was our steadfast friend in the moment of our greatest peril, at a time when the English governing class was freely predicting and hoping for the dissolution of the Union. Lincoln's resolution can easily be traced in many of Bright's orations, including two of the most brilliant speeches he ever made—one on the floor of the House of Commons. Lincoln showed his admiration and appreciation of Bright's services to the cause of freedom when he pardoned a young Englishman named Alfred Rubery, who had been convicted of "giving aid and comfort to the existing rebellion." Lincoln did this, he declared, "as a public mark of the esteem held by the United States of America for the high character and steady friendship of the said John Bright."

Having done his best in England, Lincoln cultivated the friendship of Russia. It is only recently that the Red archives have given up some of the secrets of the negotiations. In October,

1862, the Acting American Minister to St. Petersburg, Bayard Taylor, was ordered by Secretary Seward to transmit to Gorchakov, the Russian Foreign Minister, a personal letter from the President. We do not yet know what that letter contained, but we do know what its effects were. The delivery was marked by an interesting conversation between Taylor and Gorchakov, the minutes of which were published by order of Congress late in 1862. Gorchakov anxiously asked Taylor if there were not some basis for agreement between North and South, assured him that "the separation which I fear must come will be considered by Russia as the greatest possible misfortune," and added that "Russia alone has stood by you from the first and will continue to stand by you."

Taylor replied that the Washington Government could not "without disgrace and ruin accept the only terms upon which the rebels would treat." To this Gorchakov replied: "Proposals will be made to Russia to join in some plan of interference. She will refuse any invitation of the kind. You may rely upon it, she will not change."

Nor did Russia change. On September 11, 1863, a Russian squadron under Rear Admiral Popov appeared in San Francisco Bay, and thirteen days later another, under Rear Admiral Lesovsky, sailed into New York Harbor. The two Admirals came, as the Red archives state, "supposedly with sealed instructions to help the Union in case of an attack on it by Great Britain and France." The threatened intervention never took place. So much for the Illinois lawyer's diplomacy.

The new material which we are now able to present regarding Lincoln's domestic policies does not alter the picture of the great war President. It does, however, make certain lines more positive and definite. He knew when to give orders and when to persuade, when to yield and when to exert the full force of his unbending will. He kept Chase in his Cabinet for three years, though he knew that that ambitious statesman was laying plans to capture the Republican nomination for the Presidency in 1864. When, in June, 1864, Chase withdrew, Lincoln appointed in his stead Senator William Pitt Fessenden of Maine. Among Fessenden's papers there was later found a memorandum in Lincoln's handwriting reading as follows:

Executive Mansion,
Washington, July 4, 1864.

I have today said to Hon. W. P. Fessenden, on his assuming the office of Secretary of the Treasury, that I will keep no person in office in his department, against his express will, so long as I choose to continue him; and he has said to me that in filling vacancies he will strive to give his willing consent to my wishes in cases when I may let him know that I have such wishes. It is, and will be, my sincere desire, not only to advance the public interest by giving him complete control of the department, but also to make his position agreeable to him.

In Cabinet my view is that in questions affecting the whole country there should be full and frequent consultations, and that nothing should be done particularly affecting any department without consultation with the head of that department.

Lincoln had been willing to save the Union with slavery or without slavery, provided he could save it. Within a year of his inauguration he began to see that his best chance to save it lay in destroying slavery. On March 6, 1862, he sent a message to Congress embodying his plan of "compensated emancipation"—that is, freeing the slaves by purchasing them with government funds from their owners. On March 24 he wrote to Horace Greeley, editor of the influential New York *Tribune*. The letter was marked "Private."

Your very kind letter of the 16th to Mr. Colfax [it read] has been shown me by him. I am grateful for the generous sentiments and purposes expressed toward the administration. Of course, I am anxious to see the policy proposed in the late message go forward, but you have advocated it from the first, so that I need to say little to you on the subject. If I were to suggest anything it would be that, as the North is already for the measure, we should urge it persuasively and not menacingly upon the South. I am a little uneasy about the abolishment of slavery in the District of Columbia, not but I would be glad to see it abolished, but as to the time and manner of doing it. If some one or more of the border States would move first, I should greatly prefer it, but if this cannot be in a reasonable time I would like the bill to have three main features: gradual, compensation, and vote of the people. I do not talk to members of Congress on this subject, except when they ask me. I am not prepared to make any suggestions about confiscation.

The Emancipation Proclamation, which in effect confiscated all property in slaves in States which remained in rebellion after January 1, 1863, was made in September, 1862. Lincoln hoped that the border States, at least, would weaken. Major General John A. Dix, then in command at Fortress Monroe and later Governor of New York, was impatient to free the slaves in his district without delay. To him Lincoln wrote, under date of October 26, 1862:

It would be dangerous for me now to begin construing and making specific applications of the proclamation. It is obvious to all that I therein intended to give time and opportunity. Also, it is seen I left myself at liberty to exempt parts of States.

He exercised the power of a dictator when he had to, but invariably preferred a popular vote to an Executive fiat. After Maryland had elected a Unionist State government he said to a delegation of Baltimore workingmen:

I congratulate you upon the declaration which the people of Baltimore and Maryland have made in the recent election of their approbation of the acts of the Federal Government and of their enduring loyalty to the Union. I regard the results of these elections as auspicious of returning loyalty throughout all the insurrectionary States.

He makes frank use of the press, cultivating it without loss of dignity. Thus, early in his administration, he writes to Secretary Seward concerning Thurlow Weed, the influential editor of *The Albany Evening Journal*:

You astonish me by saying Mr. Weed understands there is some alienation, or enmity of feeling, on my part toward him. Nothing like it. I shall be glad to see him any time and have wondered at not having seen him already.

He has precise ideas as to the use that may legitimately be made of the Federal patronage in obtaining newspaper support. A memorandum of his, in his own handwriting but obviously intended to be sent out from the War Department, under date of February 22, 1864, runs as follows:

At your instance I directed a part of the advertising for this department to be done in *The St. Joseph Tribune*. I have just been informed that *The Tribune* openly avows its determination that in no

event will it support the re-election of the President. As you probably know, please inform me whether this is true. The President's wish is that no objection shall be made to any paper respectfully expressing its preference for the *nomination* of any candidate; but that the patronage of the government shall be given to none which engages in cultivating a sentiment to oppose the *election* of any when he shall have been fairly nominated by the regular Union National Convention.

It is not always easy to draw the line between politics and generalship. Officers of volunteer troops in the Civil War were frequently appointed because of their connections rather than because of their familiarity with the art of war. So we need not be surprised to find Lincoln writing to Stanton, in March, 1864:

Governor Smith of Rhode Island brings you this. Please give him a full hearing. After a pretty full talk with him it seems to me that the one thing most likely to surmount the difficulty there would be to not consolidate the First and Third Cavalry, but preserve them both, the Governor to exert himself to the utmost to fill both. The consolidation throws out one set of officers, and whichever set it may be, it offends either the Governor or a United States Senator. We cannot afford to offend either, while we can avoid it.

The weary months of war went by, the Union armies were triumphant at Gettysburg and Vicksburg, and in the election of November, 1864, Lincoln again won the Presidency, defeating his former General, George B. McClellan, who had run on a platform calling for a compromise peace. His moving second inaugural speech is familiar to all. Earl Curzon of Kedleston concludes his own address on modern parliamentary eloquence by describing this and the Gettysburg speech as "the purest gold of human eloquence" and "among the glories and the treasures of mankind." The brief and simple remarks which the President made, a few minutes before delivering the Second Inaugural, when the joint committee of Congress came, as is customary, to notify him that all was ready for the inaugural ceremonies, have been long forgotten. This is what he said:

Having served four years in the depths of a great and yet unended national peril, I can view this call to a second term in no wise more flatteringly to myself than as an expression of the public judgment that I may fitter finish a difficult work in which I have labored from

the first than could any one else less severely schooled to the task. In this view, and with assured reliance on that Almighty Ruler who has so graciously sustained us thus far, and with increased gratitude to the generous people for their continued confidence, I accept the renewed trust with its yet onerous and perplexing duties and responsibilities.

With these words on his lips he went out to take the oath of office and to begin the dramatic final six weeks of his life.



Lincoln and His Secretaries
(From the Collection of Frederick Hill Meserve)

XVI

LINCOLN IN EXCELSIS—GETTYSBURG AND THE SECOND INAUGURAL

It is given to but few to obtain a glimpse of the infinite or an intimation of the Divine. Occasionally a mortal speaks to his Maker and asks in humility: "Show me, I pray Thee, Thy glory," and the request, in view of the petitioner's great service to his people and to succeeding generations, is partly granted. Two or three such mortals beheld in one form or another the manifestation of the Divine Presence, and their names, as a consequence, became impressed upon the records of the millennia, so that no power, short of the infinite, can erase them. As long as the world endures they will remain beacon lights in the lives of succeeding generations. Their names are household words, their achievements ingrained in the warp and woof of the eternal story of man's yearnings and strivings for the ideal which, when attained, will usher in the inauguration of the Messianic Age.

Moses steps down from Sinai and transmits to six hundred thousand liberated slaves and their families a Decalogue which makes them free, and four thousand years after we are still ruled by the formula he then ordained and proclaimed in tones of thunder and with the background of a flaming Sinai.

Four thousand years later, almost in as many words, Abraham Lincoln steps to the edge of a platform at Gettysburg against the background of a devastating Civil War, and repeats another formula received in almost the same hushed reverence by a stunned multitude, and thus transmits a rule of life and principle of government by which we can live another four thousand years. The two pronouncements, the one Divine and the other prophetic, are so near alike that they have been grouped in importance to the race as almost one—certainly one complementing and supplementing the other. And within a short period thereafter, the prophetic spokesman, who seemed destined to defeat if the sycophants and the soothsayers were to have their way, was again

chosen by an overwhelming mandate of those who hailed him in nation-wide acclaim and those others—his soldiers—from a battle-front of a thousand miles calling to him, *moriturus te salutem*, ascended the rostrum in the Capitol and pronounced the benediction upon the great deliverance of his people from the Moloch of slavery, which he had ground to dust and cast to the four winds of heaven; in his Second Inaugural he simply reenforced and amplified the message of the ages to which he gave utterance at Gettysburg.

It is given to few of ordinary mortals who break through the ranks of the millions who appear and disappear in this our earthly caravan, to be heard once and be remembered by a single utterance, such as Luther's at Worms, Galileo's at Rome, Patrick Henry's at Richmond, Jefferson reading the Declaration, Emile Zola's *J'accuse* to a moribund and corrupt government; but to be heard on two occasions, both of which can never be forgotten, has been given to no human being save one or two in hoary antiquity. Lincoln spoke at Gettysburg without the authority and might of tongue of the chosen orator of the day; his words were so plain that all understood; his ideas so lofty that a whole world paused and heeded what he said, and though he had but few of the accepted arts of the rhetorician, he gave worthy utterance to the feelings of the Nation. The man was infinitely greater than the orator.

Lincoln spoke the Second Inaugural, and an entire world became convinced that his second message, supplementing the first at Gettysburg, could never be forgotten. The *London Standard*, not a bit friendly at the time to Lincoln, said of it: "It is the most remarkable thing of the sort ever pronounced by any President of the United States, from the first day until now. Its Alpha and its Omega is *Almighty God*, the God of Justice and the Father of Mercies, who is working out the purpose of his love. It is invested with a dignity and pathos which lift it high above everything of the kind, whether in the Old World or the New. The whole thing puts us in mind of the best men of the English Commonwealth; there is, in fact, much of the old prophet in it." Lincoln's stage was now the civilized world, the screen against which those strange features became silhouetted was the entire landscape, bounded only by the American continent from coast

to coast, and from the earth to the sky, and his message reached every fireside. His words rose to a high level of dignity and majesty of utterance, and he never descended from that high level. Father Abraham—his features, his message, his life work—became the heritage of every humble home in the entire civilized world; the prophetic words of his War Secretary were even then beginning to be fulfilled, even now as his days on earth were drawing to a close. Indeed, he belongs to the ages, he was intended for the ages, he was sent as a messenger even as were his prototypes in recorded history, and when he uttered the classic, imperishable words on both occasions, at Gettysburg and at the Second Inaugural, he removed the last vestige of doubt that he, and he alone, was chosen to make men free, to make the Union endure and to trace the chart by which America was to continue if it were to endure, if it were to fulfill and live its destiny. And after he spoke, the act was closed.

The rest followed as an inevitable result of his plans, of his wishes, of his dictates: "Love the stranger within thy gates." "Give every child an even chance." "Plant a rose where a thistle grew." "Maintain the government of the people." "Yield respect for law." "Trust in God, for His judgments are righteous altogether, and remain at peace with all the world." These were the mainsprings of that great soul, sent to make us free, and to inaugurate a government of the people which should not perish from the earth.

This element, which sets Lincoln apart, is not entirely absent in some of his other deeds and in many of his utterances, even aside from the three major occasions, for it appeared whenever his noble wrath was aroused. Now at Bloomington, now at Alton in his great debate, now at Cooper Union, now in the First Inaugural or just a few days before in Independence Hall at Philadelphia—that speech was the key to the unselfish and pathetic self-abnegation of his pure and lofty life—and ever and again in his letters, written as though his pen were dipped in his own heart's blood, to Ellsworth's parents, to Henry Clay's son, and then when someone without vision assailed his course, dictated by the one passion of his life, the security of the Union under God.

But these embers occasionally ignited, and flickering with the eternal light, blazed into full glory on but few occasions, and

these were at Gettysburg, in the Cabinet Room in September the year before when he read his Emancipation Proclamation, and for the last time when he again cheerfully assumed the burdens of healing the Nation's wounds and reconciling the estranged members of his national family.

Never was he more superhuman than when aroused by a sneer or a doubting remark as to his sincerity or the justice of his mission and the ultimate success of his cause. Sickles, the irreverent and skeptic general, who was wounded at Gettysburg, drew an electric flash of his just anger when he queried of Lincoln as to what he was doing when the fate of the Nation was at stake, and when he—Sickles—and others were fighting for its life. The manner, not the content of the question, seemed to have aroused Lincoln, and out flashed the divine spark in him. The general relates the story himself and what he heard when Lincoln's reply came, as calm and clear, as elemental and inevitable as some of his other great utterances. Sickles could not hold it to himself but told all, and so it comes to us vouched for by General Rusling and others, and we need not be concerned with the doubts cast upon it, as is the case with so many other extraordinary incidents in his career.

A little over a year before he had submitted to his Cabinet the draft of the Emancipation which was to take effect on the first of the year—January 1, 1863—and which was to crown his life's work with the realization of what he had been indirectly aiming for, and upon that he invoked the consideration of his fellowmen and the blessings of Almighty God. That act was the first step to immortality. That noble spirit was now released, emancipated and ready for higher flights. Those around him noticed no change in him. It took time before they became conscious of the change. But the Gettysburg Address was notice to the whole world that the Lincoln of Springfield, the political leader, the advocate, the Congressman, the oft-disappointed candidate, the editor and the debater, had at last blossomed out and reached such heights in the affairs of men that henceforth his influence would not, and could not, be measured by ordinary standards. Had he not spoken to his Cabinet as he did, had he not spoken at Gettysburg, had he not delivered the Second Inaugural, his influence, his mark upon the times, would have been akin to that of his contemporaries. A decade or two, and he would have occupied a niche in the gallery

of chief executives like those occupied by most of his predecessors. But these three events in his career raised him on high and above all others, not only of his own day but of those of his predecessors, into an atmosphere where only two or three kindred spirits dwell—Paine, Jefferson, Marshall and Washington; and he, like Abou ben Adhem, leads all the rest.

How fortunate that he was given no opportunity for lengthy preparation; that Everett, the unanimous choice of the eighteen Governors, was chosen; and that Everett, and not he, condensed the history and the lessons of all civil wars into a two hour oration; that Lincoln was taken, so to say, unaware, and that his message came unalloyed with figures of speech, statistics and quotations, unencumbered with recommendations and earthly transactions, or recitals of ephemeral events, which were even then plaguing the ordinary man, but that he was informed that he was expected to say a few words as President after the "great" utterance of the day shall have been pronounced by the "foremost" orator of the day—Governor, Senator, Secretary of State, President of Harvard, the learned son of Massachusetts, the best representative of Harvard's distinguished Alumni. Lincoln was just to say something to indicate that the Federal government was represented on the spot, and that the government in Washington still functioned. And so, plagued and pestered and interrupted by political leaders, by his own entourage, engaged in conversation by Seward, entertained by Ward Lamon and conversing with his secretaries, and with the others who came with him, he retreated into his own soul, and while all around him was confusion, he formulated in his mind the words which had been uppermost in his heart and soul for twenty years, and soon to be uttered as the benediction of the ages, upon the sacrificial victims of the young Republic, brought upon the altar of their country on a spot where Providence decided that this, our government, should continue to go from strength to strength. Everett—the scholar, the orator, the student of Demosthenes, of Cicero, of Chatham, of Burke and of Webster—digested and condensed all the famous passages of classic lore of two thousand years into two hours of mortal eloquence, in itself a most admirable performance. Lincoln uttered the yearnings of the ages in three minutes of spoken words, perfectly arrayed, and which came from the

purest heart that was ever called upon to guide the destinies of a distracted people. He stood there—the legate of eternity—to sanctify those who had gone to their eternal reward, to deny the claims of the tyrant who had, until that day, played so sinister a part in the annals of his country's history.

From the field of Gettysburg, where he sent forth this first message, it was but a step to the Second Inaugural, which was received with awe and reverence, and was so soon followed by his ascension to glory.

Opinions on these three State papers are numerous, comments without number are continually added, quotations in their entirety as well as some portions of these documents have become woven into our comments upon our national aims and purposes. How, and when, the Gettysburg Address came to be written has been given to us by practically every man who sat on that never-to-be-forgotten platform, as well as by Lincoln's host, David Wills, with whom he remained over night. How the eight versions, all the same in their great purpose, with but slight changes in the wording, have all been accounted for, the reports of how the man of God appeared and delivered his message, and they about him knew it not, and had to be told by a distant editor and by the press on hostile soil, that a great message was contained in those two hundred and sixty-seven words, are matters of history.

Then those who heard it began to consult the newspapers which contained the report; but not at once was the message at Gettysburg recognized and admitted to its proper place among the few great utterances cherished by mankind.

And then came the young men who heard it, and who had turned gray in the service of their country, and began to tell what they knew of the address which they had the privilege of hearing, and after the stretch of time no two of them remembered the same thing.

Hay and Seward, Carr and Stanton, Nicolay and Everett himself tell all they know of how the modest man stepped forward and with the sheets in hand told those present what the occasion meant for those who fell and for those living and for those of future days, who would follow and carry on and live by the message of the Union.

Many have sat in judgment over these inspired utterances, and

some would have us believe that Lincoln actually collected every word and phrase from the days of Cleon, the tanner of the age of Pericles, down to Lamartine of France and Theodore Parker, Lewis Cass, Daniel Webster, Robert Toombs, Joel Parker, Henry Wilson, George Thompson and James Monroe—among whose utterances some collection of words, some phrase, they say, may or might have been the source of Lincoln's inspiration. In order to show them all, they have been collected in order to demonstrate how unfounded and improbable a charge of this kind seems to us today, who can view the utterances of Lincoln as a whole, and recognize in this, as in others, the honest mind and heart of the spokesman of his embattled people at Gettysburg.

Says Daniel Webster, in his reply to Hayne: "It is, Sir, the people's Constitution, the people's government, made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people." If Marshall is the greatest Chief Justice, if Washington the greatest of the Fathers and Founders, Daniel Webster is the foremost Senator and defender of the Constitution, and came as near to the core of the idea as anyone, excepting only Lincoln, his one superior in far-sightedness and political vision.

Theodore Parker, in a speech made in Boston, on May 29, 1850, said: "This is what I call the American idea. . . . The idea that all men have unalienable rights; that in respect thereof, all men are created equal; and that government is to be established and sustained for the purpose of giving every man an opportunity for the enjoyment and development of all those unalienable rights. This idea demands, as the proximate organization thereof, a government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people; of course, a government after the principles of eternal justice, the unchanging law of God; for shortness' sake, I will call it the idea of freedom."

And in another speech delivered in Boston on May 31, 1854, Theodore Parker expressed the same thought in somewhat different language, as follows: "First there is the democratic idea; that all men are endowed by their Creator with certain natural rights; that these rights are alienable only by the possessor thereof; that they are equal in all men; that government is to organize these natural unalienable and equal rights into institutions designed for the good of the governed; and therefore gov-

ernment is to be of all the people, by all the people, and for all the people. Here government is development, not exploitation."

In his address on "The Form of Notice to the Town of Berlin," delivered on Monday, May 16, 1853, Judge Joel Parker gave utterance to the principle of "government of the people, for the people and by the people." I quote: ". . . It is a matter of some importance, in reference to this and other subjects upon which this Convention may act, that we should inquire into and ascertain the nature of the government, of the Constitution under which we live. It is of some consequence, inasmuch as the gentleman from Brookfield, (Mr. Greene) as I understood him, has advanced the idea that this government is in its nature something like the old government; not monarchical, not aristocratical, to be sure; it is a government of the people, framed by the people, but yet possessing interests adverse to those of the people, having powers which it would naturally exercise for its own purposes, and not according to the wishes of the people. If that be true, then this government is so far like unto the old government, changed in form to be sure; the mode of its institution changed—but still left, as I understand that gentleman to maintain, a government, antagonistic to the rights and interests of the people, distinct from the people. . . . But if, . . . , it be true that this government, constituted by the people, is a government of the people themselves, a government by the exercise of which, the people are undertaking the control of their own affairs, are conducting their own administration; if it is a government, which rightly administered, does have and can have no interests adverse to the interests of the people, because it is a government of the people themselves, capable of being used for beneficial purposes, so far as the agents of the people, who administer it, keep within the line of their duty as prescribed by the people, then we should have just as much of it as we can use for wise and beneficial purposes, without danger of abuse. . . .

"What did the people of Massachusetts undertake to do, when, in 1780, they attempted to make a Constitution? They had asserted their right to govern themselves, and that is just what they undertook to do upon that occasion. They undertook to solve the problem of self-government, to establish a government, not distinct from, and adverse to, the people, but a government

of the people themselves, to be administered by and through the people; acting, of course, not in their collective and primary capacity, because that was impossible, but as they could only act, through agents appointed to do their work, their bidding, their will. . . .”

General Lewis Cass concludes one of his addresses by saying: “But here we are—the sun never shone on a country as happy as this . . . where the government is instituted by all, for the good of all, and protected by all, where there is no oppression—where every man is as free as the air he breathes, and where there is liberty and prosperity offered to every man.”

Thomas Cooper, in a work entitled “Some Information Respecting America,” says: “There is little fault to find with the government of America, either in principle or in practice. . . . The government is the government of the people, and for the people.”

In an address presented to President John Adams, and signed by the principal citizens of Westmoreland County, Virginia, occurs the following sentence: “The Declaration that our People are hostile to a Government made by themselves, for themselves and conducted by themselves, is an insult malignant in its nature, and extensive in its mischief. . . .”

Robert Toombs’ opening words in an address delivered on December 30, 1850, are suggestive of those of Lincoln’s famous Gettysburg Address of later years. Toombs began with the declaration: “Sixty-three years ago our fathers joined together to form a more perfect Union, and to establish justice. . . . We have now met to put that government on trial . . . In my opinion, in my judgment the verdict is such as to give hope to the friends of liberty throughout the world. . . . I am proud of every battlefield of the Revolution that reflects honor on my country—it is all my country.”

Chief Justice Marshall, in *McCulloch v. Maryland*, says: “The government of the Union is emphatically and truly a government of the people. Its powers are granted by them and are to be exercised directly on them and for their benefit.”

President Monroe referred to “a government which is founded by, administered for, and supported by the people.”

Lamartine, speaking of Robespierre’s theories, uses the phrase: “This end was the representative sovereignty of all the citizens,

concentrated in an election as extensive as the people themselves, and acting by the people and for the people, in an elective council, which should be all the government."

Henry Wilson, writing to James Ridpath, used some form of sentence wherein the words "government of the people, by the people and for the people" actually occur.

George Thompson, the English reformer, in a speech in 1851, uses the phrase "government of all, by all, for all."

James Douglas, in "The Advancement of Society in Knowledge and Religion" (Edinburgh, 1830, p. 70), says: "The depressed vassal of the old Continent becomes co-legislator, and co-ruler, in a government where all power is from the people, and in the people, and for the people."

Lieutenant M. F. Maury says: "Unlike Europe, there are no disaffected people in this country for a foe to tamper with. The government is by the people, for the people, and with the people. It is the people." (Report of August, 1851, on the Subject of Fortifications, H. R. Ex. Doc. No. 5-32 Congress, 1st Session.)

Even that great genius of pre-Revolutionary times, one of the dominating figures not only in his native Virginia but throughout the colonies and in the councils of the new government—Patrick Henry—in his address against the adoption of the Constitution is reported to have urged "a government of the people, by the people," and that "government is, or ought to be instituted for the common benefit, protection and security of the people"—and "that he was willing on all occasions to bow with the utmost deference to the majesty of the people."

Twenty years earlier one Schinz, in Switzerland, is said to have used the words "all the government of Switzerland must acknowledge that they are simply from the people, by the people, and for the people."

In one of the many prefaces to one of the many editions of Wycliffe's translations of the Scriptures, it is said that somewhere—never definitely located—the following declaration appears: "This Bible is for the government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

In conclusion, Markens says: "One diligent researcher brings to light from the days of Pericles an address of Cleon, a tanner by trade, who in 420 B.C. announced to the men of Athens: 'I am

in favor of the Democracy that shall be democratic, that shall give us the rule, which shall be of the people, by the people, for the people.' ”

The mere arrangement of these quotations in their chronological order shows how unjust is any inference that Lincoln took his sentence at second hand. There is no more reason to suppose that he copied his phrase from Theodore Parker, than there is that Parker copied from Daniel Webster, or Webster his from James Douglas.

His public utterances of a quarter of a century abound with references to the “government of the people,” “the ultimate justice of the people,” his references to the “plain pople,” and in his first message to Congress he says in describing the Rebellion in the South: “It presents to the whole family of man the question whether a constitutional republic or democracy—a government of the people, by the same people, can or cannot maintain its territorial integrity against its own domestic foes.” “This is essentially a people’s contest.”

He had no need to draw upon the memory of his early reading to enable him to formulate the closing sentence of the Gettysburg Address. And as to the central idea of his address, the following contemporaneous statement of Lincoln to his Secretary clearly shows that he was constantly thinking of the great idea which underlies his Gettysburg Address.

John Hay referred to Orville H. Browning’s suggestion that the North should subjugate the South, exterminate the whites, set up a black republic, and protect the negroes “while they raised our cotton.”

“Some of our Northerners seem bewildered and dazzled by the excitement of the hour,” Lincoln replied. “Doolittle seems inclined to think that this war is to result in the entire abolition of slavery. Old Colonel Hamilton, a venerable and most respectable gentleman, impresses upon me most earnestly the propriety of enlisting the slaves in our army. For my own part,” he said, “I consider the central idea pervading this struggle is the necessity that is upon us of proving that popular government is not an absurdity. We must settle this question now, whether in a free government the minority have the right to break up the government whenever they choose. If we fail, it will go far to prove the

incapability of the people to govern themselves. There may be one consideration used in stay of such final judgment, but that is not for us to use in advance, and that is, that there exists in our case an instance of a vast and far-reaching disturbing element, which the history of no other free nation will probably ever present. That, however, is not for us to say at present. Taking the government as we found it, we will see if the majority can preserve it."

This statement, spoken offhand to his secretary, reveals the foundation of Lincoln's judgment on the War of the Rebellion: there was at stake something more precious than the preservation of the Union, something more urgent than the abolition of slavery—and that was Democracy itself. Two and a half years later, in his address at Gettysburg, he put into one imperishable sentence the thought of which this was the germ.

In making this collection of extracts from speeches, from letters, of sentences and of phrases, where similar words appear, and which a great many conclude must have been the foundation or source from which the last sentence of the Gettysburg Address was taken or upon which its construction was founded, a new list has been added, sources never referred to up to this moment have been unearthed, and further search would probably disclose many more such similar phrases used by others. How inconceivable the spectacle of Lincoln searching and comparing the complete list of political literature and phraseology for this final phrase! How unlike Lincoln's method of writing or speaking! How impossible, in the short time at his disposal and living in the whirlwind of events in Washington, taking up every available moment of his time, for Lincoln to have had the opportunity for this slow and tiresome research. Aside from preparing his Cooper Institute address, and he probably took more pains with it than with any other single production, and his First Inaugural, which he did prepare with considerable care, and for which he used a few volumes and documents from Herndon's library, Lincoln never sat down and prepared any of his important letters or speeches—although he actually wrote out some of them. They just came to him from a fullness of heart and mind saturated with years of study, of contemplation and of mental struggle. The one idea which was ever uppermost in his mind and of which he thought

for practically a decade—day and night—the preservation of the Union and the maintenance of the Constitution and the solution of the perplexing slavery problem, he perfected by meditation, by discussion, by public debate, and public speech, so long and so continuously, to the exclusion of practically all else, that he came to know it and understand it better than any other man living. It was the ever-recurring problem which he was constantly engaged in solving and explaining and demonstrating, like a geometrical proposition. He kept on talking about it, and corresponding about it, and investigating it from every standpoint. He demonstrated every phase, every facet of that perplexing theorem. Like the great musician who for hours rings in the underlying idea, or melody, or motif in one form or another, but always resembling the great original underlying melody, or, like the players in the orchestra where the theme introduced by one part is repeated and imitated by the others in succession, so Lincoln carries the demonstration of his theory of government from its beginning to the moment when he rose to dedicate the National Cemetery at Gettysburg.

It was nothing new or novel that he was called upon to say. He had said it, or part of it, in one form or another a score of times. Condense his important speeches, scan his utterances during the Joint Debate with Douglas, compare the epoch-making letters which he wrote to the leaders of the Union party for ten years, and it will be seen that in one form or another he touched upon the same ever-recurring subject. But at Gettysburg came the hour and the place and the moment, when Lincoln had the opportunity to say for all time what he had been attempting to say for ten years past. There are few scenes in our history where the grandeur of the occasion contributed to such an extent to raise human speech to the level of the sublime. So that when he rose, the Union spoke through him, Democracy spoke through him, Liberty spoke through him, a Nation embattled—shaking off the strangle hold of slavery—spoke through him; the soldiers living spoke through him; each soldier dead seemed to have uttered the *apologia pro vita sua* through him, the flag uttered her protest at being hauled down in twelve States through him; enslaved peoples chanted their prayers and hopes through him; the spirits of the dead Fathers and Founders fluttering through the

atmosphere, anxious for the life of the Union, pleaded through him; the embattled farmers of Lexington and Saratoga and Trenton and Valley Forge struggled to make themselves heard through him. The victors at Yorktown asked whether they had fought in vain, the soldiers and sailors of the War of 1812 and of 1848, who defended and expanded our domain, demanded to be heard through him. The spirits of the martyrs and victims of persecutions of the millennia were present around and above him, and charged the atmosphere with their spirits, which still lived.

He was anxious to be on hand; he wanted no chance of missing the occasion, as he told Stanton in rejecting his proposition to leave on the morning of the dedication: "I do not wish so to go that by the slightest accident we fail entirely." And so he reached the spot the night before. And through the numerous accounts of how and when and where he wrote and prepared the address—and no two accounts agree—no two saw or heard the same thing, only one thing is clear and undisputed—that Lincoln spoke substantially what the eight drafts of the address, slightly differing in punctuation and as to a word here or there, report him to have said. He did not fall in with the orator of the occasion, although he had access to the printed speech of Everett's days before the event, and probably read the lengthy address. He did not follow the beaten path of eulogy for the dead, of which a perfect avalanche of classic forms and specimens was available. He uttered in pure and simple style the principle upon which the government was based and founded, and upon which it could endure, and our everlasting debt to those who fought for the Union that it might endure in the form in which it was handed down to us by the Founders. "I would not care a fig to wear any King's crown," says Theodore Tilton, in re-reading this short address, "or to sit in any President's chair, but oh, would that the Good Fairies had given me as my birth-gift this noble writer's pen." Though President Lincoln's Cabinet was one of the ablest that ever sat in the White House, yet I do not believe that any one of them could have written the famous brief speech wherein this quaint and simple, yet mighty master of words, made three small prepositions do the whole work of explaining his proposed policy for the reconstruction of the shattered Republic, to wit: "That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that

government of the people, *by* the people, and *for* the people, shall not perish from the earth!"

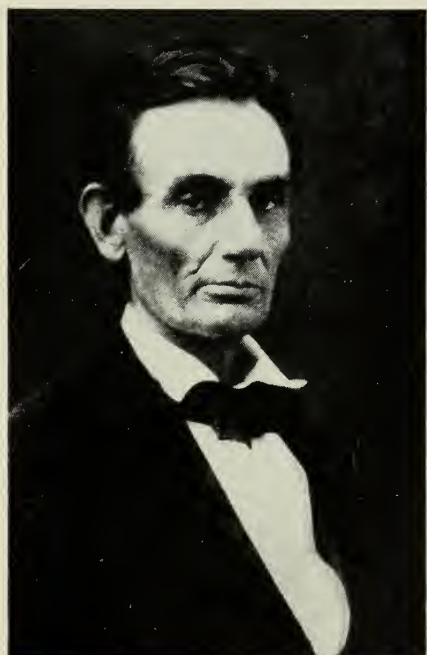
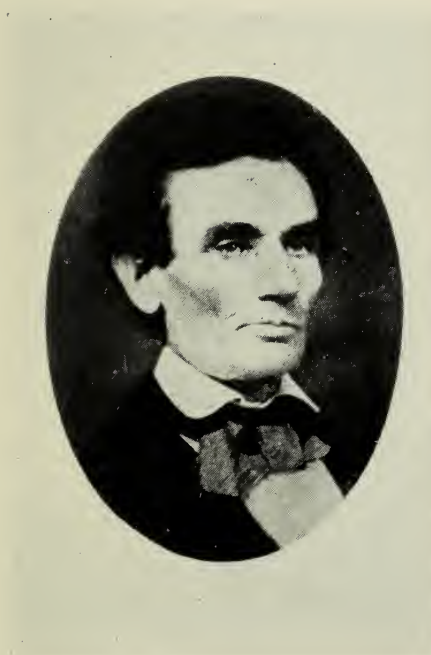
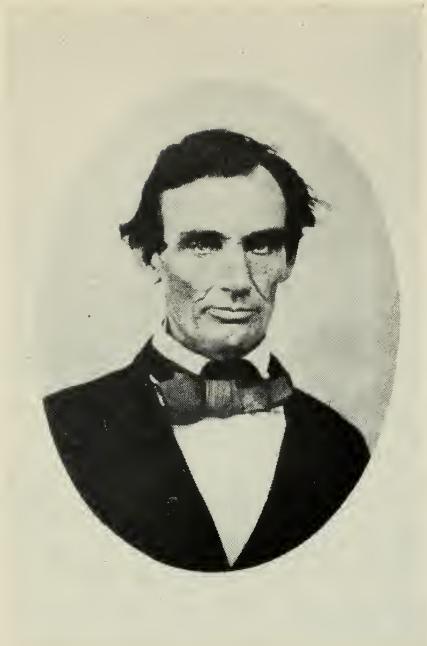
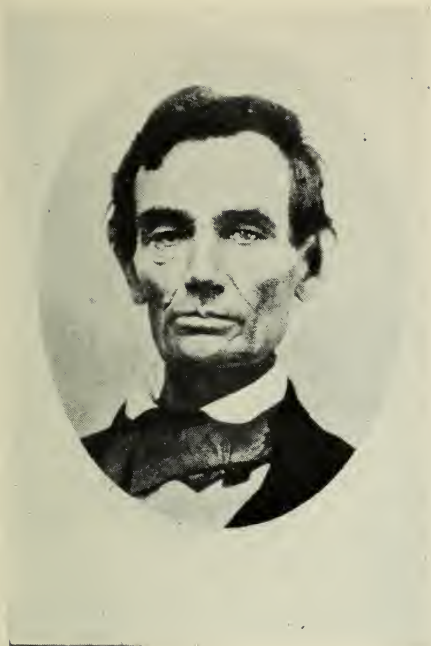
And so it came to pass that on that afternoon in November, on the battlefield hallowed by the blood of the tens of thousands who fell that the Union might live, God's anointed messenger, who was commissioned by Him on High to lead his people through the Valley of the Shadow, was bidden to appear on that battlefield, and his lips touched by the fire from the altar upon which was sprinkled the blood of the best of the youth of the land, spoke the message of the Union to those living, and bade them consecrate and dedicate themselves to conclude the task undertaken by those who had fallen, in order that they shall not have died in vain—and thus spoke Abraham Lincoln on the battlefield of Gettysburg, and no one had ever spoken similar words before him or after him. He stands alone, as he stood at Gettysburg. "His Gettysburg Speech is the world's model in eloquence, elegance and condensation." It is an utterance of enduring splendor.

These men who were supposed to have inspired part or all of the address, were all groping for words to formulate the idea which was knocking at the gate of their inner consciousness. They were attempting to utter what they felt, so that others might understand what they were attempting to solve—the riddle of government where all men should be equal—as nearly equal as possible—they failed, or rather they succeeded in part; but it is not given to all to formulate the wording of an eternal formula; some approximate, some confuse, some utter a half truth, but Lincoln alone gave the thought, clear as crystal in his mind, the winged words which will make them outlast the numerous bronzes upon which they are engraved. "Lincoln's great soul was the Peak of Teneriffe, which caught like a sunburst the lofty tops of human thought while contemporary statesmen groped in the darkness of the valleys below." It was left to Lincoln to clothe it in the responsive language of the many, and then it became crystallized and found its permanent place in literature. Others we see have labored with the same sentiment, but it was left for Lincoln to mould it into its final shape to give utterance to the classic formula of Republican form of government, and it has become a vast addition to the moral capital of the Nation. He gave it utterance, he gave it form, he gave it life, such as others were inca-

pable of supplying; every word was appropriate, none could be omitted and none added and none changed—there were evidently no Lincolns among them. They began, they struggled, they labored, but could not voice their message to eternity. “Most men never truly feel the weight of life, or else flatten under the load. Some achieve the useful hardness of coal, while a few, a very few, under terrible pressure bring forth the brilliant and immortal diamonds of the soul.”

Lincoln never copied, never plagiarized, never quoted anyone or anything, but when he did quote, as in the case of the classic quotation from Henry Clay, then there was no doubt as to whether Lincoln spoke or whether the author from whom he quoted spoke. He was original, he was the first, and as he had no ancestors in style or in speech, he had no prototypes whom he could follow. He led, he was born to lead, and leading, spoke, as no one did before him. How ludicrous the very suggestion that Lincoln went to others to clarify or simplify any of his statements, least of all the most important pronouncement of his life. Read some of his other immortal productions and tell us who inspired the Ellsworth letter or the Bixby letter or the letter to Dr. Canisius or to General Hooker or to Greeley or to Conkling, which was read to the Illinois Convention, or to the Methodist Conference—were they copied in part or in whole? Who inspired the passionate outbursts at Bloomington and the final paragraph at Cooper Union, or by whom were either of these suggested? Surely, he who was in the habit of quoting or plagiarizing did not choose the cemetery at Gettysburg for the first attempt.

“At the sea-shore you pick up a pebble, fashioned after a law of nature, in the exact form that best resists pressure, and worn as smooth as glass. It is so perfect that you take it as a keepsake. But could you know its history from the time when a rough fragment of rock fell from the overhanging cliff into the sea, to be taken possession of by the undercurrents, and dragged from one ocean to another, perhaps around the world, for a hundred years, until in reduced and perfect form it was cast upon the beach as you find it, you would have a fit illustration of what many principles, now in familiar use, have endured, thus tried, tortured and fashioned during the ages.”



(From the Collection of Frederick Hill Meserve)

And thus was this nugget of precious words evolved and moulded and finally uttered by Abraham Lincoln on the battlefield of Gettysburg.

No, the Gettysburg Address is all of Lincoln's own making. It is but a recurrence of the idea that here was a man who could express more concisely, more clearly, more inevitably, the cause of the ailment he referred to in his "House Divided" speech. No other man has epitomized the situation in 1858 and in 1860 more clearly than did this same man. No one could have written the First Inaugural combining both the power of a challenge and a plea for harmony. No other man knew how to phrase the meaning of the Cemetery at Gettysburg as did Abraham Lincoln. And finally, among the many illustrious men of his day, no other human being could have uttered the Second Inaugural—it was Lincoln's valedictory to his people and to his life—spoken by the great valedictorian of his generation.

Many a contemporary has attempted to analyze and explain both these remarkable utterances, dwell upon his preparation and how he gathered his memoranda for the Gettysburg Address. Some agree, others differ, as to just what he did say and just what he wrote and what memoranda he made for that imperishable utterance, but it seemed to have occurred to not one of these that Lincoln needed no preparation for either event. Lincoln's entire life was a preparation for the double climax in the last two years of his life. Just as he spoke the "House Divided" sentiment and amazed an entire continent by that marvelous summary of the situation at that time, so he prepared all the years of his life those two great utterances which were as inevitable when they were delivered as were the other great pronouncements in the history of mankind.

New standards, new appraisals prevail here, and unless we take cognizance of them we are unable to account for Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg or at the Second Inaugural. The ordinary human standards may not and cannot be applied to him on either of these occasions. He himself was hardly conscious of what he had accomplished; his hearers certainly were not, for he expressed the fear that he had not done justice to the task.

It was only after two days had elapsed, and the printed reports in newspapers following the event had appeared that this tribute

to sublime service to country by heroic souls was discovered. Here we beheld the perfection of English composition in the celestial spirit of winged words. It was thus that the oration of the occasion by the chosen orator of the celebration was submerged in the grandeur of the Lincoln apostrophe.

But the spoken word at Gettysburg was soon recognized far and wide as the message of America, through the one man who epitomized America better than any other, and who rightfully became the First American!

God chooses men from common callings and without a formal training in the schools, to sway great masses of mankind. The shepherd, the plowman, the peasant, the cobbler, the fisherman, the sailor, the blacksmith, the tanner, the tailor, the rail splitter—are the favorite earthly occupations from which He recruits his messengers. When God wants a vessel He knows how to shape it and use it, though it may not have felt the moulding hands of the master potter of this world. Here, when it came to saving the last hope, the last remnant of the government of the people, He, in His wisdom

“took the dried clay of common road,
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Tempered the heap with touch of mortal tears,
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
The colour of the ground was in him, the red earth.
The tang and odour of the primal things—
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving-kindness of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.”

XVII

THAT MAN LINCOLN . . .

ONE of the outstanding intensely dramatic events in the Bible is that part of the history of the Jewish people which deals with the story of the golden calf—a story, the perpetual re-enactment of which has proved the stumbling block of our, and many other peoples throughout the ages:

“And when the people saw that Moses delayed to come down out of the mount, the people gathered themselves together unto Aaron, and said unto him, ‘Up, make us gods, which shall go before us; for as for this man Moses, who brought us out of Egypt, we know not what has become of him.’”

Exodus, Chap. XXXII, v. 1.

Has ever an occurrence been duplicated more completely than in the case of our own great martyr president, Abraham Lincoln? From the moment he came to the most perilous helm of state in the history of this or any other continent—men far and near would exclaim, “This man Lincoln is destroying the country founded by the Revolutionary leaders;”—“This man Lincoln is at heart a slaveholder;”—“This man Lincoln is a black Republican;”—“This man Lincoln is an abolitionist;”—“This man Lincoln is a monster in human form;”—“This man Lincoln is a mountebank;”—“This man Lincoln is a misfit in the Presidential office;”—“This man Lincoln is a complete failure;”—“This man Lincoln is simply drifting;”—“This man Lincoln has no policy;”—“This man Lincoln cannot be re-elected;”—“This man Lincoln is alienating every friend of the Union;”—“This man Lincoln is bankrupting the nation;”—“This man Lincoln is slaughtering our young men.” These are but a few of the compliments hurled at the most vilified and abused executive of our history,—with hardly any halt until the very moment when the bullet of the assassin sent him beyond the reach of this continuous barrage of slander, of vilification and of abuse. And, though for a short moment, for a limited period, there was cessation of spoken abuse—

of abuse in the daily press—at least during the course of the process of the funeral cortege from Washington to Springfield—the real hostility against this remarkable man did not cease then, —and has not ceased now. A son of a former President of the United States—Dr. Tyler—moved the other day to rescind a legislative enactment expressing sympathy with Lincoln—“This man Lincoln who preserved our common country”—on the ground, as Dr. Tyler says, that Lincoln was the most inhuman ruler, the exponent of the most cruel war,—that Lincoln wantonly destroyed life and property of the Southern states.

The readers of the daily press, who read such accounts, must indeed question themselves whether there be ground for such accusation at this late day—or at any time.

The knowledge of Lincoln and his theory of the Union, its being, its formation and its preservation and perpetuation, is, alas, but little known to the vast majority of his countrymen. History is rather slow in rescuing its great men from contemporary abuse and misunderstanding. History is slow, deliberate and inexorable. Slow and deliberate in forming and passing judgments, she is nevertheless inexorable in her conclusions. Hence, the great period required in forming those final judgments. She awaits patiently the appearance of all the facts and records—the secrets of today are as an open book tomorrow—the problems that seem perplexing today by reason of lack of facts, are answered tomorrow, when a foreign office opens its archives and the ray of light pierces and illumines the most hidden secret of diplomacy. The genius of history has been working for Lincoln. Secret documents have been and are daily appearing with great frequency. His contemporaries, who hesitated to speak out for Lincoln, in order not to confute and detract from the attainments of statesmen who differed from him, and who violently opposed him, have left in their autobiographies, in their private letters, the facts and the information which clear up many a problem, many a difficulty. The process of revelation is on, and continues with greater momentum from day to day. A gifted historian in early manhood might well begin the task of writing the definitive life of Abraham Lincoln. As the newspapers of contemporary times must play a great part in such a biography, the work had better begin at once. Time, corrosion and falling apart of the

printed page in the daily press, and the strange disappearance of whole volumes of newspapers of those days, will work irreparable damage to that legend—which to be complete must be started without any further delay.

From the five years' intensive study of that great character, from attempting at least in part to follow out a small portion of this gigantic program, from delving into thousands of newspaper clippings, and reading sermons, addresses, lives of Lincoln and new letters and documents of his own and of his contemporaries, both friendly and appreciative, as well as hostile and indifferent commentaries, to say nothing of the rabid and extreme onslaughts on the man and his mission,—I can state that never was the picture of the descent of Moses from Sinai more vividly portrayed than it was in 1861, on March 4th, when Lincoln took the oath of office. The friends of the Union were in the position of Aaron—ready to make any sacrifice for the sake of peace—when approached by the rebellious leaders of the Israelitish slaves, who said: "This man Moses has not been seen these forty days."

Put yourselves in Lincoln's place, if you can, and see what confronted him when he reached the White House on that gloomy 4th day of March, 1861. He all but shattered the decalogue of the Union against the rocks of secession. Glory in the highest is his because he preserved the Ark—our Ark of the Covenant within which was one Constitution and one Union.

Ever since Lincoln became the unanimous choice of the friends of the Union, as represented by the then young Republican party,—and since the complete schism in the Democratic party could not be healed,—and the two presidential nominees in the field made Lincoln's victory a foregone conclusion,—secession was preparing, was consolidating its forces, was making every effort to be ready when the time came to strike. Not only did the North doubt whether the South would secede—Buchanan could not, and did not, believe it, and permitted half his Cabinet to so dispose of the army and the navy and of the resources of the nation, that when the time actually came, Lincoln was alone in Washington hoping for help, looking vainly for the appearance of the Northern regiments, to guard the seat of the government. General Scott was old and infirm, and there was no one in sight to gather the few remnants of the army. Colonel Robert E. Lee declined the

offer of supreme command of the army of the Union, for he saw his duty with the South and with Virginia,—and thus waived aside immortality for a mistaken sense of duty. McClellan was an untried man, young, vain, undecided, procrastinating—a good drill master, if you please, but, as events proved, altogether unfit for the great task of saving the Union. Washington itself was a Southern city, honeycombed with sedition and full of Southern sympathizers, and a host of Copperheads, whose main object was to undermine the defenses of the Union. They wanted to end the war. The war to them was a failure, and Lincoln the one stumbling block to their unholy ambitions and schemes. And then it was strategically so situated that almost any defeat of the Northern armies could have resulted in an attack on the Capital. At the very end of the Civil War, the city was almost taken by a dashing cavalry officer, who came dangerously near its battlements. In that city he had a hostile Congress,—Arnold of Illinois being contemptuously referred to as Lincoln's sole supporter,—grudgingly voting his appropriations and delaying everything that looked to connected and enthusiastic action. His very household—his Cabinet as a whole—was not wholly loyal to its chief. "That man Lincoln has no policy," said Seward. "That man Lincoln is ruining the morale of the army," said Stanton. "That man Lincoln is unfit to be President," said Chase. "That man Lincoln must not issue the Emancipation Proclamation," said the entire Cabinet in chorus. "That man Lincoln should be supplanted by a Dictator," said General Hooker. "That man Lincoln is destroying the Constitution," said Governor Seymour, as he was arguing constitutional questions with the mobs burning New York. "That man Lincoln is a tyrant," said Vallandigham. "That man Lincoln must be superseded, displaced, restrained, removed," said the entire chorus of Democratic politicians. "That man Lincoln is a coward," shouted an infuriated press when he ordered the surrender of Mason and Slidell, and prevented a war with England—eager for war—over the Trent Affair. It mattered not that Lincoln was eternally right, and his critics everlastingly wrong. "That man Lincoln crawled to England," was the universal refrain.

And, when the Democratic Convention assembled in 1864 to nominate their candidates, they issued such denunciations and

assaults upon Lincoln and his administration as have never either before or after been seriously urged by an political party,—all to the end that “that man Lincoln” might be eliminated and dismissed from the service of his country—utterances we are genuinely ashamed to read at this time.

But what was happening during these four years, which seemed rather decades, at home and abroad, in the North and in the West—and even in the South? That man Lincoln had actually organized an army, and found great captains of warfare in Grant, in Sherman, in Thomas, in Sheridan, and in a host of others. That man Lincoln has swept the others away, out of the service, in a kindly, but firm, manner. He even ordered the little Napoleon to his home in New Jersey, at a time when he was seriously considering defying Lincoln; and marching on Washington was among the possibilities.

That man Lincoln organized and transformed his navy and captained it with Farragut, Porter, Dahlgren, Du Pont and others. That man Lincoln organized a diplomatic service which helped his agents to gather the necessary munitions abroad to carry on a war of attrition, which could have but one result.

That man Lincoln reached the heart of every soldier, of every sailor, of laborer and worker, because they heard him and understood him.

That man Lincoln acquitted himself on every momentous occasion as no other one of his contemporaries could have done.

That man Lincoln even began to impress his Southern adversaries who had vision,—men like Alexander H. Stephens, and Lee, and the thousands of loyal Southern Union people who felt for and sympathized with Lincoln.

That man Lincoln lived long enough to confuse his enemies and convert his hesitating and doubting constituencies into loyal, enthusiastic, nay, frenzied, supporters, and when the fatal shot translated him to immortality, he even convinced the most recalcitrant opponent at home and abroad that here indeed was an instrument of God—whose features, whose eyes, whose majestic form, bespoke the Divine messenger to free a race and save the last hope of the world—the Union of States, the Federal Republic, the United States of America.

This man Lincoln indeed enacted the epic of America.

So much has been written about Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, that any additional comment would be but cumulative. But the comment is in the form of a letter of Oliver Wendell Holmes, poet, physician, philosopher, novelist and admirer of the great war President,—and only for the reason that the letter has just come to light. A fellow practitioner, and classmate of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in the South asks for a copy of the Gettysburg Address, of which he had heard but had never seen, and his old friend Dr. Holmes complies with his request,—the war evidently having had little influence upon their friendly relations. Dr. Holmes was one of the few kindred souls who knew and appreciated the war President, and Lincoln in turn was very fond of the poet-physician of Boston, whose *Last Leaf* was one of the President's favorite poems. The compliance with his friend's request is to be found in this letter, which contains a transcript of the Gettysburg Address—on a separate page. But here is the letter in full:

"Boston March 13th 1879.

MY DEAR SIR,

It gives me great pleasure to copy the words you ask for, and to which I alluded in my Address. The circumstances attending Mr. Lincoln's brief remarks are worth recalling. It was at the dedication of the cemetery in which the slain of the battle of Gettysburg were buried, (Nov. 19 1863,) that they were delivered. Edward Everett, our famous scholar and orator was the speaker of the occasion and delivered a patriotic and eloquent oration. But the few simple words of Abraham Lincoln went to the heart of the Northern people as no elaborate rhetoric ever could. You will read them now as you could not then, and recognise their noble strength and unconscious sublimity. There are one or two obvious blemishes—an obstetrician might object that there was a confusion of sexes in the first paragraph, but nothing has prevented its being recognised from the first as a masterpiece. The New American Cyclopaedia—Appleton's—speaks of the addresses as "perhaps the finest ever delivered on a similar occasion, and [one which] has become familiar to the entire English-reading world."

I will give it a page to itself, for my words are not worthy to stand by it.

Do not think I have forgotten your name, or your labors, or the many acts of courtesy I have received from you, but believe me always

Very sincerely yours

O. W. HOLMES"

XVIII

THE GREAT ANTI-CLIMAX AFTER A WHIRLPOOL OF POLITICAL VICISSITUDES

VERY few of the records of the great lives disclose a chain of events which were all calculated to retard, if not discourage, the hero, but which in the end—when viewed in retrospect—all become indispensable to the final success of the man—and without which the final anti-climax, the transition from defeat and depression to victory and vindication and ultimately to immortality could not have been possible.

The usual course of events with all of the great military men and great statesmen, is that youthful ability and precocity are carefully developed and trained; the boy steps from youth and early manhood to middle age, step by step, advancing each time, until he finally blossoms out into maturity much as had been planned and prepared by parent and teacher.

The younger Pitt is a case in point; prepared from earliest youth for statesmanship—so that at the first appearance in Parliament he was not only a chip of the old block—the elder Chatham—but was the whole block.

William Pitt's problem was hardly on par with Lincoln's. No other known world figure began with the dismal surroundings, the hopeless handicaps of Lincoln's early life and young manhood. Lincoln's biographers and Lincoln students are all strangely agreed that he had no schooling, no education to speak of. But upon examination, we find that he had an education all his own—such as few people ever had—and in his way it was thorough, just as everything he did or planned was thorough. If he had imbibed nothing besides the Bible, which he studied as he studied few other books, he picked the one volume in this world through which we may obtain a glimpse into eternity.

And so his education, instead of coming from schools or from books exclusively—and he knew Bunyan and Shakespeare and

Burns almost as intimately as he knew the Bible—came from his contact with men and women and children, and his training for after life came from his dealings and association with them. These few books, in time, had influenced his style of speaking and writing: they made his speech clear and brief and pungent and inevitable in force and effectiveness—"for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed the deeper they burn."

Lincoln, like Joseph, was always roaming and seeking his brethren, for like Joseph the dreamer he was gentle and had visions. He was always talking to and with people, old and young, rich and poor, farmer or laborer, lawyer or doctor or judge; forever discussing the problems of the day—whether it concerned the country or the township, the state or the nation; whether it was a local campaign or a state or national campaign, Lincoln was ever in the midst of it, hearing opinions and giving his own. The jurymen in the Circuit knew him, so that no jury could be empaneled but he called some of them by their first names. He read all the newspapers available and read them aloud—and gathered and garnered in all the facts and information he needed in order to organize his mind for the one great effort of his life. He wrote a multitude of letters to those whom he could not reach in person. One is compelled to wonder, had he had one of our modern vehicles, whether a single individual in Illinois would have escaped his notice. He just seemed to be ever hungering for contact with his fellowmen—so unlike his contemporaries.

After thirty years of such continuous work and wandering, he came to know the common people, he understood them and they understood him. Like Tycho Brahe in his watchtower, following and watching the stars and studying their courses and recording his observations and preparing the figures and the charts during an entire lifetime in order to learn the movements of the heavenly bodies and leave his mass of information to posterity for ultimate use and lasting enjoyment—so this unique brain of Lincoln's prompted him to see and speak to as many people, on as many occasions, as time and strength permitted, in order to store up material and information and experience for what was to follow.

Lincoln did not study the people by glancing at them from the window or from the cloistered heights of the superior scholar, or exalted position of the statesman—he lived with them and among them, and communed with them for thirty years. And when the time came the people knew him as they did not know the austere Washington, the political philosopher Jefferson, the scholarly Madison, or the rough-and-ready frontiersman Jackson, and in Lincoln's case they were solidly behind him and he constantly kept in step with the great multitude of his fellows. He never misunderstood them nor they him. And so it was that he developed a sense of knowing men and women of all stations in life when he met them. He divined their thoughts, he judged unerringly their sincerity, he appraised their abilities, he placed them in accordance with their special gifts; he pitted against one another the proper antagonists, he chose the proper instruments, and guided his people all through the vortex of civil strife—as none other could do—and though the times tried men's souls as never before, no other leader came to the surface during that period of storm and strife, and no one showed any such qualifications of leadership as he possessed. And having known want and distress and humility and obedience, when he came to power he knew how to command without irritation, he knew how to obtain the desired end without coercing or forcing anyone. And he was the first to make amends if in the wrong—or if mistaken. "You were right," he says to Grant, "and I was wrong." And he urged Meade to follow and pursue Lee, "if you succeed yours will be the glory; if you fail, I'll assume the responsibility."

"The pathos of the Lincoln story," says Henry Watterson, "is nowhere more poignant than in those passages which represent him bravely facing the enemy in the field whilst enduring the nagging of those restless friends in the Congress and in the press, who thought they knew better than he did how to conduct the armies and fight the battles." And then he had to meet the disloyalty of thousands in the North, and to deal with all the counsels of fear and incompetency; and worst of all was the disloyalty, the cowardice and the imbecility of those who should have upheld his arms—but did all in their power to bring about his fall. And yet he prevailed as though he had been at the head

of a united and enthusiastic people, as though he had an enthusiastic and victorious army, as though he had been opposed by an inferior and divided opposition. Have we not something extraordinary in this career? Was not God with him?

The swinging of the pendulum at Gettysburg alone should be sufficient to convince us that human endeavor alone could never have saved the Union. All pointed to the victorious climax of Lee's strategy. Never was army, never were officers more confident. Never was strategy more flawless—a foregone conclusion—than was this modern instance of carrying the war into Africa. Knowing his opponents, knowing the capacity of the army and knowing his own men, his own staff, Longstreet, Pickett, Stuart and the others—and it was a certainty that after the first collision the Union army would be smashed and fall apart—the Confederacy would be a fact. From the rout at Bull Run, had it not been a succession of victories for Lee and his armies? At the seven days' battle, at Fredericksburg, at Chancellorsville and at a score of other clashes, Lee was doing much as he pleased with his opponents. But thus far he was fighting men, flesh and blood, led by inexperienced officers. At Gettysburg things began to happen that cannot be accounted for in the ordinary way. True, Jackson was dead—but here was Lee with his seasoned army practically winning the fight on the first day—and again winning it on the second day—but somehow no advantage was taken of the entire series of superb attacks. At the crucial moments reinforcements were missing, support withheld, advantages were not followed up—and Longstreet took at least eleven hours to obey the order to attack; while Stuart took it into his head to go off on a foraging expedition, his favorite occupation, and was lost for five days. For the first time, Lee's army was completely bedevilled and bewildered—working at cross purposes, giving the Union army time for readjusting its assignments, changing its movements, for realignment of divisions, for re-enforcement of shattered regiments, and finally twenty-four hours to prepare the spot where Pickett's charge was to be stopped and his men annihilated! Lee had lost his arm in Jackson, and his eye in Stuart, and his power to attack in the stubbornness of Longstreet, who refused to unleash Pickett and his men until it was too late—until Meade had taken the final step which made Union victory

inevitable. And Lee had distinctly and explicitly ordered Longstreet to attack as soon as it was light enough for forming his troops; and he finally ordered the attack at four o'clock in the afternoon. From the hour Stuart started on his raid and became lost the smile of fortune changed to a frown that only deepened as the struggle progressed. Every step that Lee took was a stumble, and every move Meade made was lucky, until it seemed as if "the stars in heaven fought against Siseræ."

Does it occur to most readers and students of Lincoln what an awful state of affairs existed in the Union army, or for that matter in the whole War Department, from Stanton down to the youngest recruit? While there was little dissension in the South, excepting only among a few leaders, in the North, strife, discord, jealousy, pervaded every branch of the service. It was a wonder, indeed, that the Army of the Potomac did not succumb—first by the bewildering coming and going of enlisted men—then, if for no other reason but that their officers were constantly at each other like a pack of wolves—Lincoln sympathizing with Scott's age and infirmities, and substituting McClellan whom he never liked. McClellan and McDowell ridiculing Scott; McDowell charging Patterson with being an imbecile for letting Johnson leave the Valley; Banks kicking Shields; Frémont cursing Milroy; Pope vilifying McClellan; Fitz John Porter dismissed in disgrace; Burnside defaming Franklin; Hooker declaring that Burnside was insane; McClellan, the organizer of the army, practically under arrest at Trenton; Pleasanton, the greatest cavalry leader of the North, who from the hour he took the mounted force in hand the Union cavalry began to meet their opponents upon equal terms—practically kicked out of the army on account of his politics; Grant abused as a drunkard. Butler and Admiral Porter were at daggers' points; Sheridan disgracing Warren who was conspicuous in saving the day at Gettysburg; and Howard and Dennis sent out and practically banished to the West; Stanton, the ablest War Secretary since Carnot, with a temper of a Thersites, insulted almost all who came in contact with him, quarrelling with and insulting Sherman, who never forgave him; growling upon President and private alike; and was cordially detested by every man who came in contact with him. Here was a veritable battle of the leaders. Into this hell of war,

of banal politics, of disloyalty, of racking fears, of dishonest contractors, of conspiring Copperheads, came Lincoln—strong, masterful and kindly, preaching peace and harmony and good will—and incidentally compensated emancipation.

Another inexplicable phenomenon is to be found in the fact that so few knew what Lincoln was really aiming at—what was the ultimate objective toward which he was silently but relentlessly forging his way. The party was blind, the country was stupefied. What was it that made him so adamant on one or two points—this gentle soul who wept at the sorrows of others, who was most unhappy because others suffered. Little did they know that even then he was casting, in indestructible bronze, sanctified by hecatombs of dead and seasoned by the conflagration of the greatest war, the indestructible foundations of a perpetual Union. And, like the genius of the Renaissance who, while casting his masterpiece in bronze, threw his furniture, his chairs, his implements, his all into the fire, in order to attain his object, the perfect Perseus—so Lincoln sacrificed all in order first to save and then to preserve his Union. No one was hereafter to question the solidarity of the Union. This question he answered for all time—and sealed the deed with his life.

“Before the war,” says Henry Watterson, “we were a bundle of petty Sovereignties held together by a rope of sand; we were a community of children playing at government. Hamilton felt it, Marshall feared it, Clay ignored it, Webster evaded it. Their passionate clinging to the Constitution under the flag, bond and symbol of an imperfect, if not tentative compact, confessed it. They were intellectual progenitors of Abraham Lincoln. He made reality what they yearned for—but could not reach. He became the incarnation of the brain and soul of the Union of which they dreamed. ‘My paramount object,’ says he, ‘is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery.’ . . . No man of his time understood this so perfectly, embodied it so adequately, as Abraham Lincoln. The primitive Abolitionists saw only one side of the shield, the original Secessionists only the other side. Lincoln saw both sides.”

And this God-inspired giant did just what the fathers failed to do—and supplied what Marshall and Jackson and Webster and Clay failed to supply—supplied the constitutional rivets

which made the Union indestructible—he alone wrought all that. And in and while doing so, he alienated for the time being hosts of friends—who were added to his host of enemies. For a time at least, during certain moments, during Gettysburg, during Hampton Roads, during Antietam, it seemed that the giant himself almost faltered and almost fell—but those moments passed—and he stood firmer than ever in this storm which raged on a front of a thousand miles. Here, indeed, is the miracle of the nineteenth century. The master-builder of a Union, as only he conceived it, in the face of a hostile world, and a potent and resourceful enemy, forging the indestructible links which united all states in the majestic central government which was tested in the melting pot of the bloodiest of internecine wars and emerged triumphant. The most hated of men achieves the most remarkable realization, the most undreamed-of success.

And now, how can this miracle be explained? A political anticlimax which has no equal anywhere in any land, in any age. He chanced the life of the Union amidst almost universal execration—and won not only the perpetuity of the Union, but everlasting love and commendation of an awakened and admiring world. How came it that an almost solid opposition was so completely changed to almost fanatical support and blind obedience? There is only one solution. Lincoln so shaped affairs that nothing else was possible. Congress, governors, the press, the army, the Cabinet, were in such amazing accord after Appomattox that everyone asserted that this man could do no wrong. What else could they do with the genius thus vindicated? A Congress adjourned and left in his hands the reconstruction of the Union—a task which he would have accomplished between April and December before it re-assembled. All the charges hurled against him during those four years of toil and agony—and certainly all his fifteen predecessors combined did not suffer as much as he from hostile and heartless criticism—were completely forgotten by the millions who were ready to clothe him with such power as no ruler before him would have dreamed of assuming. Never were Washington and Jefferson and Jackson combined, adored and loved and revered and trusted as was Lincoln after Appomattox.

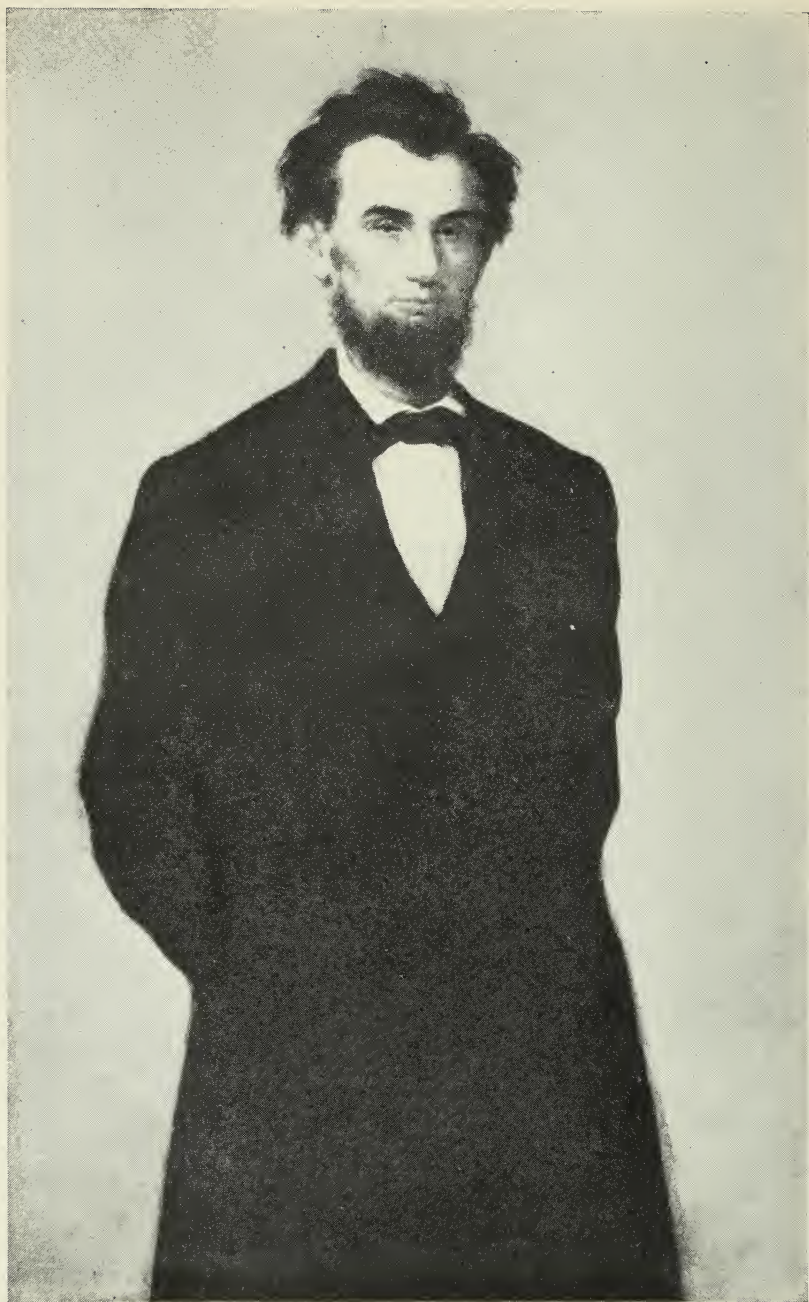
And then the tragedy in the theatre! No greater American tragedy is recorded. In his assassination our country suffered the

greatest disaster in its history. And his modesty and humility and calmness throughout the whole long trial—like the light-house which does not ring bells nor fire cannon to call attention to the beacon light; the light just shines on—and gives the needed help to those who seek light—in the tempest—on the angry ocean.

And then the people awoke—their eyes were opened! Before their awe-stricken eyes this modern Elijah ascended in his fiery chariot—but like Elijah he remains with us in spirit for all time. The afterglow was benumbingly universal. Is he really gone? How is it possible? Father Abraham gone? Friend and foe alike said: “Surely this was a messenger of God, and we knew it not.” This wonder worker, this miracle performer, this burden bearer, he could have been none other than one of God’s own unrewarded messengers on earth—until his work was done—then recalled by his God and Maker.

Go through the story of his simple life—the miraculous events. It just happened that he was not returned to Congress, a reverse which made him sad and despondent—his occupation for the time was gone. It just happened that he did not accept the governorship of Oregon. Mary Todd was adamant against his going to the distant post, and thus losing his chance of being President. Splendid political philosophy, this—for she always had faith in his elevation and did not hesitate to proclaim it. He might have been the first Senator from Oregon, had not Baker gone there and thence to the Senate. Did not the restless and roving Shields represent three different states at different times in the Senate? Was it not therefore pre-ordained that he should not go?

But it is only now that we mortals see that he would never have been considered for the Presidency had he left Springfield. He just lost the Senatorship to Trumbull; and Trumbull remained in the Senate—he was never mentioned for any other position. Had Lincoln won he would have been disqualified by the same token, by the same inevitable contests in debate as were Seward and Chase whose opinions were known to all who read the debates in the Senate, and McLean whose judicial opinions were open to all—and Lincoln was the most outspoken of men—you could not misunderstand Lincoln—he was clear in his utterances as the light of day. It simply could not be tolerated by an intolerant



Portrait by Joseph Ames, N.A.
(In the Possession of F. A. Lawler)

South, and a North unwilling to invite dissension, that abolition sentiment in New England and New York should dictate a nomination for President. The nominee must be a colorless man who can please all parties. That was the end of the availability of Seward and of Chase—they had been in the Senate.

Lincoln just "lost out" to Douglas—as a result of an unholy gerrymander—his friends protested. He was truly unfortunate—he had always thought so, unfortunate in almost every important undertaking up to that time. But he spiked Douglas' guns and divided the Democracy, and became the leading and successful contender for the leadership of his united party—the new Republican party. He alone could carry the border states—he alone could get the foreign vote—had he not foreseen and prepared for it? He asked Douglas one question which Douglas was forced to answer—asked it in spite of the united opposition of his friends, who advised against his asking it—and which Douglas could not answer in any way satisfactory to the North and the South. After again overruling his advisors and insisting that "a house divided against itself cannot stand," they all concluded that Lincoln's future was doomed and his political ambitions were consigned to oblivion—by Douglas' monumental victory. Douglas remained in the Senate in spite of Buchanan's opposition, and in spite of the formidable opposition of Lincoln.

And then all the incidents and accidents of the War made for Lincoln and the North, and against Jefferson Davis and the South. The Southerners seemed to have been blind to their fine opportunities in the beginning of the conflict. It was then they could have won, if at all, not after the North had sufficient opportunity to prepare—for the North outnumbered them at least three to one. Though their fine armies could have taken Washington a dozen times in the beginning—but for some inexplicable reason they simply did not. Lincoln in flight could not have held out, could have had no followers—with Southern sympathizers organized throughout the North. What an irretrievable blunder was thus committed by Beauregard and Johnston in not following up the retreat after Bull Run—and Washington defenseless only twenty-six miles away. Never was there a worse rout, and Longstreet was actually stopped by a peremptory order from proceeding to take the doomed city. This was but the first of

many opportunities which the South had but to grasp—and the history of the new world might have been changed. But they were fighting to maintain an era that was of the past, a shibboleth which was false, and a principle of government which was ancient and inhuman.

They did not make a move in the direction of Washington until it was too late—three years later—when the South itself began to read its “Mnai, Mnai, tekell upharsin.” Jefferson Davis wrote Lee, while on his way to Gettysburg, that he would not send Beauregard to threaten Washington, nor would he send the two brigades of Pickett’s division to Lee, for he feared to uncover Richmond and leave it open to capture. This letter never reached Lee, but was captured and turned over to the Washington authorities, who then knew that it was safe to re-enforce General Meade with nearly all the troops which had been left to guard and protect the Capital. This revelation was one of the first blows to Lee’s plans for invasion of the North.

A similar occurrence turned the tide at Antietam—a letter of Lee’s showing his plans for that battle fell into the hands of McClellan, and for the first time in his career, the hesitating and procrastinating commander was sure of his ground in view of the information which had thus miraculously fallen into his hands—was prepared to meet every move of Jackson and of Lee—and Lee was repulsed, and led his army southward in defeat. But these are not all of the miraculous occurrences. We find them wherever we look, and we must conclude that Lincoln and his men were led by the unseen Powers that guide the destinies of nations through the ages.

Why, with all his handicaps, did Grant, whom Lincoln discovered, forge to the front ahead of and in place of McClellan and Sherman and Sheridan and Thomas—brilliant men, but lacking that something in the conduct and science of war which Douglas and Seward and Chase lacked in statesmanship? And why were Albert Sidney Johnston, the hope of the Confederacy, and “Stonewall” Jackson, the never-defeated Crusader of Dixie, the former struck down just as Shiloh was trembling in the balance, and even then saved only by the appearance of Buell’s army; and Jackson, shot by his own men, when he was most needed for the final onslaught at Gettysburg? “Had Stonewall Jackson been

at Gettysburg, I would have established the Southern Confederacy," said Lee. At Gettysburg Jackson was needed more than at any other place of the whole war, for Longstreet and Lee argued and disagreed and delayed, giving Meade the opportunity to withstand and repulse the mightiest assault of the army of which Lee said proudly: "There were never such men in any army before, they will go anywhere and do anything if properly led." An army made up of men fresh from the battlefields of Mexico and the Indian Wars—of men whose ancestors had fought under Washington, Marion and Green, and with Jackson; men trained in bold and daring adventure—heroes all. And here, too, was their beloved leader—Robert E. Lee, the superb! Had Lee advanced on the evening of the 1st of July, not even the combined efforts of every man in the North could have checked for a day the march of a veteran army of sixty thousand men, under this modern Chevalier Bayard. All the millions of warlike Persia could not retard the thirty thousand Greeks led by Alexander; nor could the savage hordes of Britain stop one legion of Cæsar's. All the militia of Indiana and Ohio could not withstand John Morgan and his three regiments of cavalrymen. The occupation of Northern cities by the Confederates would have given both England and France the pretext they longed for—of acknowledging the South as belligerents.

But—"God ruled at Gettysburg," says Dr. Hill. The Confederacy reached its high water mark at Gettysburg. At sundown on the first day Meade was bewildered, when a strange and irresistible impression moved him to order up his reserves. At daylight of the second day he was ready to meet the Confederate advance. He had a similar experience the second night—even planned a retreat according to the positive statement of General Butterfield, his chief of staff. "Tell me," asks Dr. Hill, "the secret of his inspiration! Why, when the destiny of the nation was at stake, did he see the light in those days of darkness, by which he moved with unerring instinct of victory?" Dr. Hill takes you to the battlefield and points out a spot where on the second day Sickles was signally repulsed and almost mortally wounded. Then forces to his right were moved to his support, leaving the works and the ammunition in the rear entirely deserted. Just then Major-General Edward Johnson, the Confederate, eager, alert and de-

fiant, swung round Culp's Hill and dropped into those deserted works. As he did so he was seized by a strange fear, exclaiming, "This is a Yankee trap, a Yankee trap! We will stay here and see what comes of it." That delay was another one of the causes which lost Gettysburg to the Confederacy. Johnson stayed and stayed notwithstanding the fact that he was in the rear of the Union Army and that two hundred yards ahead of him was the bulk of the Union supplies—unprotected. A mere squad could have gone forward and achieved victory. An army cannot fight a mortal combat without ammunition and supplies.

But no squad went forward, the supplies were not captured. The Union Army was not attacked in the rear. Why did not Johnson go forward? Explain, if you can, why he hesitated when victory was within his grasp. Why the Confederate lines were shattered the next day, and Lee driven for the last time southward to defeat and final doom. Did God interpose? Ah, I find the secret yonder in the White House, where the ashen-faced, broken-hearted Lincoln pleaded and prayed, face to face with Almighty God, even as Washington prayed at Valley Forge, crying out from the depth of his anguish: "O Lord God, I have done everything I can. And now you must help! Save, or we perish!" The God of Moses, of Joshua, of Cromwell and Wellington, of Washington and Grant, heard the agonizing cry of Abraham Lincoln and the Union was saved. "The fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

But the calendar of miracles is not yet completed. The navy had a mighty hand in throttling the Confederacy. Witness the almost romantic performances of that part of the service. How came the three Swedes—Ericsson, Dahlgren and Worden—discovered and attracted to the service by the inventive instincts of Lincoln, to construct and arm and command the little *Monitor* in nick of time—just as the *Merrimac* was smashing the very battlements of the Union, and when the bravest thought the end of the Union was at hand? And how but through the same power which sent Lincoln was it possible that Cushing was able to creep up York River in a ludicrously weak and improvised boat armed with one torpedo—and sink the second and last and mightiest of Southern ironclads? How came Lincoln to read the minds of Palmerston and Russell and Gladstone—not only during the Trent

Affair, but when he anticipated the action of the British Cabinet by a few days by his Emancipation Proclamation, and thus checkmated the ablest diplomats of his day, a second time within one year.

And finally, why Lincoln, the rustic lawyer, the rail splitter, instead of Seward the matchless leader, or Chase the magnificent; or McLean or Curtis, the great jurists; or Morton or Andrew, the great governors? Why was David preferred to Saul? The answer is as it has been often given—that he was Heaven-picked and Heaven-sent, reared by the same Providence that reared Luther and Columbus and Socrates and Moses.

No other man could have lived through the days succeeding Bull Run and the Trent Affair—any more than could any other but Washington have lived through the winter at Valley Forge—and survive. Without Lincoln the contest would have been abandoned at the end of ninety days. The North was becoming war-weary. “Let them go,” was the universal plaint—“let the erring sisters go in peace,” was the prayer of Greeley’s Twenty Millions, “who cared?” Both extremes were thus prepared—Greeley and Wendell Phillips—who were tired of the “compact with hell.” Seymour and McClellan were ready to abandon the unpopular war and ride into power on a platform that the war was a failure.

If there be any doubt that He who guides the destinies of men and nations had the Union in His keeping, from the days of Bunker Hill and Yorktown down to Gettysburg and Appomattox—the educating, the rearing and sending the humble son of Nancy Hanks to lead his people out of the wilderness and remove the shame of Egypt, stamp out treason and make the Union under the Constitution, under the Declaration of Independence, and above all, under an all-protecting Providence—eternal and everlasting—that doubt is now completely dispelled. That Lincoln was guided by Him on high, is as true as that our Redeemer liveth, and that He spread before our bewildered eyes this act of revelation in the nineteenth century, as in the days of old, which began on the fiery mount and has continued through the millennia to this very day and will continue throughout all time to come, whenever an eternal principle is at stake and whenever the eternal verities are assailed.

And we of today, sixty-six years after his ascent to glory—let us resolve that we will follow no leader, that we will choose no favorite, that we will tolerate none to reach the highest place in the councils of the nation who, in his private and public life, does not practice the caution, the moderation, who does not preach and practice the justice and is not actuated and guided by the patience, by the love of his fellowmen, as was this first American—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

XIX

THE WIZARDRY OF LINCOLN'S POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS AND PARTY MANAGEMENT

ON all momentous occasions in the history of our country during the past sixty-six years, when the nation was or is confronted by great problems which call for wise and permanent solution, we ever turn to the great founder and first leader of the Republican party and ask what Lincoln would do were he here today.

Aside from the four years of Herculean labors which he performed during his administration, Lincoln never expended more thought and effort than he did in helping to organize the Republican party, at a time when the Whig party was in the process of disintegration. A great many leaders of his day indulged in more talking, delivered more addresses and inspired more newspaper editorials than did Lincoln. But no one in his day did more yeoman work than did Lincoln in organizing in different localities what was to become the great militant Republican party in Illinois and subsequently in the Nation. He helped to prepare platforms, he wrote and signed calls for conferences and conventions, he advised the choice of likely leaders in different localities, he kept in touch with others in the State of Illinois and in the Nation, and was acquainted with the political sentiments in almost every section of his State.

Lincoln began his activities in politics as a Whig. He followed Henry Clay as long as Clay was the leader and the candidate of his party for the Presidency. He then took an active part in bringing about the nomination and in helping to elect General Taylor when Clay's star began to set. He was an acknowledged leader in Illinois during the Frémont campaign and was one of those whom some leaders attempted to nominate for the Vice Presidency. But whether Whig or Republican, Lincoln never held aloof, never had others do the work of organizing and campaigning, and would never content himself with speech making alone in his own town. He went through the entire gamut of political

activity and political service; and we can see him giving his time and his labor and his money in building up the Republican party from the day of the Bloomington Convention in 1856, when he electrified the Convention and almost paralyzed the newspaper reporters so that they forgot to make notes of what he said, and continued along these lines to the day of his nomination for the Presidency—the result of the finest piece of political strategy ever conceived in the history of American politics, all arranged by Lincoln and his superb organization.

And his political vision took in not only the voters in his own county or in his own Circuit which he travelled with the other lawyers of his day, attending to his trial work, and when that was disposed of, he attended to politics; but he gradually envisaged the neighboring States of Indiana, Ohio, Wisconsin, Missouri, as well; and then, with the assistance of such men as Dr. Canisius who looked after the German citizens, and later he attracted Carl Schurz who travelled from East to West, his influence extended to all of the new States which had attracted the foreign elements which then began to seek permanent homes in those sections of the country known as the Middle West. He saw the necessity of educating these in the principles of the new party, for without their help the cause of freedom was doomed and the slave power would again come out triumphant.

He literally wrote many hundreds of letters to friends and acquaintances whom he met or of whom he read in the leading newspapers, and he was conversant with the leading journals from all sections of the country, for he subscribed to these in order to be thoroughly informed of the state of public opinion in all parts of the country. He would even indirectly attempt to mold public opinion in distant States. Either he or Herndon would correspond with Theodore Parker and other leaders of public opinion in the East. He would write to Alexander H. Stephens, the leading statesman in the South, to John J. Crittenden, the grand old man of Kentucky—his own native State—or to Salmon P. Chase, who, next to Seward, was the most important champion of the new party. And so in time he kept in touch with all the political leaders of the different sections in the country, a habit which grew on him with the years. As a Congressman—for only one term it is true—he definitely committed him-

self to a political policy which he followed for the rest of his life. And Lincoln never retreated from a position or from a decision which he reached after due reflection and study—where moral ideas were involved.

Lincoln, the politician, has been a subject much discussed rather superficially; the indispensable data were not at hand. Books and brochures have been written on the subject, without reference to a number of Lincoln's letters of paramount importance on this most important phase of this many-sided man.

Nothing definite, therefore, has been done to bring out the salient points of his characteristics as a politician. No one has as yet stated definitely, based upon the facts, what Lincoln believed and what he said on the subject. The clergymen of every denomination have either intentionally omitted any reference to that phase of his life which dealt with politics and with patronage, or have soft-pedalled their description of his political activities and have lapsed into rhapsody about some other great qualities of his heart and mind—eulogy of which would not give offense to most congregations, who ever look with suspicion upon the politician and upon the office holder, and upon all who make politics their vocation and public office their goal. It never occurs to these good people that this country from its very beginnings depended upon the work of the politician. Was it not a class of inspired politicians who wrested the colonies from England after a most remarkable struggle in the forum, in the newspapers and on the battlefield that opened the way to freedom to all mankind? A splendid group of politicians organized this country in the Constitutional Convention and in the thirteen State Conventions which ratified the work of the Constitution makers and brought it from chaos and decay to order and life, and framed a Constitution—"the most remarkable document ever penned by human hand at any given time." They were all politicians, and Jefferson was the ablest politician of them all. Aaron Burr was the leading politician of New York, barely missing the Presidency of the United States, and he has not had a superior as a political leader from his day to this, excepting only Lincoln, who accomplished nationally what Burr achieved locally. It was Burr who organized Tammany Hall and sank its foundations so deep into the political substratum of our city that it is more paramount in its control

today than it was in his day. Nothing short of a cataclysm can dislodge it. And who were Jackson and Van Buren and Henry Clay and the Clintons and Stephen A. Douglas but master politicians all?

Lincoln is Jefferson's disciple in more senses than one. He was his disciple in giving life and meaning to the famous Declaration at a time when its main thought, its greatest ideal that all men were created free and equal was denounced on the floor of the House of Representatives as a self-evident lie. He was his disciple as a politician as well. He duplicated Jefferson's work in organizing the Republican party, even as did Jefferson what was in his day the Republican party and now the Democratic party. He built its foundations so deep and so adamant upon the principles of human freedom and equality before the law that it has endured to this day and will continue to endure as long as we stand by his few fundamental principles, which are so simple and so lucid that almost anyone who cares may understand them and follow them. And these principles were approved by all his contemporaries after they had gone through the crucible of war. There was never such unanimity in following a leader as there was in those few days after Appomattox. All followed him. The few who did not were silenced by his deeds. And there were men in those days, say what you will, whose like we may never see again.

In Illinois, alone, where since 1840 he was occupied in building up the political organization which was to send him to Washington and to immortality, there were a sufficient number of men able enough and sufficiently qualified in mind and experience to rule the whole nation—Douglas, Richardson, Yates, Baker, Shields, Trumbull, Wentworth, Oglesby, Palmer, Browning, Ficklin, David Davis, Norman Judd and a host of others who all, at one time or another, worked with or against Lincoln the politician, and gradually capitulated to his great qualities as a leader. And all these men worked for the good of the country, and all sought office not only as a reward for faithful party service, but that the principles for which they stood and for which they fought might be carried into effect and the country benefited by and through these office holders only, who fought and achieved victory at the polls.

If Lincoln had not been the type of a politician he was, his life

work would never have been accomplished. He would have been classed with the Abolitionists and the dreamers of his day—these “beautiful and ineffectual angels, beating in the void their luminous wings in vain.” Every man who did or helped to better his locality or his State or his nation was up to Lincoln’s day a politician, and was proud of it, and his people who elevated him or them to office were proud of them, and these politicians were kept in office during an entire lifetime, and rose in power and in influence with their repeated re-elections to their seats in both houses of Congress.

Sneering at and apologizing for being a politician is a modern invention, a novel state of mind, a condition that savors of party decay and disintegration. When Lincoln came to power a new problem was up for solution. Were we a nation or were we a mob? The victorious party, the Republican party, yielded its place of primacy to the Union party and for the time being all who were for the Union placed themselves under Lincoln’s leadership and he mobilized the best minds and the best men in the service of the Union. Hence, loyal Democrats of the North and of the border States were commissioned to do his work in conjunction with Republicans. Salmon P. Chase and Andrew Johnson, Cassius M. Clay and Edwin M. Stanton, and a thousand others, were called by Lincoln and assigned to the various tasks involved in the gigantic program, the sole purpose of which was to save the Union.

But Lincoln the Congressman, Lincoln the candidate for Senator, the Lincoln of 1840 to 1860 was a Whig or a Republican politician, and he acted and played the game as a politician, intent on strengthening his party because he believed that through his party the State and the nation could best be served. Not only was he a candidate for office practically all the years from the moment he entered the Legislature of Illinois until he reached the Presidency, but he sought and pleaded for offices for all his friends and co-workers, and insisted that he be consulted in the distribution of patronage during the Taylor administration, and gave his reasons for it. Had he not been the lone Whig Congressman from Illinois? We do find a letter here and there which throws some light as to what he actually did and advocated. But up to this time, by reason of absence of documentary evidence, we have

no expressed policy of Lincoln's as to the rights and claims of the successful local leader upon the head of his party, nor do we find in all of his published letters and documents what were really his beliefs and professions on patronage and appointment to office.

But here, at last, are a number of hitherto unpublished letters which throw a flood of light on the mature Lincoln and his political methods, from which we may fully understand his course and his policy during his entire political career. We need surmise no longer. We need guess no longer. We see him do yeoman work at organization. We see him encourage young voters and hold out to them promise of office and promotion and then we see him fight for these principles as manfully and as courageously as he fought for the other tenets of his life's program. In the following series of letters he speaks as a political leader who desires office for himself and for others who had helped the party in its struggle for success:

DR. J. B. HERRICK

Springfield, June 3, 1849.

Dear sir:

It is now certain that either Mr. Butterfield or I will be Commissioner of the General Land-Office. If you are willing to give me the preference, please write me to that effect at Washington whither I am going. There is not a moment of time to be lost.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

DEAR DOCTOR:

Washington, Jan. 19, 1849.

Your letter from Chicago recommending Wm. M. Black for Register of the Land Office at Vandalia, is received—Two others, both good men, have applied for the same office before. I have made no pledge; but if the matter falls into my hands, I shall, when the time comes, try to do right, in view of all the light then before me. I do not feel authorized to advise any one of the applicants what course to pursue.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

Here he shows clearly what his theory in reference to patronage is, and he did all this so manfully, with so much conviction, with such sincerity, that we must admire the candor and the resolution with which he pursues his course. He was often warned not to advocate a certain theory, not to proclaim a certain

doctrine, not to be as outspoken on a certain measure, not to ask a certain question, not to write a certain despatch, not to use the "House Divided" simile, as any or all these might cause temporary desertions of friends, might bring defeat to his personal ambitions.

But if Lincoln became convinced that he was right—and he was ever slow at reaching final conclusions—no power on earth could change him or deter him from making the statement. He would lose a Senatorship to Douglas but he would have his say. Abuse, slander, vilification, libel he did not mind, he did not fear, he had no fear. And the politician in Lincoln was just as fearless as was the defender of the Union. He was convinced that the government was best conducted first by the Whig party and then by the Republican party. He firmly believed that the Democratic party was owned by the Slave Power and he did all he could to strengthen his own party, in which he saw the last hope of our free institutions. In that he simply followed Jefferson and Jackson, his legitimate political forbears. And he had a sincere regard for the party worker. He needed him at all times, not only before election but after election as well, for he knew elections followed each other with the regularity of the equinoxes. How he would greet some of his modern pseudo-followers with his Homeric laughter when they would come to him with their perpetual troubles of keeping up party organizations.

I can almost hear him ask: "How do you expect to keep your election district captains and district leaders and county chairmen and State chairmen to their tasks if you ignore them and discriminate against them and insult them simply because they do this indispensable work in season and out of season? You say you cannot appoint politicians to office because they are politicians. Are these men sufficiently honest and capable to watch and keep in good condition the election machinery from year to year which keeps this government agoing, and do they become mentally incapacitated from participating in the carrying on of the government after they had brought you victory at the polls? Who make up this office-holding aristocracy who get the positions after the others have done the work which brought

party success? How do you expect these men to do this work next year if you disqualify them from holding office this year? You say the newspapers would make unfriendly comments and would criticize your act? You certainly cannot mean that. I said and did things for which Greeley and Raymond and Medill criticized me. But did I run away from their criticism? Why no; I took my pen in hand, set my spectacles in place and proceeded to read the riot act to them, and these men all became my friends and printed my letters prominently in their newspapers. They were convinced that I was right and they were wrong. Just read their editorial pages and see how they changed their views. Is this not in another sense the age-old fallacy that 'you do the work and I get the benefit?' Someone attributes to me saying 'that you can fool all of the people part of the time, and part of the people all the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time.' Now just apply this to the Republican party worker. You can and have fooled all of them some of the time. You have fooled and are still fooling some of them all of the time, but do you expect to fool all of them all of the time? Men who are men will not follow a leadership that despises the men who bring you victory. The day of the crusaders is past."

I can almost see him and hear him say to our own organization in the city: "Why don't you look across the fence? Why don't you copy the methods of your adversary who wins elections nearly all the time? Why don't you study their methods? Do they discard their party leaders on the score of politics? Do they forget their captains and their workers and their district leaders and their speakers and their canvassers and their helpers, and those who contribute funds—for elections cost money—and all who contribute a prominent share to success at the polls? Are all these forgotten by the victorious candidates after elections?"

"I tried that method from the day when I ran for the Illinois Legislature and when I ran for Congress and when I became President, even as did John Adams and Jefferson and Jackson before me. John Marshall who had just been made Chief Justice saw to it that a great number of Federal Judges were nominated by John Adams and confirmed at midnight, and in the

morning of March 4th, before Jefferson came into office. I listened to the party leaders—yes, to Governor Curtin and Thurlow Weed and Governor Yates and Governor Morton, and to the party workers in all the States and in all the great cities. I tried to inculcate the same principles into the minds and hearts of the members of my Cabinet, and with the exception of one or two (who were candidates for my place and played a political game of their own) they all followed me and my advice. And all of this was not new with me when I reached the Presidency. I simply continued a life policy of gratitude and appreciation to those who helped me in my work. Many a letter did I write, many a speech did I deliver, many a circular did I prepare, and many a conference did I attend, and to the best of my ability I ever tried to carry out this principle which was bedevilled and distorted by William L. Marcy when he said: ‘To the victor belong the spoils.’ Appointing to office able and deserving and hard-working members of your own party is not distributing ‘spoils.’ It is simply living up to the promise made in your platform upon which you were elected. Your opponent fought you and said your platform was wrong, and the planks and principles which it advocated were false. The people thought otherwise; and how can you go to the enemy’s camp and pick your appointees; or, what is worse, to those who took no part in the conflict but who waited until the battle was won and then made application and used every method to prevail upon the victors, whoever they may be, to give them the offices? If this is your theory of politics or method of government I cannot understand it.

“When I came into power, I did not trust my enemies with carrying out the pledges and promises we made and upon which we were elected. And those who were neutral during the fight never had, nor should they have, any claim whatsoever on us. This has been my political philosophy all my life, based upon what the founders and framers of our government taught by their example. If we are to be held responsible to the people we must not man the Ship of State with anyone who has not fought for it in the time of her need—on Election Day.

“Just hear what I wrote to a member of President Taylor’s Cabinet:

"Springfield, Ills.

"April 20, 1849.

"HON: W. B. PRESTON:

"Dear Sir:

"No member of the Cabinet knows so well as yourself, the great anxiety I felt for Gen. Taylor's election, and consequently none could so well appreciate my anxiety for the success of his administration— Therefore I address you— It is seen here that the government advertising, or a great part of it, is given to the Democratic papers— This gives offence to the Whig papers; and, if persisted in, will leave the administration without any newspaper support whatever. It causes, or will cause, the Whig editors to fall off, while the Democratic ones will not be brought in by it— I suppose Gen. Taylor, because both of his declarations, and his inclination, will not go the doctrine of removals very strongly; and hence the greater reason, when an office or a job is not already in democratic hands, that it should be given to a Whig— Even at this, full half the government patronage will still be in the hands of our opponents at the end of four years; and if still *less* than this is done for our friends, I think they will have just cause to complain, and I verily believe the administration can not be sustained— The enclosed paragraph is from the leading Whig paper in this state— I think it is injudicious, and should not have appeared; still there is no keeping men silent when they feel they are wronged by their friends— As the subject of this paragraph pertains to the War Department, I would have written Mr. Crawford, but that it might have appeared obtrusive, I have no personal acquaintance with him— I am sure *you* will not be offended—

"Your obt. Servt

"A. LINCOLN.

"You see, I spoke up plainly to the secretary. I did not hesitate to remind him that we, and not the Democrats, elected General Taylor, and that therefore they had no claim on him whatever, either to newspaper patronage or to appointments to office. I did not hesitate to ask for every position open or left open by the Democrats. Otherwise, I told him, our party could not exist. I feel sure that if your leaders are made aware of your situation, they will come to your assistance and appoint your men to offices, vacant and made vacant. They have neither answer nor excuse to your just demands to you today, especially if your men measure up to the requirements of the office, any more than they had for me and the leaders of our party in 1849. The members

It is hereby agreed by and between Abraham Lincoln of the City of Springfield, Illinois, and Cornelius Ludlum of the same place, that the said Lincoln lets to the said Ludlum the dwelling house in which said Lincoln now lives, in said city, together with the lot on which it stands, and the other appurtenances of said lot, for the term of one year, to commence on the first day of November next; for which the said Ludlum agrees to pay said Lincoln the sum of ninety dollars, in quarterly payments, to be especially careful to prevent any destruction by fire, to allow said Lincoln, the use of the North-up-stairs room, during the term, in which to store his furniture, and to return the premises at the end of the year in as good repairs as he may receive ~~them~~ ordinary decay only excepted.

October 23rd 1847. A. Lincoln
C. Ludlum

Lease of His House While in Congress

Washington, July 11. 1848

Dear William:

Yours of the 3rd is this moment received; and I hardly need say it gives me great pleasure - I now almost regret writing the serious, long faced letter, I wrote yesterday, but let the past be nothing be. Go it while you're young! I write this in the confusion of the H. R. and with several other things to attend to - I will save you about eight different speeches this evening; and as to kissing a pretty girl, a know me very pretty one, but I guess she won't let me kiss her.

Yours forever
A. Lincoln

A Letter to Herndon

of your organization, man for man, are as able and as honest as any who hold office now or at any time in our history.

"I did not stop. Soon I followed up this letter with another, as you see, and went even further than I did in my first. I never left people in doubt as to what I meant and what I was after. Throughout my entire life I tried to make myself clear and understood, not only by the astute and brilliant, but by the common people who make up the vast majority of our voters. And as the Secretary was an ordinary man I am sure I made him understand me and my demands. I pointed out the unfairness of appointing to office men who never spent a dollar or lifted a finger in the fight. But read the letter and see whether you would have me alter or modify a single word I used in it, in my protest to the Secretary:

"Springfield, Ills.

May 16, 1849.

HON: W. B. PRESTON:

Dear Sir:

It is a delicate matter to oppose the wishes of a friend; and consequently I address you on the subject I now do, with no little hesitation— Last night I received letters from different persons at Washington assuring me it was not improbable that Justin Butterfield, of Chicago, Ill., would be appointed Commissioner of the Gen'l Land Office— It was to avert this very thing, that I called on you at your rooms one Sunday evening shortly after you were installed, and besought you that, so far as in your power, no man from Illinois should be appointed to any high office, without my being at least heard on the question— You were kind enough to say you thought my request a reasonable one— Mr. Butterfield is my friend, is well qualified, and, I suppose, would be faithful in the office— So far, good— But now for the objections— In 1840 we fought a fierce and laborious battle in Illinois, many of us spending almost the entire year in the contest— The general victory came, and with it, the appointment of a set of drones, including this same Butterfield, who had never spent a dollar or lifted a finger in the fight— The place he got was that of District Attorney— The defection of Tyler came, and then B. played off and on, and kept the office till after Polk's election. Again, winter and spring before the last, when you and I were almost sweating blood to have Genl Taylor nominated, this same man was ridiculing the idea, and going for Mr. Clay; and when Gen. T. was nominated, if he went out of the City of Chicago to aid in his election, it is more than I ever heard, or believe— Yet, when the election is secured, by other

men's labor, and even against his effort, why, he is the first man on hand for the best office that our state lays any claim to— Shall this thing be? Our Whigs will throw down their arms, and fight no more, if the fruit of their labor is thus disposed of— If there is one man in this state who desires B's appointment to any thing, I declare I have not heard of him— What influence operates for him, I cannot conceive— Your position makes it a matter of peculiar interest to you, that the administration shall be successful; and be assured, nothing can more endanger it, than making appointments through old-hawker foreign influences, which offend, rather than gratify, the people immediately interested in the offices—

Can you not find time to write me, even half as long a letter as this? I shall be much gratified if you will—

Your obt Servt

A. LINCOLN."

"Now, let me ask you in all candor, am I right in my contention? If I am right, why do you refuse to do as I did? Am I wrong? Shall we turn the other cheek? Shall we love our political enemy or him who corresponds to the bounty-jumper of my day, and to the patriot who sends a substitute to the battlefield? Is that your contention? Then I must have made a mistake in appointing Seward and Chase and Adams and Fessenden. Should I have re-appointed some of Buchanan's officeholders on the plea that they had the experience and that by reason of such experience they would render better service to the State? Why, this is the same hoax that has been practiced by all the superannuated officeholders of all time. In France, it took the guillotine to get rid of most of them; in other lands the firing squads disposed of them; but here we can do it by ballots and not by bullets.

"I think, as I look back upon my career in office, that the best service I rendered to my country and my party was to get rid of all the sycophants and all the rabble who occupied the offices, who were attempting to strangle the country and replace them by members of the new Republican party in every part of the Union. Try my method!

"You think I should have appointed Jefferson Davis and Lee and 'Stonewall' Jackson and Judah P. Benjamin and Mason and Yancey and Floyd (who stole every dollar out of the Treasury

and conspired to capture Washington) to my Cabinet and to the key positions in the Union? But I did not and could not do it. There would have been no Union left. These patriots, under Buchanan, emptied our Treasury, sent the army to the extreme ends of our country and the navy to the ends of the earth, occupied arsenals and strategic points to help the Rebellion, and demonstrated for all time to come that you cannot trust a political adversary in office after he had been beaten at the polls on principles which were voted down and defeated by an aroused electorate.

"The people meant something when they defeated our opponents. They meant Union and not anarchy. They meant to keep them and their party out of office, and why do you go counter to this decree at the Polls? Why should I have appointed Fernando Wood or Horatio Seymour or Pendleton or Vallandigham? They were more dangerous, more insidious enemies of the Union than were those who were in open rebellion. They were enemies in uniform while these were enemies in disguise."

I can well imagine Lincoln saying:

"In making my appointments in the different States, I took the recommendations of Governors Andrew and Curtin and Buckingham and Morton and Yates. I could not heed Seymour. He simply would not support the Union whole-heartedly. He held communion with our enemies. He inspired the draft riots by his laxity. I could not trust Fernando Wood or Pendleton or Vallandigham on the floor of the House of Representatives and on public platforms, for they were lending aid and comfort to the enemy. They were urging our soldiers to desert and refuse response to the draft. I could not consult Taney or Winter Davis or Reverdy Johnson. They were arguing Constitutional questions and protesting that we had no right to make war on the enemies of the Union, while the national home was on fire. All these men were far more dangerous to the Union than those who had joined the Secessionists openly. Those we knew, but their northern sympathizers, while not in open rebellion, were in the better position of retarding and restraining our best efforts in saving the Union. It is for this and similar reasons that we stuck to putting men, tried and true, into the government in order that

we might have a united front when the enemy was at the gates of Washington itself.

“Just a word more about our opponents and why I would have none of them. You know that the Union almost perished in the first two years of the War. Then came the elections in 1862. Democratic success in the autumn elections of 1862 encouraged them to continue their opposition to the War measures of the administration—to every measure tending to the enfranchisement and elevation of the African race. This became their settled policy and thus worked in harmony with the rebels of the South. The rebels were fighting to destroy the Union. The peace party was making every effort to defeat the measures which could save it. The rebels were fighting for slavery. The peace party kept alive, and inflamed the prejudice against race and color, on which slavery was based. The peace Democracy opposed the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, and the Emancipation Proclamation. Every War measure, every means adopted to strengthen the cause of the Union and weaken the rebellion met with the same opposition. Whatever Congress did to get money, to get men, or to obtain the moral support of the country and the world—tax laws, tariff laws, greenbacks, government bonds, army bills, drafts, blockades, proclamations—met the indiscriminate and bitter assaults of these men. The enlistment of colored soldiers, a measure by which between one and two hundred thousand able-bodied men were transferred from the service of the rebels in cornfields and farms, to the Union service in battlefields—were all opposed by these men—and how the Executive and the Union party were vilified for that wise and necessary measure! But worse, infinitely worse, than mere opposition to war measures, were their efforts to impair the confidence of the people, to diminish the moral power of the government, to give hope to the enemies of the Union, by showing that the administration was to blame for the war, that it was unnecessary, unjust, and that it had been perverted from its original object, and that it could not but fail.”

Lincoln never abdicated his power of appointing and filling the appointive position in his administration. He had no general almoner or dispenser of patronage. He looked into every impor-

tant appointment himself and no matter how low were the fortunes of war he was always ready to consider the strengthening of the party in one place or another by judicious distribution of patronage. He not only picked important appointees in the civil side of the service, he picked the leading commanders and chieftains of the army and navy as well, and before he had concluded his task he had the best men of the whole North and West around him and with him. Never was a policy more successful, never was a theory of government more completely vindicated. Lincoln's will prevailed everywhere, to be followed by universal success and victory—everywhere.

The Honorable J. B. Grinnell, on being elected to Congress from Iowa, insisted that the gallant Colonel E. W. Rice, who had been promoted for gallantry at Donelson, be made a brigadier-general. Mr. Stanton refused to talk with civilians on the subject. He would not permit interference with army appointments. Mr. Grinnell still urged that Rice deserved this, that all the officers of his company approved it, wanted it, and that he, Grinnell, personally had come to Washington to demand it. "No use, sir," answered the secretary, "your case, sir, is like thousands. What we want now is victories, not brigadiers. We are in a crisis. I refuse, sir, to make a promise even to *consider* the wish of a civilian at such a time. I am sorry. My desk is loaded with business; I must say good morning." A second call ended as abruptly as the first. "No use in a civilian's talking to me on the subject, sir." "Neither can I waive a civilian's rights," added Mr. Grinnell. "Then go to the President," said the secretary sharply. "That would be an offense; my regard for the Secretary of War would make that step a last resort." "Get your request granted and I will resign," said Stanton angrily. One more trial, and Mr. Grinnell did see the President. After returning from a walk and hearing the full details as to Rice's strong endorsements, Lincoln asked for a bit of paper, leaned against one of the pillars of the White House, and wrote, "Without an if or an and, let E. W. Rice of Iowa be made a brigadier-general. A. Lincoln." The bit of paper was handed to the secretary. "I will resign," he said, crushing the paper and tossing it into the waste basket. Mr. Grinnell was about to go. "Wait," said the secretary, smiling for the first time in a month; "wait, Mr. Grinnell; come over and

take dinner with me." Eliott W. Rice was made a brigadier; was later made brevet major-general and continued what he had always been, a brave and competent officer, whose deeds added luster to his state. Stanton did not resign.

On another occasion, November 11, 1863, Lincoln wrote to the same Secretary Stanton as follows:

"I personally wish Jacob R. Freese of New Jersey, to be appointed a Colonel of a colored regiment and this regardless of whether he can tell the exact shade of Julius Cæsar's hair.

Yours truly,
A. LINCOLN."

If ever a letter or document speaks volumes this one certainly does.

His methods were not only justified from his standpoint as an ambitious politician, aspiring for his own advancement, and as he never desired anything that he was not ready to share with those who worked with him, he continued to act along the same lines when he became the dispenser of political favors in Washington. And not only did he not prove ungrateful when such favors were asked, but he reminded and suggested to his friends how he could help them. He urged upon Whitney a lucrative position—that of government surveyor—and assured him that that was the kind of a position he would seek were he in Whitney's position and were he as young as was Whitney. With very little urging and persuasion, he appointed David Davis to the Supreme Court; he repeatedly asked his friend, Speed, what he could give him, and so with all his many friends whom he met in his home and in his State. His policy was amply vindicated by the remarkable response from all the friends of the Union, beginning with the War Governors and taking in every important member of his party. The War would have never been won had he not heeded the requests of his political friends throughout the Union. By using the lever of patronage he succeeded in keeping the States behind him and the succeeding quotas of men kept coming to Washington as he called for them. Had he irritated each one of these State Chief Executives by turning down their recommendations, no matter how good the reason, they would, like Seymour, the Democrat, have kept on arguing the unconstitutionality of his

acts, while mobs and traitors were sapping the very foundations of the Union. And marvelous to relate, the closest, the minutest examination, discloses no miscarriage of justice, no serious mistakes in the appointees thus chosen. The average worth and ability and patriotism of his appointees outranks those of any other President to this very day.

The founders of great causes, of great institutions and great ideas generally leave us a guiding principle, a charter or a plan to perpetuate their particular institution. Major L'Enfant left a perfect scheme and plan for a greater Washington, which is even now a guide to our modern city builders. Hamilton left guiding principles and cast-iron rules to perpetuate a greater Treasury, for his spirit lives and stalks through that massive building. Washington's "Farewell Address" is a guiding star for our conduct towards the nations of the world. And so Lincoln, too, in his letters, in his conversations, in his long list of political appointments, longer than that of any other President before or after him, has left us a method of keeping the government which he preserved in the hands of his embattled Republican Union party and the successors of that party in our own day.

XX

LINCOLN'S MILITARY STRATEGY

LINCOLN became in fact as well as in name the Commander-in-Chief, just as he became a diplomat after he went to the White House. His first impulse had been to listen to the advice of others as better than his own. Meanwhile, as soon as he was convinced that the conflict was inevitable, he had begun a thorough study of the art of war. There was always an inventive streak in his make-up, and he became profoundly interested not only in the strategy of the war but in the weapons with which it was to be fought. And just as he finally picked Ulysses S. Grant out of the swarm of candidates for high military office and backed him up until he had hammered the Confederacy into submission, so he contributed decisively toward the success of the *Monitor*, which saved the Northern navy, and toward the adoption of the Spencer repeating rifle, which helped to stop the Confederate charge at Gettysburg.

His original hesitation in the face of the unprecedented military problems which confronted him did not last long. John Hay describes him, in the latter days of the war, as "managing this war, the draft, foreign relations and planning a reconstruction of the Union all at once." He did, in fact, after the first failures, raise the armies needed, pick their commanders and inspire them with a will for victory.

In the letters and documents we can now bring forward we see what pains Lincoln took to keep himself informed of what was going on at the front; how minute some of his military information was, and, at the same time, what a sweeping view he could take of the whole field of operations; how he mingled firmness with courtesy and consideration in his relations with his Generals; and how, reversing Washington's dictum, in time of war he prepared for peace. If we run through the new material we shall get an idea of Lincoln's day-by-day activities as a military leader.

On the last day of 1861 Lincoln sends two telegrams, identical

except for a single sentence, to General Halleck, commanding the military district of the Missouri, and to General Buell, commanding on the Ohio. General Frémont has just been relieved of his command in Missouri, a Brigadier-General named Grant has been defeated by the Confederate General Polk at Belmont, below Cairo, and conditions in the West are, in general, chaotic. Lincoln wires to Halleck at St. Louis as follows:

General McClellan is sick. Are General Buell and yourself in concert? When he moves on Bowling Green what hinders it being reinforced from Columbus? A simultaneous move by you on Columbus might prevent it. Answer.

A. LINCOLN.

The President sends a similar message to Buell. "Are General Halleck and yourself in concert?" he asks. As a matter of fact Halleck and Buell were not in concert, but so successful was Halleck that a few weeks later Lincoln gave him supreme command in the West.

Lincoln made many experiments with Generals before he found the right one. He kept constantly in touch with operations in the field, not only through official headquarters, but by means of private information from private sources—in fact, a secret service in each army reporting directly to him. Hence we find General Herman Haupt—the rank to which Haupt ultimately rose—"covering" for Lincoln a number of battlefields, notably the second battle of Bull Run, or Manassas, and Gettysburg, where so much was accomplished and so much left undone. Here is a series of dispatches to Haupt, the first sent on the eve of second Bull Run, the last after Jackson had whipped Pope and the latter was falling back on Washington:

August 27, 1862. Colonel Haupt: What became of our forces which held the bridge till twenty minutes ago, as you say?

A. LINCOLN.

[Same date, a little later]. Is the bridge over Bull Run destroyed?

August 29. What news from direction of Manassas Junction? What news generally?

August 30. Please send me the latest news.

August 31, 7:10 A.M. What news? Did you hear any firing this morning?

Looking back a little, we can see that Lincoln had systematized his fact-finding methods a little since the preceding October, when, on the evening of the disastrous little battle at Ball's Bluff, he had sent the following dispatch:

Executive Mansion,
Oct. 21, 1861.

OFFICER IN COMMAND AT POOLSVILLE. Send a mounted messenger to the battleground and bring me information from General Stone. I want the particulars as to the result of engagement and the relative position of the forces for the night, their numbers, and such other information as will give me a correct understanding of affairs.

A. LINCOLN.

Lincoln had constant trouble because of McClellan's habit of delay. In July, 1862, after the latter, instead of advancing on Richmond when the way seemed clear before him, had settled down at Harrison's Landing and asked for 100,000 reinforcements, he put Halleck over him as General-in-Chief. Meanwhile he was the most patient of men. It was in the March prior to Halleck's appointment that he had written to McClellan:

This morning I felt constrained to order Blenker's division to Frémont, and I write this to assure you that I did so with great pain, understanding that you would wish it otherwise. If you could know the full pressure of the case I am confident you would justify it, even beyond a mere acknowledgment that the Commander-in-Chief may order what he pleases.

Although more and more exercising his authority to "order what he pleased," Lincoln remained long-suffering and courteous. In April, 1863, he was evidently attempting to extract information from General Hooker, who had been appointed in the January preceding to command the Army of the Potomac. The following telegram was sent a few days before the Battle of Chancellorsville, which resulted in a Union defeat and, on June 28, led to Hooker's being superseded by Meade:

Executive Mansion,
Washington, April 28, 1863.

MAJOR GENERAL HOOKER: The maps, newspaper and letter of yesterday are just received, for all which I thank you. While I am anx-

ious, please do not suppose I am impatient, or waste a moment's thought on me, to your own hindrance or discomfort.

Yours as ever

A. LINCOLN.

On the day that the Confederate General Ewell captured Winchester and while Lee's invasion of the North was in full swing, Lincoln telegraphed to General Tyler at Harpers Ferry:

War Department,

Washington City, June 15, 8:45 P.M.

. . . It would be useful if we could tell Hooker about what number of the enemy is about Winchester and all North of it. Also, what troops there. I will be obliged if you will ascertain as nearly as you can and inform me.

A. LINCOLN.

Meanwhile, he has had his eye on the whole war map. He sees the battlefront as a unit, despite its thousands of miles of extent. Judge Treat of St. Louis writes to urge him to push the opening of the Mississippi River. This is in October, 1862. Vicksburg has not yet fallen. Lincoln answers:

Your very patriotic and judicious letter, addressed to Judge Davis, in relation to the Mississippi has been left with me for perusal. You do not estimate the value of the object you press more highly than it is estimated here. It is now the object of particular attention. It has not been neglected, as you seem to think, because the West was divided into different military districts. The cause is much deeper. The country will not allow us to send our whole Western force down the Mississippi, while the enemy sacks Louisville and Cincinnati. Probably it would be better if the country would allow this, but it will not.

I confidently believed last September that we could end the war by allowing the enemy to go to Harrisburg and Philadelphia, only that we could not keep down mutiny and utter demoralization among the Pennsylvanians. And this, though unhandy sometimes, is not at all strange. I presume if an army was starting today for New Orleans and you confidently believe that St. Louis would be sacked in consequence you would be in favor of stopping such army. We are compelled to watch all these things.

With great respect,

Your obt. servant,

A. LINCOLN.

When Lincoln comes to deal with the war Governors in the Northern States he shows his real mastery of men. In the end the Governors all do as he requests. His method of replying to their arguments and remonstrances displays a wizardry in dealing with a great variety of Chief Executives which has rarely if ever been equaled.

The following typical messages to the Governors of Maine, Massachusetts and Illinois largely explain themselves. It is at about this time that McClellan is calling for 100,000 recruits:

Private and confidential. Washington, D. C., July 3, 1862, 10:30 A.M.

GOVERNOR WASHBURN, Augusta, Me.

My dear sir:

I should not want the half of 300,000 new troops if I could have them now. If I had 50,000 additional troops here now I believe I could substantially close the war in two weeks. But time is everything, and if I get 50,000 new men in a month I shall have lost 20,000 old ones during the same month, having gained only 30,000, with the difference between old and new troops still against me. The quicker you send, the fewer you will have to send. Time is everything. Please act in view of this. The enemy having given up Corinth it is not wonderful that he is thereby enabled to check us for a time at Richmond.

Yours, truly,

A. LINCOLN.

War Department, Washington City, D. C., August 12, 1862.

GOVERNOR ANDREW, Boston, Mass.:

Your despatch saying "I can't get those regiments off because I can't get quick work out of the U. S. disbursing officer and the paymaster" is received. Please say to these gentlemen that if they do not work quickly I will make quick work with them. In the name of all that is reasonable how long does it take to pay a couple of regiments? We were never more in need of the arrival of regiments than now—even to-day.

A. LINCOLN.

War Department. Washington, D. C., August 23, 1862. 8 A.M.

HON. R. YATES, Springfield, Ill.:

I am pained to hear that you reject the service of an officer we sent to assist in organizing and getting off troops. Pennsylvania and Indiana accepted such officers kindly, and they now have more than twice as many new troops in the field as all the other States together. If Illinois had got forward as many troops as Indiana, Cumberland Gap

would soon be relieved from its present peril. Please do not ruin us on *punctilio*.

A. LINCOLN.

Apparently "Dick" Yates, who had known Lincoln in the old days, got the point of the message and came back with a denial that he had refused cooperation. Lincoln then wired again, with a characteristic mixture of firmness and apology:

Executive Mansion, August 25, 1862.

HON. R. YATES, Governor, Springfield, Ill.:

Yours denying that you have rejected the services of an officer sent you by us is received. Of course I do not question your word, and yet what I said was based upon direct evidence, and I the more readily gave credit to it because I had previously had so much trouble between officers sent to Illinois and the State Government there. I certainly cannot conceive what it was I said which can be construed as injustice to Illinois. I know by your dispatches that Illinois had raised an unexpectedly large number of troops, and my impatience was that none of them could be got forward. I supposed, too, and know nothing to the contrary yet, that the government had made the same provision for Illinois as for Pennsylvania and Indiana.

A. LINCOLN.

Lincoln's sympathetic interest in the private soldier is well known. He showed this in the case of regiments as well as in the cases of individuals who managed to make their way to the White House, or have their pleas presented there. Thus he addresses the Secretary of War on December 26, 1862:

HON. SEC. OF WAR.

Sir:

Two Ohio regiments and one Illinois regiment were captured at Huntsville, have been paroled and are now at Columbus, Ohio. This brings the Ohio regiments substantially to their homes. I am strongly impressed with the belief that the Illinois regiment better be sent to Illinois, where it will be recruited and put in good condition by the time they are exchanged; so as to re-enter the service. They did not misbehave, as I am satisfied; so that they should receive no treatment, nor have anything withheld from them, by way of punishment.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

In the Fall of 1863 Tennessee became a battleground, with heavy reinforcements from both sides. Lincoln wired on September 18th to Andrew Johnson, war Governor of the State;

Let me urge that you do your utmost to get every man you can, black and white, under arms at the very earliest possible moment, to guard roads, bridges and trains, allowing all the better trained soldiers to go forward to Rosecrans. Of course I mean for you to act in co-operation with and not independently of the military authorities.

A. LINCOLN.

Lincoln carried innumerable details in his head and stated succinctly and in set terms what he desired done about them. Thus:

Executive Mansion, Washington, Feb. 24, 1863.

MAJOR GENERAL HALLECK.

Dear Sir: This morning the West Virginia delegation call and say that the enemy contemplates invading and over-running them in the early Spring; and that, for this object, among other things, they are building a plank-road from Staunton to Beverly. To meet this our friends are anxious, first, that the 7th Virginia Infantry and the 1st Virginia Cavalry, both now under General Hooker, may be sent back to West Virginia. These regiments are greatly reduced, one having not more than one hundred and sixteen men. Secondly, they desire that, if possible, a larger portion of these forces in West Virginia should be maintained in order to meet the increasing guerillaism with which they are annoyed and threatened.

Can these things, or some of them, be done?

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

We have spoken of the inventive streak in Lincoln's personality. In early life he had been a flatboatman and had even made a model, still to be seen in the Patent Office, for lifting flatboats over shoals. He was interested in the use of balloons in war and was one of the first persons to receive a telegraphic message from a balloon observer. When John Ericsson appeared in Washington with his plan for an ironclad war vessel, Senators, Congressmen and Cabinet members all made fun of his proposal, but Lincoln encouraged the inventor to go ahead, and he himself accepted the *Monitor* for the navy. He followed her con-

struction with interest. In March, 1862, he talked with her commander and then wrote to Gideon Welles:

I have just seen Lieutenant Worden, who says the Monitor could be boarded and captured very easily, first, after boarding, by wedging the turret so that it would not turn, and then by pouring water in and drowning her machinery. He is decidedly of opinion she should not go skylarking up to Norfolk.

Yours, truly,

A. LINCOLN.

When the Confederates abandoned Norfolk, in May, 1862, Lincoln telegraphed in high spirits to Major General Halleck in Tennessee:

Norfolk in our possession, Merrimac blown up and Monitor and other boats going up James River to Richmond. Be very careful to sustain no reverse in your Department.

A. LINCOLN.

Incidentally, Lincoln had written "Be very sure" instead of "Be very careful" in the last sentence. The meticulous Stanton, through whose hands the dispatch passed, made the change. The *Monitor*, of course, never got to Richmond. But she had saved the Union blockading fleet from imminent destruction.

It would be interesting to follow Lincoln's inventive hobbies further. Captain, afterward Rear Admiral, John A. Dahlgren was one of his best friends, and Dahlgren's diary for the years 1861-63, during which he saw the President frequently, records the latter's interest in ordnance and ammunition and in powder, armor plate and rifles. "You have seen Mr. Blunt's new gun," Lincoln writes. "What think you of it? Would the government do well to purchase some of them? Should they be of the size of the one exhibited or of different sizes?"

But Lincoln's absorption in the conduct of the war and in all the multifarious details that it involved did not keep him from looking ahead toward peace. As early as October, 1862, he began to envision reconstruction and the bringing home of the States which had been out of the Union. He dealt with the problem in his own way, as he did with a score of other important problems. Reconstruction was the rock upon which the Johnson Administration was wrecked. Yet we find in no contemporary accounts any evidence of opposition to the program Lincoln had

worked out, nor can we doubt that if he had lived he would have had his way in peace as he had it in war. He knew his contemporaries in Congress and the Governors in the Northern States, and he had but little trouble to persuade them to do his bidding.

General Grant, with a superb indifference to history and historians, destroyed the letters he received from Lincoln. But we have some documents addressed to him, including the following which illustrates Lincoln's plan of reconstruction:

Executive Mansion, Washington, Oct. 21, 1862.

MAJ. GEN. U. S. GRANT:

The bearer of this, Thomas R. Smith, a citizen of Tennessee, goes to that State seeking to have such of the people thereof as desire to avoid the unsatisfactory prospect before them, and to have peace again upon the old terms, to manifest such desire by elections of members to the Congress of the United States particularly, and perhaps a Legislature, State officers and a U. S. Senator friendly to their object.

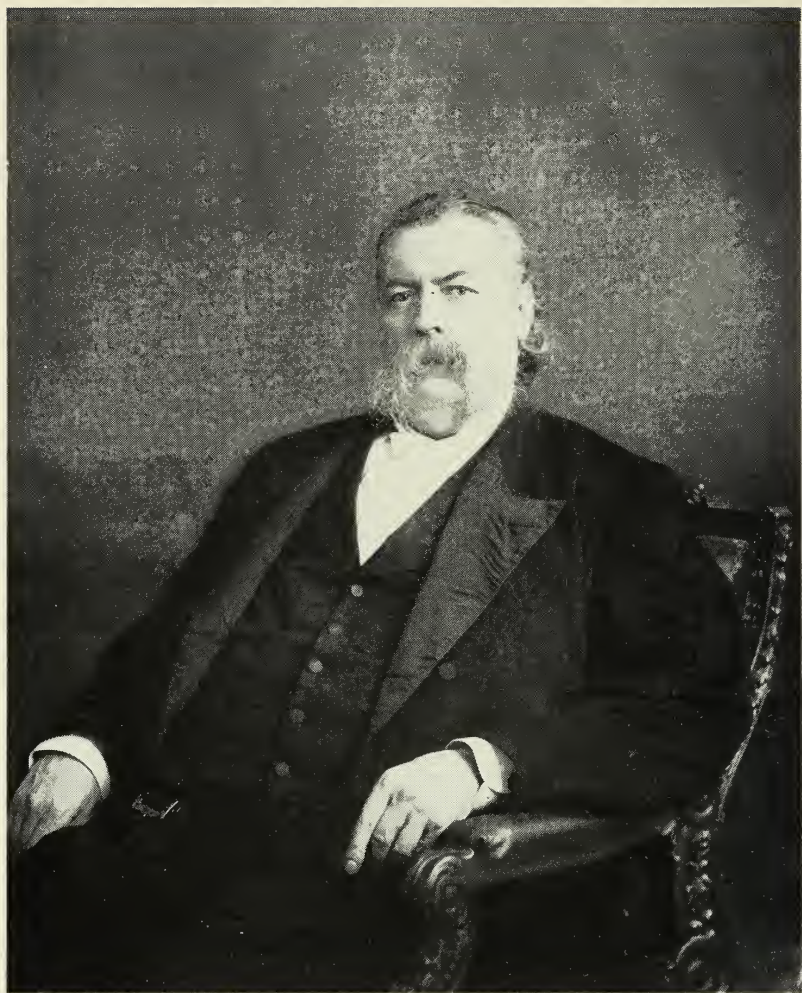
I shall be glad for you and each of you to aid him, and all others acting for this object, as much as possible. In all available ways give the people a show to express their wishes at these elections.

Follow law, and forms of law, as far as convenient, but at all events get the expression of the largest number of people possible, and see how such action will connect with and affect the proclamation of Sept. 22 [the Emancipation Proclamation]. Of course the men elected should be gentlemen of character, willing to swear support to the Constitution as of old and known to be above reasonable suspicion of duplicity.

Yours, very respectfully,

A. LINCOLN.

At heart Lincoln the commander was Lincoln the man of peace —“with malice toward none.”



Ward Hill Lamon
(From a Photograph in the Author's Possession)

XXI

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN—LET LINCOLN'S CONTEMPORARIES TESTIFY

HAS it ever occurred to historians of the Civil War period what might have happened in that crucial epoch if certain events had not transpired, if certain policies had not been pursued by the Southern States, if certain of their leaders had decided upon different courses?

What would have happened if there had been no secession—and the Southern legislators elected to the Federal Congress had remained in their posts in the Senate and House of Representatives, determined more than ever to continue the fight in the same forum—always in accordance with law?

What would have happened if Robert E. Lee had accepted the tendered commission of becoming Commander-in-Chief of the Federal armies?

What would have happened if South Carolina had just simply ignored Major Anderson at Fort Sumter instead of opening fire and thus making a military hero and martyr out of him?

What, in short, would have happened if the South had said, as she might have: "The electorate has spoken, Lincoln is President. We agree. But we elected a practically unanimous delegation to the Senate and House of Representatives. Our governors are Democrats and champions of States' rights, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and a majority of the occupants of that bench sympathize with the South. Let us wait and see how President Lincoln will hold to his oath just registered, to support the Constitution. The Democratic Senators and Congressmen from the North and our representatives in both Houses will easily outvote any measure which looks to war between the sections—that must not be."

In the final analysis it is the House of Representatives which declares war, which votes supplies and appropriations to maintain the government, to maintain an army and navy. Lincoln's

Cabinet, too, as constructed, could have been relied upon to advocate the maintenance of the status quo. The money power, the bankers, the merchants, the manufacturers, too, would have been slow to advocate and support war, or any measure that might lead to war. And what is more, the slim phalanx in Congress, which half-heartedly supported Lincoln in 1861, was almost completely wiped out in the election of 1862. Has it ever occurred to anyone what would have been the result of this stalemate? How would Lincoln have proceeded to put in force his plans for gradual emancipation? Stephens, Jefferson Davis, Benjamin, Yancey and a host of other Southern leaders, all able and resourceful legislators and jurists, would have talked any such plan to death, and the Supreme Court would have stood by them, if any radical legislation had been attempted.

Had Lincoln tried to appoint new judges in order to procure a re-argument of the Dred Scott decision and a modification, when death or resignation created a vacancy, the Senate could have certainly defeated any candidate but a choice satisfactory to the majority. Chase certainly would have never been confirmed. The Southern States could have proceeded with any peaceful program they desired, and could anyone have interfered with them? In the meanwhile they could have solidified their hostile factions, never too far apart on any vital question; they could have controlled the admission of new States; they could have carved ten more States if it became necessary out of what is now Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and Oklahoma in order to counterbalance the new Northern States that were constantly knocking at the door of Congress for admission. What would have happened if Lee had accepted the commission tendered him by Lincoln? If he had had the vision to decide as did General Thomas, for example, also a Virginian and as able a soldier as either side produced, the charge of incompetence which resulted in the dismissal of McClellan, Burnside and Hooker and others, could certainly never have been brought against him. He was able to a rare degree—and would have remained. His theory of war, his genius as a strategist might have ended all opposition promptly. His views might have prevailed with the South—long before emancipation matured or was even thought of—or deemed feasible. Lincoln would have been in a blind alley once more—his

great talents, his abundant abilities would have never come to fruition. With peace promptly restored on almost any terms, the problems of slavery would have hardly interfered with the restoration of peace in the Union. It was Lincoln's paramount duty to save the Union, so he said, and in a manner which permitted of no qualification. If he had saved it Lee, not Lincoln, would have been elected in 1864, and would have been groomed for the Presidency two years before election, and in the interim would have paralyzed all of Lincoln's efforts to alleviate the condition of the slave.

Up to that time a vast majority were concerned solely with the maintenance of the Union. What, with men like "Stonewall" Jackson and Stephens and the Johnstons and Lee in places of power, could the small group of Abolitionists and Republicans have accomplished against such an unconquerable phalanx of legislators from the South, aided by men like Seymour and Greeley and Vallandigham and Robert C. Winthrop from the North—to mention but a few—and then Douglas, the noblest Roman of them all, might have survived and might have again been the leader—he was but forty-eight years old.

In the meanwhile, the small army and negligible navy would have remained small and negligible. And the urge for peace, the longing for continued prosperity would have prevented and made ridiculous the continuation of the Abolitionist propaganda. An entire world, up to that moment, looked on askance—and could have said: "We have given Lincoln and his associates every opportunity to put their promises, contained in their platform, into practice. What have they done? Why continue them in office when the historic party of Jefferson and of Jackson is ready and willing and able—as she has often demonstrated—to lead the government along the paths of peace? Out with these adventurers, these makers of empty promises which were never intended to be kept and which we now see were made knowing that they could not be kept or performed."

And in the interim, a skeptical electorate would have been impatiently waiting for Lincoln's next move. The crowd, often called the people, want action after a new inauguration and they want it speedily—or they lose faith. They want something more than the change merely in the personnel of the office holders.

What about Lincoln's solution of the "House Divided" doctrine? How is the Supreme Court to be coerced into changing its position in the Dred Scott case? What has become of the "irrepressible conflict" of which Seward had so much to say? Was it all for the purpose of turning out the harmless Buchanan administration? Was it all for the purpose of transferring Lincoln from Springfield to Washington? And yet, just that would have happened if the South had simply watched and waited and simply countered every move by legal and constitutional means. History would have but repeated itself. After a period of discussion of some thirty years the people became tired and submitted to the compromise of 1854. Now, after an even more tiresome discussion and hotly contested elections of 1856 and 1860, they would have gladly submitted to any reasonable compromise, and Lincoln and Seward and all the rest with them would have been swept from their moorings. It is true what we now good-naturedly call the uncompromising reformers would have continued to agitate, but they would have had but little success with the leaders of the Republican party definitely arrayed against them.

These, and many more, possibilities—and they were more than possibilities—would have been definitely in the way of emancipation, or even of the slightest modification of the status of the slave. And Lincoln's position in Washington—with the country, with the Republican party, with his own followers in the North—would have become impossible and untenable. It was well nigh intolerable as it was, in spite of all these blunders on the part of the South. The load and burden he bore during the war would have been as nothing compared to the impassé with which he would have been confronted, had the South not been the impatient aggressor, had the South stuck to its guns under the Constitution—had they resorted to and relied on this course for the maintenance of their rights and the preservation of the legislation then on the statute books. Strange that this plausible hypothesis has received so little attention from anyone. All assume that what happened was the only thing that could have happened. But such a theory assumes the total absence of a well-organized party in the South, and outside of South Carolina in almost every State, North and South, to maintain the Union at all hazards.

It is only after this theory is developed and well thought out—and followed to its ultimate results—that we begin to understand what was going on in Lincoln's mind from that fateful election day in November until the hour of his inauguration. Every moment was fraught with strange possibilities. He knew the men and measures of the Southern leaders. He had read and studied and mastered all they said. He corresponded with some of them and attempted to influence them. Read his correspondence with Alexander H. Stephens—easily the foremost statesman in the South. He had tried to ascertain whither they were drifting, what was in prospect and how he could meet any and all emergencies. He corresponded with his few friends in Washington, in the Senate, in the House of Representatives, and warned against hasty legislation, entailing a sacrifice of all that had been won, intended to conciliate the South.

What went on in his mind no one knew. He confided in no one. He walked in silence; he thought out these problems in his own way. He learned gradually what sort of men had come to the surface on this wave of Republican victories in the Northern States. He conferred with some of them: Weed, Seward, Curtin, Trumbull, Chase, Morton, Arnold, Washburn, Andrew, Tod and a few others—most of them either skeptical or openly hostile, some few loyal—with all these he spoke and took their measure and tried to allocate all these into his scheme of coping with the impending emergency, whatever it should turn out to be.

He continued to read the leading Southern papers in order to be prepared if the threats made should be carried out—he continued to keep himself informed in order to anticipate rashness and attempt to frustrate it, by what he said in his inaugural. Was ever any other similar address awaited like this one? Was ever so much dependent on an inaugural as was on this one? Was ever ruler of a great people placed in a similar fateful position as was Lincoln on that day? He suddenly appeared in Washington. "The President in mufti," shouted his enemies. He paid no attention to this outcry. He was not going to confuse and divert the issues more than they were, by inviting a riot on his passage through hostile territory. As he subsequently said: "One war at a time," he now said: "One problem at a time."

He was in Washington some days before inauguration. And

what happened? One would imagine that everyone who came near him counselled him to be firm, to do all he could for the preservation of the Union. Nothing could be further from the fact. Delegation after delegation which called on him advised and urged either peace at any price—or the making of cowardly and disgraceful terms with the Southern leaders, who were bent on the dissolution of the Union. Most of the prominent men had some hostile criticism to make. To some his advent to Washington was disgraceful, undignified; to others his personal appearance was objectionable. They did not like his clothes, his yarns, his manner of speech. To still others his refusal to heed advice on appointments, and the prompt announcement of policy, were a cause of bitter complaint. Wendell Phillips expected him to free the slaves as his first official act—and denounced him for not doing so, even more bitterly than the leaders of the South did for his belief in ultimate extinction of their peculiar institution.

The question which presents itself at this late day is how many friends did Lincoln really have when he reached Washington? How many of that great throng cared for him or for his policies as announced on this inauguration day of 1861? How many on the platform surrounding him—with the exception of Douglas, who loyally placed himself at Lincoln's disposal—David Davis—and a few others—were there rallying around him, on whom this new President could lean and rely? Every report of the time to be found in biography, autobiography, letter or speech began with the familiar legend—how all were disappointed with his appearance, his bearing, his conversation, his reception; and then the whole feminine world was bent on teaching Mary Todd, his wife, that there was no place for her in aristocratic circles in Washington—then, as now a city with a Southern background. Even the foreign representatives and newspapermen found very little which they could admire. Sneering at the Lincolns was the order of the day. And sneer they did as their journals testify to this very day. Some of them were witnessing what they believed was the dissolution of the Union.

And Lincoln was never more alone than during these first weeks in Washington. True, the candidates for office were there—this line unending—was always in evidence, and simply helped to wear the vitality of the sad President. Even Seward, on whom

he began to lean, even Seward lost faith in Lincoln, and within a month after the inauguration wrote the foolish memorandum—first about bringing on a universal war, and then the one about supplanting him. Another man—of smaller mental calibre, would have crushed Seward by publishing this peculiar state paper, but not so Lincoln. His plans were mature—and this little statured man, who had many good qualities and had a great following—was needed in his plan to save the Union. So Lincoln ignored the insult and pocketed the disloyal screed of his Premier—Premier in name only, for on every important occasion Lincoln was his own foreign Secretary—his own Premier.

Who but Lincoln would have tolerated the open hostility and arrogance of a Chase—the almost coarse treatment of Stanton—or the open and studied insolence of a McClellan? Who but Lincoln would have endured the condescending demeanor of a Sumner, the haughty manner of Thad Stevens? A President in our own day made short shrift of similar and far more able opponents in his party. No other man could have tolerated a Cabinet which began by being so unruly, so critical, so contemptuous of their leader—as did Lincoln. Cabinets, with few exceptions, have been harmonious political families, chosen for the purpose of carrying out the policies of their leader. Jefferson would resign because of a clash with Hamilton—and the older Adams would dismiss a number of disloyal members—Wilson would unceremoniously dismiss a Lansing—but that was all. It remained for Lincoln, in addition to all other troubles he had, to have imposed upon himself by conditions which even he could not control, the most arrogant Cabinet in the history of the Presidency. And yet this was the only Cabinet possible for the time being. In 1864 he could accept the oft-tendered resignation of Chase, and replace him with Fessenden; but that was impossible at the outset of his administration.

Given this situation, which confronted Lincoln from all sides—at home and abroad, in the South as well as in the North, for his political opponents never for a moment stopped plotting and scheming and planning his downfall—and add to this the situation in his Cabinet, his own official family—and take up the entire list of historians who on top of all this attempt to belittle him and his achievement. The book called “The Real Lincoln”—

the best exponent of this class of detracting and destructive criticism until the advent of the latest publication—has gone through many editions, and as the printed word, particularly in book form, earnestly and plausibly advanced, has considerable influence, why is it not time for some definite steps to be taken in order that the whole unvarnished truth be told? The ordinary biography will not do. Before we reach the meat of the matter, before the climax of that great life is reached, we become exhausted with a wilderness of useless facts and deductions as to his genealogy—the wanderings and roving of his pioneer ancestors. We are called upon to study the names, the lives, the tribulations of seven generations of Lincolns, from the day they left England until Abraham opened his law office in Springfield. And then follows the minute history of his law practice, his partners, his clients, his clerks, his trials, his trips on the Circuit, a perfect Odyssey of frontier and pioneer experiences which slowly came through his law office.

Humanity owes as much to Lincoln as it does to Napoleon, or to any of the much-described and documented earls and dukes and kings of England—certainly as much as to Frederick the Great of Prussia or Peter the Great of Russia—both called great for different reasons than the reason we call Lincoln great. We have a sympathetic and systematic life of Napoleon—Professor Masson's great series is a monument of historical research—and it is but one of a series of similar works about the Little Corporal. Would anyone care to see and read of Napoleon's campaigns, the works are here in abundance. Would anyone care to make a study of Napoleon and his Marshals, the proper works are on hand, and any library is supplied with all that can be desired. Napoleon, the legislator and the protagonist in the work of framing and shaping of the Code Napoleon—all such data are to be had. Even his private life, the medallion and the pictorial life, and the thousand and one occasions in his hectic existence, down to "The Last Phase" by Lord Rosebery, have been meticulously gathered and accumulated, described and preserved. Even his final resting place is the glory of France—lovingly prepared and given by an adoring country—and what did he bring France—besides tears and ruin? What a contrast is our attitude towards Lincoln! From the moment when all that was earthly of

him was confined to Mother Earth in Springfield our treatment of him has been shameful. The grotesque monument which finally, after scandalous failures was reared over his grave, was the result of procrastination and delay, discreditable to his State and a profanation of his name. His place in history—his biographers—his historians—have been about as successful as have those who undertook to rear his monument in Springfield. Of course, our generation has begun to atone for the long neglect—thanks to St. Gaudens and other sculptors, and Healey and the new school of painters, of etchers, of engravers and of photographers.

But on the historical and literary side, the work has remained undone, or at best only partly done—and all that is done is done in a hurry. Here and there a publisher wants a book on Lincoln—and the manuscript must be in the publisher's hands by such and such a day. How unfair, how unscientific, how unworthy of that great name! One is constantly pestered with the question: "What is a good life of Lincoln?" Those who really know something of the problem cannot answer. There is no definitive life of Lincoln, either short or long. One is a wilderness of historical facts, the history of battles and campaigns of the Civil War, covering the entire period and incidentally connecting Lincoln with some of the facts—and that imperfectly and inadequately. The others are briefed upon facts prepared by others or are a condensation or re-hashing of so-called existing biographies or works dealing with certain phases of Lincoln or events of the period, with a little Lincoln eulogy thrown in. At best, we may suggest to those who are interested certain works covering certain periods—and even those are few, inept and incomplete. The great Lincoln-Douglas joint debate—a unique event in our democracy—has never received full and adequate treatment to this very day; the Lincoln Administration, his great adventure, has not yet found its historian. Lincoln's diplomacy has remained a sealed book; Lincoln's influence on the military conduct of the Civil War has not been written, and was for the first time touched upon by two English military men—Generals Ballard and Maurice. Lincoln and his two Congresses is an interesting subject to be written by someone who cares to read the Congressional Globe and the lives and works of the legislators of the period. Lincoln's letters have never been gathered and properly treated

—aside from two or three which have been fairly worn to tatters by oft-repeated and much quotation. And Lincoln wrote more than these two or three so constantly quoted.

And so we might go on throughout the entire life of this strange being, and always find ourselves at the end of the path—undiscovered, unexplored, unfamiliar beyond a certain point.

It goes without saying that the man who appeared in Washington on February 23, 1861, ready to take the Presidential oath of office, was no ordinary man. No other Chief Executive who came from the Governor's office of his native State, from the Speaker's Chair or from the Senate, was ever better prepared than was Lincoln to assume the burdens of his office. No man, before or after him, simplified his task and stripped from it all misleading entanglements as did Lincoln. He had one dominant problem, and that was to maintain and preserve the Union. All else was secondary and of minor importance. He knew that governments are conducted by a hierarchy of inherited under-Secretaries, experts, bookkeepers, paymasters, statisticians, and abided by that. He himself only had one absorbing problem. That one problem with him had been uppermost in his mind for twenty years. He had studied it in all its many hues and phases, and came to a definite conclusion. His philosophy and utterances on the subject in 1848 and 1858 and 1864 were the same. On that subject he never changed.

On the other hand, he had acquainted himself with all the available literature on the subject of how our Constitution was evolved and finally framed, how our Union was born, how the States were hedged in and protected and formed into one indissoluble, indestructible Union—peopled by a free and independent citizenry—with some who were not free at the time but were ultimately to become free—as he demonstrated that slavery in a civilized, God-fearing country was doomed to ultimate extinction. Law, religion, honesty, decency, fair dealing were against perpetuation of the hateful institution. He did not permit himself to be deflected from his course, either by idealist, by politician, by dreamer, by secessionist. He reasoned out his philosophy of life—demonstrated its soundness, defended it from stage and rostrum for thirty years—and when called to the position of power was ready to enforce it. No one after 1858 ever attempted to convince Lincoln of the error

of his theory. No such attempt is recorded. No one denied his conclusions or their soundness; attempts were made to prevent their execution and enforcement—by methods which resulted in war. But those who brought on the war admired his fortitude, his fairness, his leadership. His utterances were quoted as perfect specimens of reasoning and perfect diction.

And yet this man was alone. He was ever forcing the hands of the time server, of the charlatan, of the misinformed. And against handicaps he was compelled to build the mental catapult which was to destroy treason. For it was the idea behind the army, not the army itself, which conquered treason. With inadequate assistance he was forced to organize an army and build a navy, everyone questioning, doubting, criticizing, faultfinding, hampering. His masterful mind surmounted opposition and called into being a great army and giant navy. He did have the loyal assistance of Welles and Fox, and with a patience and a vision almost akin to divination he marshalled about him a military organization which carried his matured plans into execution. This army and navy demonstrated to a doubting world that Lincoln's statement was true, that this Union is one, that slavery was doomed to ultimate extinction, that all men were created equal. Others talked and dreamed and hoped, but Lincoln in the face of difficulties that never confronted another ruler carried these ideas into execution and imbedded them in the rock of the Constitution—always instrumental in admitting and reconstructing the additional States needed for ratification of the Constitutional amendments. And while doing this, one need not imagine that the foreign affairs of the nation had not his closest attention. He himself superintended Seward's work and guided his pen when world war encirclement threatened the Union, and when the two or three important diplomatic events cropped up in the foreign office. Stanton was hardly ever rid of his perpetual companion and visitor in the War Office—ever reading despatches, ever sending despatches, ever guiding spineless commanders, ever discovering brilliant soldiers, captains, generals, and instantly replacing the halt, the lame, the decrepit, the stupid, by the newly discovered soldier who fights. Oh, what a really great work can be written of Lincoln in the War Office, Lincoln in the hospitals, Lincoln and the War Correspondents, Lincoln and his Secretaries, and Lincoln and his telegraphers! And

who but Lincoln was called upon by the Attorney-General, when momentous questions came up for argument and decision?—the question of Habeas Corpus, of the usurpation by generals in the field of powers belonging to the President? Who but Lincoln was ever called upon to unravel and disentangle the troublesome questions before Congress? He was watching every wheel, every piston, every cog in the complicated machinery of government, and succeeded and did this work in a manner as though that was all he was called upon to do.

He was his own publicity department. Greeley and Bennett, and Medill, and Weed, and the other newspapermen of his day, came to do his bidding, as did Stanton and Seward and Welles. A hostile press was transformed at the end into a mighty instrument for good, and carried out Lincoln's purposes. Practically all the great newspapers of the day had become Lincoln organs of publicity.

He was his own contact man with the pulpits of every denomination. He never named one class of preachers or spiritual leaders, but mentioned all the others—the Methodists were most numerous and therefore did most, but so did all the others in proportion to their numbers. The different nationalities who had just come to these shores, received the same generous treatment at his hands—he overlooked no one class of citizens—the Irish, the German, the Hungarian, the Slav—he needed them all. And doing all these things, this dominating man in the White House was kept busy by thousands of problems of every conceivable nature. An entire Saga, an Epic, with thousands of cantos, can and will some day be written about his dealings with his fellowmen, with the soldier, with the mother, the wife, the sister, and with all who came within his ken—for the thousands of acts of charity, of mercy and of help to his fellowman. I know of no man in our, or in any other history, who has displayed such amazing vision in dealing with many stupendous and wholly novel problems vital to the endurance of the Union—nor do I know of any other leader who, possessing the idealism of Lincoln, has also had his power of translating ideals into successful practice.

Is the life, and are the acts and achievements, of this colossus in human form, to be condensed into so many pages? Are they to be condensed into so many volumes? Justice—history—cry out against such a procedure. An entire world demands all, wants to

know all that made up the achievements of this man of destiny—this advocate who practiced for twenty years—who thought and prepared and wrote the epic of the Union—who fought for it, who won its birthright and established it—for all time to come; who committed to paper and into the State papers of the Union more wisdom, more genuine philosophy of life than any other American—this remarkable man, whose spirit leads his people today as he in the flesh led them in the days of their great travail—is this man to be cheated of his birthright? Is this man's life story to be abridged, to be edited and revised—by whom? And are we thus to be denied his full heritage? Who is there so bold as to undertake so gigantic a task? America, the world, young and old, want all he said, all he did—and all that was said of him—and then let posterity judge, let the historians of the future synchronize these innumerable facts, and draw the lasting conclusions and lessons and render the final verdict—based upon all the facts.

Senators and Congressmen of this day—and there are quite a number—students of Lincoln—have all spoken eloquently of Lincoln. Why could not they inaugurate such a movement by legislative appropriation—at the next session of Congress—an appropriation which should have for its purpose the collecting of all that remains unpublished of the life and works of Abraham Lincoln, in conjunction with what has already been collected? Why could not Congress inaugurate its deliberations every two years by a modest appropriation for continuing the gathering and publishing of all available material wherewith to prepare a complete edition of Lincoln's life and works? It has been done for others—Van Buren, Calhoun, Chase, and others. Such a work for the Man of the Ages would immortalize the movers of such a resolution and would, in part at least, atone for the prolonged and disgracefully long, drawn-out discussion and unfair and unreasonable delay in the same forum when the granting of the small pension to the wife of the Emancipator came up for action, after being repeatedly shelved and pigeon-holed.

In that Capitol—which stood an unfinished structure so ominous in its portents of dissolution of the embattled Union when Lincoln first appeared upon the scene, and which but for his life's work would never have been completed as the final home of the government of a reunited people—in that Capitol should that

work of rehabilitation of the Lincoln who lived and loved, who suffered and succeeded, who guided and guarded, who planned and plodded and pleaded—who inspired the embattled warriors of the Union—begin. The government which looks after the sea coast, the forests, the rivers, the mines, the fisheries, the bridges, the monuments, the oil preserves, the game laws, should look after its own soul. Too long, alas, has this work waited and languished and been taken up by all except by those whose duty it is to do it.

Every man who came into Lincoln's life, every case he tried, should be followed up and recorded before it is too late. Every letter he wrote, every speech he delivered and which found its way into the press of the day should give up its Lincoln treasure. Every family of Cabinet officer, War Governor, Justice of the Supreme Court, Senator or Congressman, or contemporary or foreign visitor who came in contact with Lincoln, should contribute a share in furnishing the letters he wrote to their kin. The Congressional Globe is ready, the newspaper files accessible, ere they crumble—they have not yet entirely fallen apart—the records such as have not been stolen or lost or mislaid or borrowed in perpetuity or locked up—are here—and now the board of editors and writers and compilers should be chosen so as to do the thorough, the complete, the definitive work. So much was done for Jefferson Davis by Dr. Dunbar Rowland. If more cannot be done, less must not be done. Who will lead? Who will avail himself of this privilege of opening the undiscovered world of Lincoln lore, Lincoln's letters, Lincoln's papers, Lincoln recollections, Lincoln anecdotes, Lincoln's pardons, Lincoln's commissions, Lincoln's surveys, Lincoln's written cards, Lincoln's passes, Lincoln's endorsements, Lincoln's photographs, Lincoln's legal papers, Lincoln's opinions, Lincoln's briefs, Lincoln's receipts, Lincoln's pleadings and Lincoln's records—when all these shall have been gathered and made available—in addition to Lincoln's portraits and Lincoln's photographs which have been collected and are available—then will the real, humane, noble American be given to this and to succeeding generations—in all his almost superhuman manifestations—and that gentle spirit will then be at rest—for he will be seen and understood from every angle—his every act, explained and understood, his words appreciated and the many perplexing questions with which we are now confronted will be an-

swered fully, completely, comprehensively. And an entire world will come to know the real Lincoln as he lived, as he battled for the right, and as he fell when he had won the battle for the right—and as he will appear to us in that rarefied atmosphere, where neither cant nor hypocrisy nor slander can reach or influence our judgment of him—for when that work is done Abraham Lincoln will stand revealed in all his great simplicities—even as Abraham and Moses stand revealed against a horizon of thirty centuries—even as Socrates stands revealed over a vista of over twenty centuries; even as Savonarola stands revealed rising from the ashes of his funeral pyre on the Plaza Vecchio in Florence; even as Luther stands revealed, and we can almost hear the sounds of his hammer blows nailing his theses upon the church door of his native city—so will our own Abraham Lincoln take his place as the last of those lantern bearers of humanity—the greatest of these ambassadors of God—there he stood, adamant and unchangeable, like Luther he could not do otherwise, and receive the approval of all succeeding generations for having breathed the breath of life into a meaningless, and until then a lifeless Declaration of Independence which, up to that day, had been in existence—making it a living, virile, vibrating God-given charter of human liberties which it now is—and which it will remain for all succeeding ages.

XXII

LINCOLN AND THE WAR GOVERNORS

It has never occurred to any of Lincoln's biographers to gather in one chapter or pamphlet Lincoln's non-resident second Cabinet—or rather his House of Governors. He may have had rough sledding with both Houses of Congress at times, or rather for some time, until they came to know him; but he seemed more fortunate in his dealings with practically every War Governor.

True, Horatio Seymour, the popular leader of New York's Democracy, was not as helpful as he might have been, but Lincoln was able to convince even Seymour as to his duty toward the Union in New York. The contacts were so sound, and the response so prompt in most cases, that this phase of the War President's work has been almost entirely overlooked.

And still, it was upon this effort of Lincoln's that the whole cause depended; for if the States had failed him he would have had no men for the army or the navy, whereas the South impressed every man into military service. And here was Lincoln negotiating with the executives of twenty odd States, whenever a call for troops was issued. And when the draft was resorted to, aside from the riots in New York, his War Governors came to the rescue—frequently in spite of the opposition of hostile legislatures—almost uniformly as Lincoln requested.

These War Governors were an extraordinary body of men. They were summoned from private life by the great emergency. And they rose to the great occasion. Some few began military preparations as soon as they were able to read the signs of the times. Men like Andrew of Massachusetts and Morton of Indiana anticipated the actual rupture and put their houses in order, so that Lincoln, when he waited in his agony for the regiments to appear and safeguard the Capital from imminent attack, found that it was those who had made their early arrangements who responded first.

But in the final analysis the great host which battled for the

Washington June 12 1848

My dear wife

On my return from Philadelphia yesterday, when in my anxiety I had been led to attend the city Convention, I found your last letter. - I was so tired and sleepy, having worked all night, that I could not answer it till today, and now I have to do so in the H.R. The leading matter in your letter is your wish to return to the side of the Mountains - Will you be a good girl in all things, if I consent? There comes a long, and that as soon as possible - Having got this in my hand, I shall be impatient till I see you - You will not have money enough to buy you, but I presume your uncle will supply you, and I will refrain from how - By the way you do not mention whether you have received the fifty dollars I sent you - I do not much care but that you got it; because the want of it would have induced you say something in relation to it - If your uncle is already at Lexington, you might induce him to start as earlier than the first of July; he could stay in Kentucky ^{longer} on his return, and so make up for lost time - Since I began this letter, the H.R. has passed a resolution for adjourning on the 17th July, which probably will pass the Senate. I hope this letter will not be disagreeable to you; which, together with the circumstances under which I write, I hope will excuse me for not writing a

longer one - Come as fast as you can - I want to see you, and our dear ~~dear~~ boys very much - Every body here wants to see our dear Bobby -

Affectionately,
A. Lincoln

A Letter to His Wife

life of the Union came through these War Governors—the quota assigned to each State was gathered and mustered in under orders of the Governor. With all of them Lincoln talked and counselled. He wrote to them—to all. He declined to enter upon long, drawn-out, casuistic discussions such as Governor Magoffin of Kentucky desired to inaugurate, by a prompt statement of the stand he took on the question—that the Union had the right and the power to defend itself. He dealt with the others; helped them in their political tasks and problems. Appointments in these loyal States were generally made upon their recommendations and subject to their endorsement. Military Governors, like Andrew Johnson in Tennessee, had a task equal to any of those which confronted the generals at the fighting front—and Lincoln rendered every aid possible to these Governors. While immediate problems were disposed of in the Cabinet or by the Chief-of-Staff, these more vital problems were generally dealt with and disposed of by Lincoln himself. A brief survey will show the magnitude of this task—the control of the work of the War Governors, which shows Lincoln's great political ability in a new light—the fruition of his political work for twenty years.

Almost two-thirds of the troops of the Union armies came from six of the Northern States. Those six States sent to the field over 1,700,000 men. Four of them sent over 200,000 men each. Each of the four States had under arms, at all times, a force equal to the number mustered under the Union banners on several of the great battlefields of 1862 and 1863. New York mustered and put into the field nearly 450,000; Pennsylvania 338,000; Ohio 313,000; Illinois 259,000; Indiana 196,000; Massachusetts 146,000. These magnificent armies were each under the control and direction of the Governor of the State who raised and equipped them. Suppose one of the four big States had risen in opposition to the government and posted her battalions on her border and said—"You shall not pass through our borders for the purpose of making war upon the South"? Pennsylvania alone had about a half million men, counting every military man in the State, and might have prevented such passage, and could have broken the back of the War Department.

Suppose New York had definitely taken a stand of that kind and cut off New England's regiments? If either Indiana, with its

200,000, or Ohio with over 300,000, had joined hands with Kentucky, which was prevented by Governor Magoffin to render the help expected of her to the Union cause—what a stumbling block would thus have been placed in the way of the North; and if New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, with their million actually put under arms and a million more in reserve, had declared for peace, the whole North would have become an easy prey of Lee's and Jackson's invincible armies. These great States were like nations in themselves and had armies of their own. They need not have waged war at all openly to have changed the whole aspect of the Union struggle.

The Governors who rallied and marshalled their people on the side of the Union were heroes in their spheres as truly as were the field commanders in theirs. Each was Commander-in-Chief of the State militia. There were Copperhead and conservative elements to subdue or convert, legislatures to guide and inspire, and an undercurrent of persistent anti-war feeling to neutralize. When the crisis came on the 15th of April, 1861, all hearts stood still until the States had spoken, and for the time being the several Governors were actual masters of the situation. The technical legality of the President's call was questioned, but technicalities mattered little if the Governors chose to recognize the call—and they all did.

The first troops to reach Washington were from Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, dispatched without a moment's delay by the famous War Governors, John A. Andrew and Andrew G. Curtin. In these two outstanding executives the extremes of Union sentiment were represented. Andrew was an idealist, Curtin a conservative business executive. Andrew's soldiers traveled farthest, were the best equipped and spilled their blood first—all by reason of Andrew's vision. Curtin's men reached there a day ahead of the Massachusetts boys, but they had been snatched up on the spur of the moment and hurried off without arms or equipment, so that they reached Washington to show the good will of Pennsylvania. Andrew had been at work for months. The day after he was inaugurated—January 5, 1861—he sent messages to the neighboring Governors and its capital, and advised the others to do the same.

For four years, Andrew was a leader among Northern Gover-

nors in rallying supporters to the Union cause. He wrote the address issued by the Governors to the people during the dark days of 1862. He advocated emancipation as sound policy, but he opposed arbitrary arrests for political opinions as an uncalled-for tyranny. Curtin, who was later to vie with Andrew in warlike zeal and activity, was wholly unprepared for war when it came. He labored until the last to preserve tranquillity. It was in answer to his inquiry that Lincoln wrote the laconic reply on April 8, 1861: "I think the necessity of being ready increases. Look to it." When all peaceful negotiations proved hopeless, he bent every energy to the prosecution of the War. When the State was threatened by invasion, he convened the legislature and was clothed with authority to raise troops for home defense. Curtin, like Andrew, was Governor through the whole war.

In the West, the dangers threatening the national capital were not the first questions after the fall of Sumter, but the defense of their own extensive border. Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa all lay contiguous to the border States, where the sentiment was divided and hostile feeling held sway. Kirkwood of Iowa, Yates of Illinois, Morton of Indiana and Dennison of Ohio were the peers of Andrew and Curtin as leaders in the great uprising of 1861.

Samuel J. Kirkwood answered President Lincoln's call for 75,000 militia by pledging "every fighting man in the State and every dollar of her money and credit."

Richard Yates, whose war nickname of "Dick" became a household word, convened the legislature of Illinois on April 12th—the day the Confederate guns opened upon Sumter. He had the forethought to garrison Cairo and forestall a Confederate movement for the seizure of that valuable position. It was from Yates that Grant received his first recognition and appointment.

Oliver P. Morton offered the President 10,000 soldiers and convened the Indiana legislature to secure authority for a war loan of \$2,000,000. The legislature afterwards went back on the "War Governor" and refused to receive his messages, but he, in turn, ignored the legislature and borrowed money privately to carry the State bonds and pay expenses. Morton was a "War Governor" in the fullest sense of the term.

William Dennison of Ohio held office but one year of the war period—1861—yet he made a record that carried him into a

Cabinet position in Lincoln's second term. He placed McClellan in the field and secured his appointment as general. Dennison, like Morton and Yates, had a keen eye for the border. He urged the government, within four weeks after the outbreak, to seize prominent points in Kentucky and secure control of its railroads in order to head off the operations of the Confederates. His advice in that direction was not heeded for months, but he succeeded better with regard to West Virginia. After obtaining McClellan's appointment to a Federal command in Ohio, he secured the extension of the department so as to include West Virginia and promptly threw Ohio troops into that territory. During eight months of actual war he put into the field 105 regiments, and the State furnished 20,000 volunteers above the quota assigned to her. David Tod was elected and inaugurated in January, 1862, and continued the policies of Dennison; and John Brough the last of the Ohio War Governors defeated Vallandigham—Lincoln's most outspoken enemy—by 113,000 votes.

But the zeal of those Governors, whose States were in danger of invasion, did not outrun that of those in territory remote from the hostile border. Israel Washburn of Maine declared that the South had no right to secede without a change in the Constitution, and pledged all the "resources of the state in men and money" to support the Union. He was in office from 1861 to 1863 and is known to history as Maine's War Governor. Goodwin of New Hampshire brought his State into line by raising \$600,000 private money and organizing ten regiments. Goodwin was the first War Governor of the State.

Rhode Island's first War Governor, William Sprague, marched to Washington at the head of a regiment.

William A. Buckingham of Connecticut ordered the militia to put its ranks in war trim as early as January, 1861, urging them to be ready to render such service as any exigency might demand, and on his own responsibility purchased equipments for five thousand men. When Sumter fell, he led off at a war meeting in Norwich with a fervid war speech and a subscription of \$1,000 to raise troops. He was Connecticut's only War Governor. The first great martyrs of the war—Ellsworth Winthrop, Ward and Lyon—were of Connecticut stock. A Connecticut general, with Connecticut regiments, opened the battle of Bull Run and closed it;

and a Connecticut regiment was marshalled in front of the farmhouse at Appomattox when Lee surrendered to a soldier of Connecticut blood.

Erastus Fairbanks of Vermont worked up a Union demonstration as early as January 8, 1861, by having salutes fired in the chief cities and towns of the State in honor of the old Union. He inspected the militia rolls and equipment, and responded to the President's call in April with a regiment armed with borrowed rifles.

In New York, Edwin D. Morgan was the first War Governor. He held office until January, 1863, and sent out 223,000 soldiers during that time. He also placed New York Harbor in a state of defense. Horatio Seymour succeeded Morgan and he was in turn succeeded by Reuben E. Fenton. While a private citizen, he had exerted himself to raise soldiers. He was in the executive chair when Lee invaded Pennsylvania in 1863, and sent 12,000 militia soldiers fully equipped to Harrisburg ahead of Ohio, Delaware, New Jersey and Maryland. Pennsylvania, even, was behind hand in the matter. There were over one hundred New York regiments in Pennsylvania during the Gettysburg campaign, and while the State was drained of volunteers and militia, the draft riots broke out in New York City.

Far-off Kansas, the great war State, was led by Governor Charles Robinson, who "was sternly holding the helm amid the storms and breakers in Kansas"—who organized the most of its regiments in 1862 and 1863. In his message to the legislature he said: "Kansas, though last and least of the States in the Union will ever be ready to answer the call of her country." He was succeeded by Governor Thomas Carney.

Alexander Ramsey of Minnesota was the War Governor until 1864, when he was succeeded by Colonel Stephen Miller, who was elected while at St. Paul in command of that military district. Governor Ramsey was in Washington the day Fort Sumter was taken, and made a tender of one thousand Minnesota men for the national cause. Minnesota did her share and so denuded the State of men that the frightful Indian massacre was partly made possible, a bloody warfare suppressed with the greatest difficulty.

Alexander William Randall was the first War Governor of Wisconsin. The energy with which he responded to the President's

early call for troops, and his comprehension of military needs soon won for him a national reputation. He was succeeded by Louis Powell Harvey of Wisconsin, who was the only War Governor who "died in harness." He was drowned at Pittsburg Landing, where he went to direct an expedition for the relief of the wounded soldiers from Shiloh, and was followed by Edward Salmon his Lieutenant-Governor. He in turn was succeeded by James Taylor Lewis.

The State of New Jersey was led by Governor Charles Smith Olden, who toiled night and day to keep his commonwealth abreast of the times. During his term of twenty-one months he was absent from the capital only two days. Austin Blair was the only War Governor of Michigan, a title which by his integrity and patriotic vigor he made one of lasting honor. In January, 1861, he promised the President the whole military power of the State to maintain "Liberty and Union, one and inseparable, now and forever." He summoned the legislature on April 2nd, and before it convened the May following, called out 1,000 volunteers.

Thomas H. Hicks and Augustus W. Bradford were the War Governors of Maryland, one of the important battlefields of the Civil War.

The Governors who assumed office after the great crisis of 1861 had passed took their share of the burden of keeping the ranks full and of holding the people to their task. Some of them missed fame; others shared it with their predecessors. In Maine, Washburn was succeeded by Abner Coburn and afterward came Samuel Cony. Ichabod Goodwin, Nathaniel F. Berry and then Joseph A. Gilmore were the War Governors of New Hampshire. Erastus Fairbanks of Vermont issued the first proclamation announcing the outbreak of the rebellion; he gave way to Fred. Holbrook, and Holbrook to J. Gregory Smith. In Iowa William M. Stone succeeded Kirkwood in 1864, and in New Jersey Joel Parker succeeded Olden.

Delaware had two governors during the war period, William Burton and William Cannon; and Rhode Island two acting in place of Colonel William Sprague, John Russell Bartlett and William C. Cozzens, and one regular incumbent, James Y. Smith—from 1863 to 1865. As between themselves there was glory enough to go around for the War Governors, but the people and history

have forgotten too soon how the tenders to the great ship of state were piloted through the terrible storm of war.

At the opening of the war California's Governor Downey was talking compromise—but the election of Leland Stanford by a majority of 23,000 changed California for liberty and union.

Missouri's governor-elect Claiborne F. Jackson was even more outspoken against the Union than was Governor Beriah Magoffin of Kentucky. He became a real menace to the Union cause and but for the great ability of Frank Blair and General Lyon, who deposed Jackson and drove him from the State, Missouri would have been lost. Jackson was deposed and Hamilton R. Gamble was appointed in his place. He was followed by Thomas C. Fletcher.

When we consider the unending troubles caused to the Union leaders in Kentucky by the pacific activities of Governor Beriah Magoffin, who did not believe that Kentucky should raise any troops for the defense of the Union—which in his opinion had no power to coerce a sovereign State—and note how he counteracted the work of the Union leaders in a state which was overwhelmingly for the Union; and his successor, Governor Thomas E. Bramlette—though not as hostile, was of no active help to the Union—we can easily imagine what might have happened had another man than Lincoln been at the helm. His mellow character, his knowledge of politics, his superior ability to deal with leaders of every type were never put to better use than when he dealt with these Governors of the great commonwealths, and had them supply the armies which alone could save the Union. From Maine to California, the Governors were all solidly with Lincoln, and responded to his every call. This was, indeed, an achievement in management and diplomacy, rarely equalled by any other ruler in our, or in any other land.

XXIII

LINCOLN'S SPELLS OF GLOOM

FROM periods of depression and unhappiness brought on by the utter hopelessness of his surroundings to times when flight and disappearance and the possibility of self-destruction and suicide brought on by grief, caused by death of those close and near to him, and later on by the overwhelming catastrophes showered upon the armies of the Union—Lincoln's escape, unharmed and preserved, seemed nothing short of a miracle in that chain of extraordinary events which, linked together, constituted Lincoln's life. A series of tragic events and impressions from his early youth to his last day on earth—a number of unfortunate occurrences extending practically throughout his entire life, almost every link of which was a tragedy or a defeat or a rebuff or a disappointment, would have been more than sufficient to snuff out the will-power and ambition of the ordinary man.

His fifty-one years of life had but one momentary flash of real success and important victory, and that, too, was darkened by the gloomy prospect of early retirement—retirement because of duty honestly lived up to, and of oblivion which the trend of the times made almost certain.

The frequent lack of harmony, and misunderstanding under his own roof; his retreats to his little homely law office growing more frequent; his successive keen disappointments when he saw others pass him to places of preferment on the bench, in the governorship, in the House of Representatives, in the United States Senate—all had a tendency to deepen the gloom and the sadness with which he was beset and drive him to solitude—to long periods of gloom.

He never marched to success and distinction like others. There was ever a drawback, a disappointment, a heartache, to say the least. Was ever man subjected to a greater ordeal than Lincoln at Cooper Institute, when the aristocracy and the culture of the East were taking the measure of the crude frontier lawyer

of the West? We of today like to dwell upon his great achievement there, but how many of us think of the torture which was his when his own crudeness in speech, in manner, in dress, was so strongly brought home to him on this, his first appearance by the side of William Cullen Bryant, Henry Ward Beecher, David Dudley Field and Horace Greeley—to mention but a few of the men who were there to take his measure—and decide whether he was to become the anointed leader of the last Crusade to be inaugurated in the nineteenth century—a crusader at heart—without the shining armor and splendid caparisons of his competitors. We only know what he said there, thanks to his own precautions in fighting off amendments to that matchless text which became the creed of his followers. But what he suffered there, until his divine mission overcame his own nervousness and completely conquered and swept away all hostile criticism, has never been recorded. He had become immune to hostile criticism, most—if not all—of it unjust, from the days of his earliest youth. His deep humility was proof to all such shafts of fortune. We only know of his triumphal tour from Springfield to Washington. How many of us ponder the sadness of the parting—the evil portends echoed in a hostile press as he slowly proceeded to what seemed a hopeless task, as it then seemed to all with thousands of letters pouring in from all sections of the South, full of abuse, of threats, of imprecations, of assurances, that he would never occupy or hold the seat of Washington. Had he not heard how determined, how steeled, had become the leaders of the “Lost Cause,” then looking most promising to those who were opposed to everything Lincoln desired or hoped for?

Was ever a man in his place, who is about to receive his reward at the hands of his countrymen, ushered into his capital as was he? Washington came into his own amid the plaudits of a united and loving country, over flower-strewn aisles and under triumphal arches, like a conquering hero—and the prints and drawings of the triumphal progress look more like fairy tales than reality. An entire democracy saw Jefferson inaugurated. Untold thousands marched behind the hero of New Orleans as he came into his own, and almost demolished the White House furniture in their zeal to make their presence known and do honor to their hero—thus enthroned. It is only now that the entire story of Lincoln's entry into Washington has come to hand.

If there be any doubt, at this time, as to whether the conspiracy to assassinate Lincoln on his passage through Baltimore was real, was arranged, and would have taken place—and of course a hostile press at the time showered ridicule upon what they termed the cowardly appearance in Washington “like a thief in the night”—all such doubts must now disappear, in view of the complete reports of the small army of secret service men and detectives in the employ of Allan Pinkerton, together with the full reports of all connected with the railroad company, finally supplemented by the full report of the President of the road, now for the first time to be published in full, together with the notes of a reliable historian who verified the report in an interview with Lincoln himself. Mrs. Lincoln’s ordeal on the day she passed through Baltimore must not be forgotten; the actual search of the train for Lincoln, on the day when the train upon which he was expected to pass through Baltimore, must not be overlooked. And what the assassins and conspirators might and would have done, in league with the treacherous Chief of Police, may easily be imagined when it is known to be history that these conspirators attacked an armed regiment which was passing through Baltimore. The disclosure of the conspiracy, the preparation to avoid it, the comments of the press, the atmosphere in the city of Washington, which had the appearance of an armed camp, but added to the gloom which had definitely settled upon Lincoln. And little, or nothing, happened for years, which tended to dissipate the thick gloom which had settled upon the White House and its distinguished occupant.

And once in Washington, he came into an atmosphere of suspicion, treason, indecision, lack of faith and hope, and despair on all sides—despair for the preservation of the Union. Name one man who had a plan, who had the remotest notion of what to do next. The hidden influences of treason and disunion and dissolution were all working at fever heat. Ordinances of secession, convocations of hostile conventions, elections of Southern leaders, coalescing of Southern forces were proceeding apace led by men with a well-defined objective, manned and officered by men and by leaders, both civil and military, who had thought long and thoroughly about this day and about this event. The “day” was at last a reality—the “day” so long deferred had dawned at last.

Calhoun had sponsored the idea and argued it out to the last point. Hayne and Stephens and Yancey and Benjamin and Rhett had surrounded it with intellectual bulwarks and with a halo of justice and right, and patriotism and fighting for home and fire-side—such as few causes can boast. A loyal soldiery such as had never before been garnered and collected, ready for any task, was on hand, officered by men and officers who would easily fill the sagas or epics of any land.

All of this Lincoln knew and appreciated, as he was about to deliver his Inaugural Address in a city where every soldier and every available piece of artillery were planted on almost every roof and in every street and among the gloomy crowd, in order that the inauguration might be made possible.

Anxiously was every military man scanning the horizon of faces, to seek out the possible assassin who was to start the administration with blood and murder. The gloom deepened. The raw volunteer army seemed to shrink by constant and unending desertions. The new regiments so readily promised were so slow in arriving, that Lincoln, in his agony, exclaimed: "There are no regiments!"—"There is no North!"—"Why don't they come?" And then when they did begin to appear, they came through hostile territory which indicated in no uncertain terms the magnitude and the duration of the great storm. And then came the complaints, the heartless criticism from all over the country, which practically began the day after his election—which even more saddened the overburdened President.

But his measure of sorrow was by no means complete. He could understand treason as it appeared in the South, but he began to lose patience with treason in his own ranks. And still it multiplied and grew apace.

And then Bull Run and McDowell, who was the victim of the haste of the chorus of those who unreasonably called "On to Richmond!"

And then the intolerable period of General McClellan at the head of the army, with the disastrous Battles of the Seven Days; and then Pope and Burnside and Hooker, that trinity of incompetent blunderers who brought Lincoln as near to suicide and self-destruction as he ever came.

Here what Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, has to say,

as quoted by James R. Young, correspondent of the *New York Tribune*:

"When he became closeted with me (Stanton), on these visits, Mr. Lincoln would unbosom himself, and talk of his cares and woes. Several times he insisted that he ought to resign, and thus give the country an opportunity to secure someone better fitted to accomplish the great task expected of the President. Or, if he did not resign, he thought he ought to impress upon Congress the propriety of giving the absolute control of the army to some purely military man. It was during one of these moods that he conceived the idea of placing Hooker in command of the Army of the Potomac, and of vesting him with such power, that, in his opinion, he could not fail of success. He had a great idea of Hooker's ability as a soldier, and, in addition, he believed him to be an honest man and a sincere patriot. He wanted him to fight what he intended should be, and he felt would be, the closing battle of the war. Accordingly, when Hooker got under way, the news came that at Chancellorsville he would make his fight, Mr. Lincoln was in the greatest state of mental excitement. From the time that Hooker's army began its march, until the smoke of battle had cleared from the fatal field of Chancellorsville, he scarcely knew what it was to sleep.

"It will be remembered that the fight lasted three days. During the first two days, it looked as if Hooker was about to accomplish what so many generals before him had failed to do; but, early on the third day, the usual half-hour dispatches began to make matters look dark and ominous of defeat. That whole day, Mr. Lincoln was miserable. He ate nothing, and would see no one but me. As it grew dark, the dispatches ceased coming at all. Mr. Lincoln would walk from the White House to my department, and anxiously inquire for news from Hooker. With the going-down of the sun, a cold and drenching rain set in, which lasted through the night. At about seven o'clock, Mr. Lincoln ceased his visits to my department, and gave orders at the Executive Mansion that he would see no one before morning. An hour afterward, a dispatch of an indefinite character was received from Hooker, and I hurried with it to Mr. Lincoln's apartments. When I entered, I found him walking the floor, and his agonized appearance so terrified me that it was with difficulty that I could speak. Mr. Lincoln approached me like a man wild with anxiety and excitement, seized the dispatch from my hand, read it, and, his face slightly brightening, remarked: 'Stanton, there is hope yet!' At my solicitation, Mr. Lincoln accompanied me to the War Department, where he

agreed to spend the night, or until something definite was heard from Hooker. For five hours, the longest and most wearisome of my life, I waited, before a dispatch announcing the retreat of Hooker was received. When Mr. Lincoln read it, he threw up his hands and exclaimed: 'My God! Stanton, our cause is lost! We are ruined—we are ruined; and such a fearful loss of life! My God! this is more than I can endure!' He stood trembling visibly, his face of a ghastly hue, the perspiration standing out in big spots on his brow. He put on his hat and coat, and began to pace the floor. For five or more minutes he was silent, and then, turning to me, he said: 'If I am not about early to-morrow, do not send for me, nor allow anyone to disturb me. Defeated again, and so many of our noble countrymen killed! What *will* the people say?' As he finished, he started for the door. I was alarmed. There was something indescribable about the President's face and manner, that made me feel that my chief should not be left alone. How to approach him without creating suspicion was the thought of a second. Going up to him and laying my hand on his shoulder, I said: 'Mr. President, I too am feeling that I would rather be dead than alive; but is it manly—is it brave—that we should be the first to succumb? I have an idea: You remain here with me to-night. Lie down on yonder lounge, and, by the time you have had a few hours' sleep, I will have a vessel at the wharf, and we will go to the front, and see for ourselves the condition of the army.'

"The idea of visiting the army in person acted like a tonic. Mr. Lincoln instantly adopted the suggestion. The next morning, we left Washington, on a gunboat, for Hooker's command. On our return-trip, Mr. Lincoln told me that when he started to leave the War Department, on that evening, he had fully made up his mind to go immediately to the Potomac River, and there end his life, as many a poor creature—but none half so miserable as he was at the time—had done before him."

Weakened by the intolerable strain of all that happened around him, in the field, in the cabinet, in the War Office, in the Foreign Office, in Congress, in the crucial spots like St. Louis, New York, at Hampton Roads, and in a thousand other places—of all of which Lincoln was aware—and it is little wonder that the loss of his child came near undoing him physically and mentally.

And then, he had no one to rely on. All those whom he thought strong and reliable and loyal were but broken reeds. The light that beat upon the White House was so strong and fierce and blinding, that it required superhuman endurance and effort to withstand the

pressure. Lincoln and his wife were not exempt from suspicion. Slander fastened upon his home—upon his wife.

An anecdote related to Gen. Thomas L. James at the time he was Postmaster General in Garfield's Cabinet illustrates the supreme solitude of Lincoln. A member of the Senate Committee on the Conduct of the War in Lincoln's first Administration said to General James that as time passed the world would have clearer understanding of Lincoln's solitude, and the Senator went on to say, that his first understanding of Lincoln as a man of solitude was upon an occasion when the Senator was serving as a member of the Senate Committee on the Conduct of the War.

"‘You remember, doubtless,’ said the Senator to General James, ‘that during a crucial period of the war many malicious stories were in circulation, based upon the suspicion that Mrs. Lincoln was in sympathy with the Confederacy. These reports were inspired by the fact that some of Mrs. Lincoln's relatives were in the Confederate service. At last reports that were more than vague gossip were brought to the attention of some of my colleagues in the Senate. They made specific accusation that Mrs. Lincoln was giving important information to secret agents of the Confederacy. These reports were laid before my committee and the committee thought it an imperative duty to investigate them, although it was the most embarrassing and painful task imposed upon us.

"‘I had of course often met President Lincoln at the White House and been impressed by his command over himself and by the sense of authority and strength which he imparted to all who were in touch with him on matters of public business. I never saw the patient, anxious and wearied expression which some of my associates now and then noticed, but I did see and hear some of the unconventional ways and speech, of which the public heard so much.

"‘One morning our committee purposed taking up the reports that imputed disloyalty to Mrs. Lincoln. The sessions of the committee were necessarily secret. We had just been called to order by the Chairman, when the officer stationed at the committee room door opened it and came in with a half-frightened, half-embarrassed expression on his face. Before he had opportunity to make explanation, we understood the reason for his excitement, and were ourselves almost overwhelmed by astonishment. For at the

foot of the table, standing solitary, his hat in his hand, his tall form towering above the committee members, Abraham Lincoln stood. Had he come by some incantation, thus appearing of a sudden before us unannounced, we could not have been more astounded.

“The pathos that was written upon Lincoln’s face, the almost unhuman sadness that was in his eyes as he looked upon us, and above all an indescribable sense of his complete isolation—the sad solitude which is inherent in all true grandeur of character and intellect—all this revealed Lincoln to me and I think to every member of the committee in the finer, subtler light whose illumination faintly set forth the fundamental nature of this man. No one spoke, for none knew what to say. The President had not been asked to come before the committee, nor was it suspected that he had information that we were to investigate the reports, which, if true, fastened treason upon his family in the White House.

“At last Lincoln spoke, slowly, with infinite sorrow in his tone, and he said—

““I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, appear of my own volition before this Committee of the Senate to say that, I, of my own knowledge, know that it is untrue that any of my family hold treasonable communication with the enemy.”

“Having said that, Lincoln went away as silently and solitary as he came. We sat for some moments speechless. Then by tacit agreement, no word being spoken, the committee dropped all consideration of the rumors that the wife of the President was betraying the Union. We had seen Abraham Lincoln in the solemn and isolated majesty of his real nature. We were so greatly affected that the committee adjourned for the day.’”

Was ever public man, in whatever station, so deeply tried and tortured? No other man would have survived it, and how near it came destroying Lincoln himself we only begin to appreciate now that things may be told.

One need but observe his appearance as he took the oath of office, and his last picture, and we can see the havoc all of these epoch-making events made upon his giant frame. Many an event, many a problem, solved by Lincoln; many a State paper to illumine and make immortal any one of a score of the prosaic or uneventful administrations, which either preceded or succeeded him

—all these took their ransom out of his life, out of his strength, until he was compelled to flee from the sea of troubles to his one solace—to the Book of books, and compare himself to Job and be comforted.

And though the gloom had been thick and dense through almost four years, a ray of light here and there pierced the darkness about him. He maintained himself by punctuating his daily tasks, fierce, stubborn, unrelenting, military tasks—by deeds of mercy and kindness. He literally swam to the surface for air in the stifling atmosphere of death and dissolution, of destruction and despair.

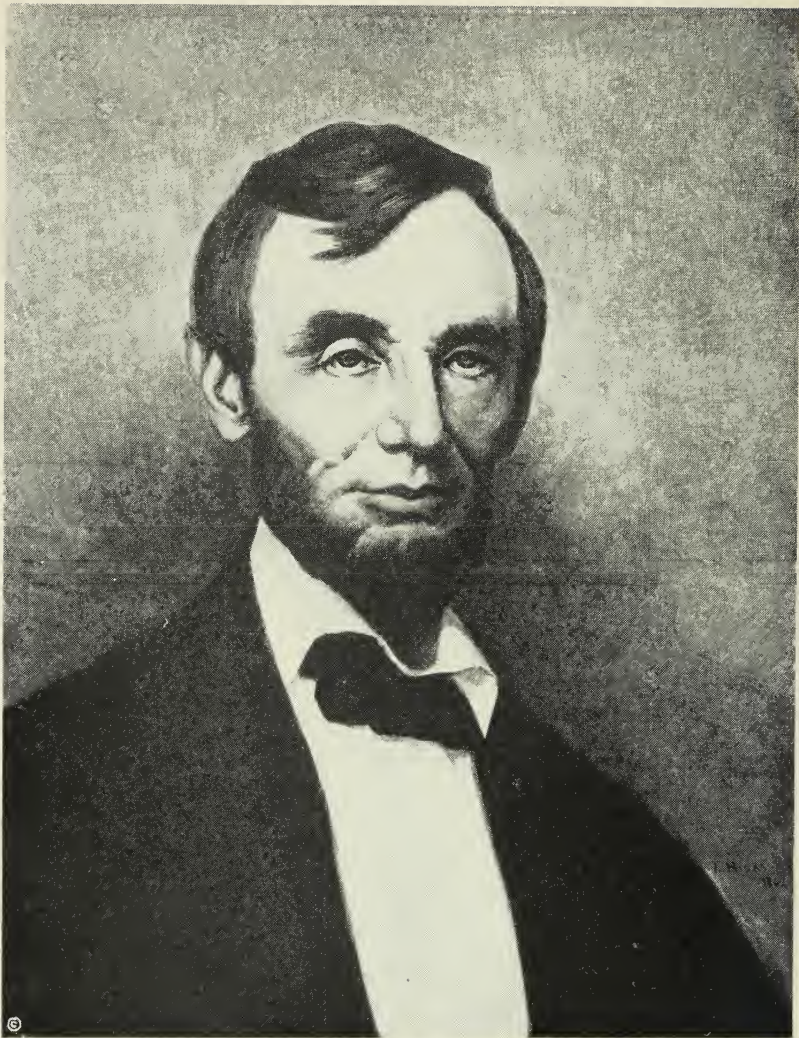
At last the gloom is dispelled, amidst the groans of tens of thousands of dying and wounded, amidst a hundred thousand mourning households, which finally reached almost every other home in the North, and practically every home in the South. Still, the gloom was lifted for a brief spell—a few days—and then he saw what he had hoped for and yearned for during an entire lifetime.

And then the gloom settled once more upon an entire nation which had at last come to see and understand what this sad, silent burden-bearer was striving for; what he was, what he wrought, what he accomplished, what he suffered, what he sacrificed in transforming this country into an instrument of government which was to do justice and pursue justice, in order that universal brotherhood may be brought nearer, and made clear to all, that in freeing the bondsmen they themselves became free.

Lincoln's epic is now complete. Had he lived— Who knows? Is this not an unholy speculation? He Who sent him to free a race and reunite a people in His wisdom took him hence in His own appointed time, and all we can say—as Lincoln said: "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

The following is a portion of a report of S. M. Felton, Superintendent of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railway now for the first time available, together with the notebook of Benson J. Lossing written in 1864 . . . giving Lincoln's own account of that eventful journey:

Immediately after this, the political horizon became overcast and everything betokened a coming storm. Mr. Lincoln was elected



Portrait by Thomas Hicks, N.A.
(In the Possession of Daniel W. Patterson)

President of the United States and the South almost in a body determined upon a rebellion, which for its deep-laid treachery and gigantic proportions has never been equalled in the history of the world.

There is evidence on record, that during the whole war, as well as before Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, plots were formed, from time to time, for his assassination, not only in this country but among the friends of the Conspirators in Europe. But, having in his heart, "charity toward all, and malice toward none," he could not believe that anybody would be so wicked as to deliberately murder him; and he never took a precaution against assassination voluntarily.

The following interesting account of early movements in the preparations for killing Lincoln and overturning the Government, were communicated to Benson J. Lossing, the historian, by S. M. Felton, the Superintendent of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railway. Mr. Felton's communication, dated November 15, 1867, is as follows, after speaking of the determination of the Southern politicians to rebel, after the election of Mr. Lincoln:

"My own business relations for the last ten years, as manager of a railroad connecting the North with the South, had brought me into relations somewhat intimate with Southern men. I saw trouble, and tried to avert it as far as I could by my personal influence. I advised on both sides a conservative policy, and endeavored, so far as I could, to bring both parties together by adjusting differences. The plot was, however, more deeply laid than appeared on the surface, and soon broke out in open rebellion. From this moment I did not hesitate to decide what course I was to pursue, and this was to support the Government with all the means at my disposal. I was importuned to remain neutral, and also to decline to place the road at the disposal of the Government for the transportation of troops and supplies; but I regarded such a course as no less treasonable than open rebellion. It soon came to my knowledge, first from rumors, and then from evidence which I could not doubt, that there was a deep-laid conspiracy to capture Washington, destroy all the avenues to it, from the north, east and west, and thus prevent the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln in the Capital of the country; and if this plot did not succeed,

then to murder him on his way to the Capital, and thus inaugurate a revolution which, they hoped, would end in establishing a Southern Confederacy, uniting all the slave States, while the North was to be divided into separate cliques, each striving for the destruction of the other.

“Early in the year 1861, Miss Dorothea Dix, Superintendent of the Sanitary Commission’s hospitals, came into my office on a Saturday afternoon. I had known her for some years, as one engaged in alleviating the suffering of the afflicted. Her occupation in Southern hospitals had brought her in contact with the prominent men South. She had become familiar with the structure of Southern society, and also with the working of its political machinery. She stated to me that she had an important communication to make to me personally. I listened attentively to what she had to say for more than an hour. She put in a tangible and reliable shape, by the facts she related, what before I had heard, in numerous and detached parcels. The sum of it all was, that there was then an extensive and organized conspiracy throughout the South, to seize upon Washington, with its archives and records, and then declare the Southern conspirators, *de facto*, the Government of the United States; at the same time they were to cut off all modes of communication between Washington and the North, East, and West, and thus prevent the transportation of troops, to wrest the Capital from the hands of the insurgents. Mr. Lincoln’s inauguration was thus to be prevented, or his life was to fall a sacrifice. In fact, she said troops were then drilling on the line of our own new road, the Washington and Annapolis line, and other lines of railroad. The men drilled were to obey the commands of their leaders, and the leaders were banded together to capture Washington.

“As soon as the interview was ended, I called Mr. N. P. Trist, who was then, and is now, in confidential relations with the railroad, into my office, and told him I wanted him to go to Washington that night and communicate these facts to General Scott. I also furnished him with some data for General Scott, as to the other routes to Washington, that might be adopted in case the direct route was cut off. One was the Delaware railroad to Seaford, and then up the Chesapeake and the Potomac to Washington; or to Annapolis, and thence to Washington; another to

Perryville, and thence by water to Annapolis, and thence to Washington. Mr. Trist left that night, and arrived in Washington at six the next morning. He immediately had an interview with General Scott, who, after listening to him, told him he had foreseen the trouble that was coming, and in October previous, had made a communication to President Buchanan predicting trouble at the South, and urging strongly the garrisoning of all the Southern forts and arsenals with forces sufficient to hold them, but that his advice had been unheeded and nothing had been done, and he feared nothing would be done; that he was powerless, and that he feared it would be necessary to inaugurate Mr. Lincoln at Philadelphia. He should, however, do all he could to bring troops to Washington, sufficient to make it secure; but he had no influence with the administration, and feared the worst consequences.

"Thus matters stood on Mr. Trist's visit to Washington, and thus they stood for some time afterward. A few days subsequently, a gentleman from Baltimore came out to Back River Bridge, on the railroad, about five miles east of the city, and told the bridge-keeper that he had come to give information, which had come to his knowledge, of vital importance to the road, which he wished communicated to me. The nature of this communication was, that a party was then organized in Baltimore for burning our bridges in case Mr. Lincoln came over the road, or in case we attempted to carry troops for the defense of Washington. This party had combustible materials then prepared to take out and pour over the bridges; that they were to disguise themselves as negroes, and be at the bridge just before the train, bringing Mr. Lincoln, arrived. The bridge was then to be burned, and the train attacked, and Mr. Lincoln to be put out of the way. This man appeared to be a gentleman, and in earnest, and honest in what he said; but he would not give his name, nor allow any inquiries to be made as to his name or exact abode, as he said his life would be in peril were it known that he had given this information. He said if we would not attempt to find him out, he would continue to come and give us information. He came, subsequently, several times, and gave items of information as to the movements of the Conspirators, but I have never been able to ascertain who he was.

"Immediately after the development of these facts, I went to Washington, and there met a prominent and reliable man from

Baltimore, who was well acquainted with Marshal Kane, then the chief of police. I was anxious to ascertain whether he was loyal and reliable, and made particular inquiries upon both these points. I was assured that he was perfectly reliable, whereupon I made known some few of the reports that had come to my knowledge in reference to the designs to burn the bridges, and requested that they should be laid before Marshal Kane, with a request that he should detail a police force to make the necessary investigation. Marshal Kane was seen, and it was suggested to him that there were reports of a conspiracy to burn the bridges and cut off Washington, and his advice was asked, as to the best way of ferreting out the Conspirators. He scouted the idea that there was any such thing on foot, said he had thoroughly investigated the whole matter, and there was not the slightest foundation for such rumors. Kane's manner of treating the subject satisfied me that he was not reliable.

"I then determined to have nothing more to do with him, but to investigate the matter in my own way, and at once sent for a celebrated detective, Allan Pinkerton, who resided in the West, and whom I had before employed in an important matter. He was a man of great skill and resources. I furnished him with a few hints only, and at once set him on the track, with eight assistants. There were then drilling on the line of the railroad, some three military organizations, professedly for home defense, pretending to be Union, and, in one or two instances, tendering their services to the railroad in case of trouble. Their propositions were duly considered, but the defense of the road was never intrusted to them. The first thing done by Pinkerton was to enlist a volunteer in each of these military companies. They pretended to come from New Orleans and Mobile, and did not appear to be wanting in sympathy for the South. They were furnished with uniforms at the expense of the road, and drilled as often as their associates in arms; became initiated into all the secrets of the organization, and reported every day or two to their chief, who immediately reported to me the designs and plans of the companies. One of these organizations was loyal, but the other two were disloyal and fully in the plot to destroy the bridges and march to Washington, to help wrest it from the hands of the legally constituted authorities. Every nook and corner on the road and its vicinity was explored

by the chief and his detectives, and the secret working of secession and treason made bare, and brought to light. Societies were formed in Baltimore, and various modes, known to and practiced only by detectives, were resorted to to win the confidence of the Conspirators and get into their secrets. The plan worked to a charm, and the midnight plottings and the daily consultations of the Conspirators were treasured up as a guide to our future plans for thwarting them.

"It turned out that all that had been communicated by Miss Dix and the gentleman from Baltimore rested upon a foundation of fact, and that the half had not been told. It was made certain by these investigations, as strong circumstantial and positive evidence could make it, that there was a plot to burn the bridges and destroy the road, and murder Mr. Lincoln on his way to Washington, if it turned out that he went there before troops were called. If troops were first called, then the bridges were to be burned, and Washington cut off and taken possession of by the South. I at once organized and armed a force of about two hundred men, whom I distributed along the line, between the Susquehanna and Baltimore, principally at the bridges. These men were drilled regularly by drill-masters, and were apparently employed in whitewashing the bridges, putting on some six or seven coats of wash, saturated with salt and alum, to make the outside of the bridges as nearly fire-proof as possible. This whitewashing, so extensive in its application, became the nine days' wonder of the neighborhood. Thus the bridges were strongly guarded and a train was arranged so as to concentrate all the forces at one point in case of trouble.

"The programme of Mr. Lincoln was changed, and it was decided that he should go to Harrisburg from Philadelphia, and thence over the Northern Central road by way of Baltimore, and thence to Washington. We were then informed by our detective that the attention of the conspirators was turned from our road to the Northern Central, and that they would there await the coming of Mr. Lincoln. This statement was confirmed by our Baltimore gentleman, who came out again, and said that their designs upon our road were postponed for the present, and until we carried troops, would not be renewed. Mr. Lincoln was to be waylaid on the line of the Northern Central road, and prevented

from reaching Washington, or his life was to fall a sacrifice to the attempt. Thus matters stood on the afternoon of his arrival in Philadelphia. I felt it my duty to communicate to him the facts that had come to my knowledge, and urge his going to Washington privately that night in our sleeping-car, instead of publicly two days after, as was proposed. I went to a hotel in Philadelphia, where I met the detective, Pinkerton, who was registered under an assumed name, and arranged with him to bring Mr. Judd, Mr. Lincoln's intimate friend, to his room, in season to arrange for the journey to Washington that night. One of our sub-detectives made three efforts to communicate with Mr. Judd while passing through the streets in the procession, and was three times arrested and carried out of the crowd by the police. The fourth time he succeeded, and brought Mr. Judd to the room at the hotel, where he met the detective-in-chief and myself. We lost no time in making known to him the facts which had come to our knowledge in reference to the conspiracy, and I most earnestly advised that Mr. Lincoln should go to Washington privately that night in our sleeping-car. Mr. Judd fully entered into the plan, and said he would urge Mr. Lincoln to adopt it. On his and Pinkerton's communicating with Mr. Lincoln after the services of the evening were over, he answered that he had engaged to go to Harrisburg and speak the next day, and he would not break his engagement, even in the face of such peril, but that after he had fulfilled the engagement he would follow such advice as we might give him in reference to his journey to Washington.

"It was then arranged by myself and Pinkerton that Mr. Lincoln should go to Harrisburg the next day, and make his address, after which he was apparently to retire to Governor Curtin's house for the night, but in reality to go to a point about two miles out of Harrisburg, on the Pennsylvania railroad, where an extra car and engine awaited to take him to Philadelphia. At the time of his retiring, the telegraph lines east, west, north and south from Harrisburg were cut, so that no message as to his movements could be sent off in any direction. Mr. Lincoln could not probably arrive in season for our regular train that left at 11 P.M., and I did not dare to send him by an extra, for fear of its being found out or suspected that he was on the road, and it became necessary for me to devise some excuse for the detention

of the train. But three persons on the road besides myself knew the plan. One of these, Mr. Wm. Stearns, I sent by an earlier train to say to the people of the Washington branch road that I had an important package which I was getting ready for the 11 P.M. train; that it was necessary I should have this package delivered in Washington early the next morning, without fail; that I was straining every nerve to get it ready by 11 o'clock, but in case I did not succeed, I should delay the train until it was ready, probably not more than half an hour, and I wished, as a personal favor, that the Washington train should await the coming of ours from Philadelphia, before leaving. This request was willingly complied with by the managers of the Washington branch, and Mr. Stearns, whom I had sent to Baltimore, so informed me by telegraph in cipher. The second person in the secret, Mr. H. F. Kenney, I sent to West Philadelphia, in company with Pinkerton, in a carriage, to await the coming of Mr. Lincoln. I gave him a package of old railroad reports, done up with great care with a great seal attached to it, and directed, in a fair round hand, to a person at Willard's 'E. J. Allen' (the assumed name of Pinkerton). I marked it 'very important, to be delivered without fail by 11 o'clock train,' indorsing my own name upon the package.

"Mr. Lincoln arrived in West Philadelphia, and was immediately taken into the carriage with Mr. Kenney and Pinkerton, and driven to within a square of our station, where Mr. Kenney jumped off with the package and waited till he saw the carriage drive up to the door and Mr. Lincoln and the detective get out and go in. He then came up and gave the package to the conductor, who was waiting at the door to receive it, in company with a police officer. Tickets had been bought beforehand for Mr. Lincoln and party to Washington, including a tier of berths in the sleeping-car. He passed between the conductor and the police officer at the door, and neither suspected who he was. The conductor remarked as he passed, 'Well, old fellow, it is lucky for you that our President detained the train to send a package by it, or you would have been left.' Mr. Lincoln and the detective being safely ensconced in the sleeping-car, and my package safely in the hands of the conductor, the train started for Baltimore, about fifteen minutes behind time. Our man number three,

George Stearns, started on the train to go to Baltimore, and hand it over, with its contents, to man number one, William Stearns, who awaited its arrival in Baltimore. Before the train reached Gray's Ferry bridge, and before Mr. Lincoln had resigned himself to slumber, the conductor came to George Stearns, and accosting him, said, 'George, I thought you and I were friends. Why did you not tell me Old Abe was on board?' George, thinking the conductor had, in some way, become possessed of the secret, answered: 'John, we are friends, and, as you have found it out, Old Abe is on board, and we will still be friends, and see him safely through.' John answered, 'Yes, if it costs me my life, he shall have a safe passage,' and so George stuck to one end of the car, and the conductor to the other every moment that his duties to the other passengers would admit of it. And Mr. Lincoln did arrive safely. It turned out, however, that the conductor was mistaken in his man. A man strongly resembling Mr. Lincoln had come down to the train about half an hour before it left, and bought a ticket to Washington, with a ticket for the sleeping-car. The conductor had seen him, and concluded he was the venerable 'Old Abe.' George delivered the sleeping-car and train over to William, in Baltimore, and William, as had been previously arranged, took his place at the back and rode to Washington, where he arrived on the rear of the sleeping-car, at about 6 A.M. on time, and saw Mr. Lincoln in the hands of a friend, safely delivered at Willard's, when he secretly ejaculated, 'God be praised!' He also saw my package of railroad reports marked 'highly important,' safely delivered into the hands for which it was intended. This being done, he performed his morning ablutions in peace and quiet, and enjoyed with unusual zest a breakfast at Willard's. At 8 o'clock, the time agreed upon, the telegraph wires were joined, and the first message flashed across the line was, 'Your package has arrived safely, and been delivered.—WILLIAM.' Then there went up from the writer of this a shout of joy, and a devout thanksgiving to Him from whom all blessings flow, and the few in the secret joined in a heartfelt amen. Thus began and ended a chapter in the history of the Rebellion that has never been before written, but about which there have been many hints, including a report that Lin-

coln wore a Scotch cap and riding cloak, &c., neither of which had any foundation in truth. Mr. Lincoln was safely inaugurated, after which I discharged our detective force, and also the semi-military whitewashers, and all was quiet and serene again on the railroad."

While portions of Felton's statement have been used, his entire report has never been published. His patriotic service after his main work, which in itself is of vast importance, has never been referred to by any of the historians of the Civil War. But when this is supplemented, as it is, by Lossing's notebook, it becomes a historical item of the very first importance. Newspapermen and cartoonists at the time, and hostile critics, have taken liberties with the facts which constitute the true story of Lincoln's trip between Harrisburg and Washington. It remained for Benson J. Lossing, the historian, to clarify it. On December 7, 1864, he called on the President with Congressman Arnold of Illinois, and asked Lincoln himself to tell the story of that famous, though up to that time mysterious, trip. Lossing had his notebook with him and transcribed what Lincoln had to say on the subject.

This interview and the permanent record thus made dispose, for all time to come, of the petty and unfair attacks and insinuations as to the manner and motives of the secret trip of the President-elect from Harrisburg to Washington, and leaves the entire collection of cartoons and editorial and gossip, as well as all imputations of cowardice to Lincoln, in the same dubious position as to its claim to history as are some of the tales of Munchausen, some of which are so cleverly told as to have the verisimilitude of fact and not of fiction in its finest form.

In all of the accounts of Lincoln's much-commented-on transit from Harrisburg to Washington for his first inauguration not a word is anywhere spoken or written about Mrs. Lincoln and as to what she had to say at the sudden change in the program. In view of the fact that she was consulted in every important decision of his life, the silence on the subject is strange indeed and is now broken for the first time by a quotation from a letter written by Alex. K. McClure, a prominent Pennsylvania political leader and journalist of the time, on May 9, 1907, though al-

most half a century intervened between the event and his written statement about Mrs. Lincoln on that trying occasion :

"I first met Mrs. Lincoln at Harrisburg on the 22nd of February, 1861, when Lincoln was on his way to Washington to be inaugurated as President. You are familiar with the story of his midnight journey from Harrisburg to Washington by way of Philadelphia when his published route was to go the next morning over the Northern Central through York and Baltimore to the Capital. I was then a member of the Pennsylvania Senate and Chairman of the Lincoln state committee that had fought the battle, and won out for Curtin in October, which assured the election of Lincoln in November. Lincoln was received by both branches of the Legislature in the hall of the house and delivered a speech, and some seventeen or eighteen dined with him at five o'clock in the afternoon at the Jones Hotel where Curtin gave the dinner to Lincoln. Of those that were at that dinner I believe I am the only survivor.

"It was at that dinner that it was determined that Lincoln should be sent surreptitiously through to Washington that night. He was accompanied by Colonel Sumner, Colonel Lamon, Norman Judd and several others with his wife and three children. When it was decided to change Lincoln's route that night secrecy was a supreme necessity, as if his assassination had been planned in Baltimore; spies would doubtless follow him everywhere and it was necessary to get Lincoln out of the city without any suspicion that could be communicated by spies. To our utter surprise Mrs. Lincoln became very unmanageable. She suspected that some movement was going on and insisted that if Mr. Lincoln's route was changed she must accompany him, and spoke publicly about it in disregard of the earnest appeals to her for silence. Prompt action was required in such an emergency, and several of us simply hustled her into her room with Colonel Sumner and Norman Judd, chairman of the Lincoln campaign in Illinois and locked the door on the outside. The men with her explained what was to be done and forced her to silence as she could not get out of the door. I accompanied Colonel Scott to the railroad to make the arrangements for the special car to take the President to Philadelphia, and he hurriedly cleared one track to the city and communicated in cipher with the Superintendent of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroad, and personally cut the wires, all of which went through the Pennsylvania Railroad depot at that time.

"I thought Mrs. Lincoln was simply a hopeless fool and was so disgusted with her conduct that evening that I never spoke to her

afterwards during her life. I have taken ladies to her receptions but never spoke to her on such occasions. I did her an injustice because she was unbalanced in mind and not responsible.

"She was a consuming sorrow to Mr. Lincoln, yet he bore it all with unflagging patience. She was sufficiently unbalanced to make any error possible and many probable, but not sufficiently so as to dethrone her as mistress of the White House. She was vain, passionately fond of dress and wore her dresses shorter at the top and longer at the train than even fashions demanded. She had great pride in her elegant neck and bust, and grieved the President greatly by her constant display of her person and her fine clothes. She was the easy prey of adventurers, of which the war developed an unusual crop, and many times they gained such influence over her as to compromise her very seriously, and especially in matters relating to the war. There is every reason to believe that the South obtained information from her, very innocently given, that was of great importance to the Confederates. The friends of Mr. Lincoln all knew the situation and her failings were overlooked, although few, if any, of Mr. Lincoln's close political friends entertained the respect for Mrs. Lincoln that should have been accorded the Mistress of the White House. Some were offensive in their criticisms. Bluff old Ben Wade, then one of the leading Republican Senators, when asked by her to attend a reception at the White House that was to end in a dance, his answer was: "Madam, I don't dance in a beleaguered capital." Intimately as I knew Mr. Lincoln and frankly as he spoke to me of almost everything in which he was interested, I never heard him speak of Mrs. Lincoln. I cannot recall a single instance in which he ever referred to her in our conversation.

"The most disgraceful of all Mrs. Lincoln's many crazy acts was done immediately after his death. The body of Lincoln was a month or so on the journey from Washington to Springfield, as the body remained a day or so in state in all the leading cities on the route, and Mrs. Lincoln did not accompany it. She remained in Washington and did not go home until about the time of the arrival of the special train with Lincoln's remains, and she was thus two or three weeks in the White House, and when she left, Andrew Johnson came in as President with Mrs. Patterson, his daughter, whose husband was then a United States Senator from Tennessee, as Mistress of the White House. Thaddeus Stevens was chairman of the appropriations in the House and Fernando Wood was the leading Democratic member of the same committee. Soon after entering the White House, Mrs. Patterson addressed a note to Mr. Stevens requesting him to call at the White House and see her. She was a very accomplished and respected

woman, and Stevens promptly responded. She told him that she desired to confer with him confidentially on a matter of very delicate moment, and said that the best way to present it was to take him through the different rooms of the White House. She did so, and Stevens saw that nearly all the rooms had been dismantled and that the house was positively unfurnished and uninhabitable. Mrs. Lincoln had shipped almost everything that could be shipped to her home in Springfield. Stevens was greatly distressed and especially concerned to avoid publicity of a scandal. Wood was a broad-gaged man and Stevens took him into his confidence, told him frankly the situation and suggested that Stevens should propose in their committee and Wood second it to make an appropriation of \$75,000 to improve the furnishings of the White House, putting it upon the ground that it was usual to do so when a new President came in. It was managed so adroitly by Stevens and Wood that not a single member of the Committee knew the special reasons for the appropriation, nor did the House or the Senate, and in that way the White House was again made habitable.

"Mrs. Lincoln had no use for most of the things she had taken and few of them were ever opened or taken into her home. Soon after her arrival at her home in Springfield, she startled the country and her family by advertising an auction sale of her dresses in New York. She had many of them and most of them very costly. Of course, Robert Lincoln and other friends interposed and had the thing stopped. She gradually became weaker mentally and finally some years before her death she had to be under special surveillance and part of the time in an institution for the insane. In fact she was mentally unbalanced when she came to Washington and seemed to have been so, I think, all her life. Lincoln was devoted to her and shielded her with tireless fidelity that was even pathetic, but the plain truth is that he had a crazy wife when he entered the Presidency, and many as were his sorrows because of the war and bloody struggle for the preservation of the Union, the crowning sorrow to one of his domestic tastes and love of home and family, was the dark shadow that Mrs. Lincoln cast upon his life.

"I give you these facts, having entire confidence in your discretion as to the use of them, and assured that I will not at all be quoted.

"Yours truly,
"A. K. McCCLURE."



Lincoln and Tad
(From the Collection of Frederick Hill Meserve)

XXIV

LINCOLN AND TAD

THE White House in Lincoln's time was not a lonesome place, any more than it is today. The human tides of a nation ebbed and flowed daily about its doors. Men and women waited patiently for hours for a word from the Emancipator, for a glance from him as he passed down the corridors. The Cabinet came in solemn state. Diplomats, politicians, journalists, foreign and domestic, generals, private soldiers, office-seekers, the curious throng which always swarms about greatness—there was never any lack of them. The humor and tragedy of a nation in its supreme agony centred about the White House.

Yet, though many people came to see the President, few came to see Lincoln. Few—very few—really came close to him. We realize this when we read the story of his life as President. Comparatively little has come out regarding the more intimate and personal side of it—about his relations with his children and with his troubled and much-criticized wife.

It is a fact that though he had a heart big enough to love and pity all humanity, and that though his friends were numberless, only one outstanding man, beyond his own family circle, really found his way into his heart. That shining exception was Ellsworth—once a clerk in Lincoln's law office in Springfield, then the dashing commander of the New York Fire Zouaves. This gentle spirit had first attracted attention, before the war, when, as a hobby, he organized a company of Zouaves in Chicago, drilled them to perfection and then toured the country giving exhibitions. Every man in the company was pledged not to smoke, drink, swear or indulge in excesses of any kind. Ellsworth went to Springfield in 1860, and naturally devoted more time to pushing his chief's candidacy for the Presidential nomination than he did to the law. Next to his son Tad, Lincoln came to love Ellsworth. In all but the name, Ellsworth really was his son.

So, before we come to Tad, let us look at the letter Lincoln wrote Ellsworth the day after the surrender of Fort Sumter:

Ever since the beginning of our acquaintance I have valued you highly as a personal friend, and at the same time (without much capacity of judging) have had a very high estimate of your military talent. Accordingly, I have been, and still am anxious for you to have the best position in the military which can be given you, consistently with justice and proper courtesy toward the older officers of the army. I cannot incur the risk of doing them injustice, or a discourtesy; but I do say they would personally oblige me if they could and would place you in some position, or on some service, satisfactory to yourself.

Had this young man lived he would have attained dizzy heights, indeed. He was but one among thousands of young men clamoring for a chance, but he was the one Lincoln most wanted to befriend. But his career was brief. Going to New York City, he organized a regiment of Zouaves from among the firemen and led them to the front. On the night of May 24, 1861, the Federal troops occupied Alexandria, Va. Ellsworth mounted to the roof of the Marshall House, hauled down the Confederate flag and was descending the stairs with the banner wrapped round his body when the hot-tempered proprietor of the hotel shot him dead. He lay in state in the White House, and Lincoln grieved.

With Ellsworth struck down on the very threshold of his career, a great void, which could not be filled, was opened in Lincoln's heart. His sons, little William and Tad, shared in the family's grief, and Willie wrote a poem about the dead friend. But the overburdened Lincoln was not to be spared another and harder blow; in 1862 Willie died, and for a time the President hovered on the brink of physical and mental collapse. Willie and Tad, between them, had brought what little sunshine there was into the sad and sorrow-laden home which the White House had become. And Lincoln knew from these two deaths—though he was the last man in the world to need a lesson in human sympathy—what the fathers and mothers of the North and South were undergoing.

For a time it seemed that Tad, too, might be taken, but when he fell sick the entire household, as it seemed, turned to and nursed him back to health. During the trying year of 1863, when

the boy was only ten years old, he brought almost the only comfort Lincoln knew. His was the only touch of youth and light-heartedness the White House had. He became his father's constant companion, and the President was accessible to him at all times, as to no one else. The magnetism of the little fellow was irresistible to others besides Lincoln. He found his way into the hearts of such solemn men as the stately Senator from Massachusetts, Charles Sumner, who seemed to have assumed a kind of guardianship over him.

As for the pompous and irascible Stanton, he soon became converted and even grew accustomed to Tad's irreverent interruptions of conferences and Cabinet meetings. Stanton actually issued a Colonel's commission to Tad, empowering the young rascal to raise and train a regiment among the employés of the White House and the host of urchins he knew and picked up in the vicinity. Tad's originality in the invention of fun and mischief was boundless. Once he opened a stand in front of the entrance to the Executive Mansion grounds, on Pennsylvania Avenue, and did a thriving business in small articles and knickknacks among all who came to call. None of them who knew the lad and were aware of the love Lincoln had for him could refuse him. Of course, the profitable venture was closed out the moment Mrs. Lincoln learned that the son of the President of the United States had turned merchant.

Another incident was associated with the sad memory of Ellsworth's death. When the body of the young Colonel was brought back from Alexandria the Confederate flag, to secure which he had given his life, was brought with him and remained in the possession of the Lincolns. One day when the Union armies had met with victory Tad hung this blood-stained banner from a front window of the White House. Soon one of Mrs. Lincoln's friends came hurrying in with the shocking news that the "rebel" colors were flying from the one house in the country on which they certainly least belonged. So the trophy was hauled in, much to Tad's bewilderment and dismay.

Tad kept the White House employés busy—almost as busy as the Roosevelt children did a generation later. The gardener, the butler, the coachman, the cook and the rest of the household staff, including the President's secretaries, were not allowed to

forget that young Thomas Lincoln was about and had to be reckoned with. There was no keeping him out of anywhere. He would follow his father to the War Office and to the telegraphers' office, and break in with his childish talk upon the news of battle and of doom. Once he went with Mr. Lincoln to the Navy Yard to see Captain (later Admiral) Dahlgren, inventor of the famous "soda-water-bottle" gun, and a great favorite with all the Lincolns. Tad became interested in one of the miniature models and next day the Captain received this note:

Captain Dahlgren may let Tad have . . . the little gun that he cannot hurt himself with.

A. LINCOLN.

But at ten Tad was old enough to conduct a correspondence for himself, and this he began to do, at first in his old childish handwriting, then by imposing upon the good nature of his father's secretaries. His own writing was legible, but he apparently rather liked the official stamps and endorsements which went with the formal correspondence of the White House.

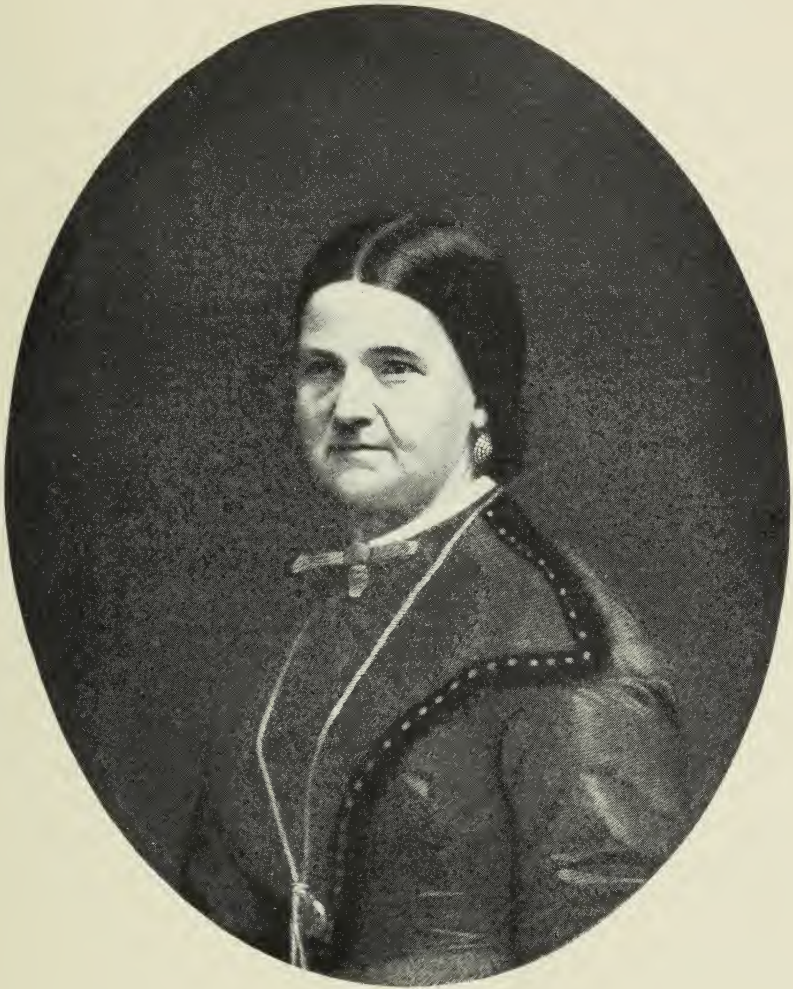
Here we are able to present for the first time several of Tad's letters, the first two in his own autograph, the others written by one of the secretaries. They bring the little boy back as almost nothing else could. The first runs as follows:

Executive Mansion, Washington, Oct. 4th. Gus Gumpert 1226 Chestnut Street Philadelphia Gus I want to know about that box you was to send me. Please let me know right away if you Please And Oblidge Col Tad Lincoln.

The punctuation is Tad's and so is the spelling. The message was apparently sent by wire, for it bears the stamp of the military telegraph. What was in the box we unfortunately do not know. Incidentally, Tad signed himself "Col Thomas Lincoln." Some other person, apparently thinking that "Gus" might be mystified, crossed the "Thomas" out and inserted "Tad."

Tad's literary style was not polished but it was crisp and to the point, as in this example, written on official White House stationery:

Thomas W. Sweney No. 1231 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia Come in as soon as possibly Thomas Lincoln White House Answer right away.



Mrs. Lincoln
(From an Engraving by William Sartain)

This, too, went by military telegraph. The matter was too important for the mails!

Another message to the faithful Gumpert is dated October 6, 1864. It reads as follows:

Dear Gumpert: I send Thomas Cross to see you about the Carriage Bill. It was sent to me and I ant got any money to pay the man with. And oblidge Thomas Lincoln, Your Friend Tad.

Tad's next communication, dated November 30, 1864, is again to "Gus," though the secretary this time had made it "Mr. Gomphert." It is addressed to the Brevoort House, New York, where Mrs. Lincoln seems to have been staying at the time, and is a brief but dignified expression of impatience at this good friend's absence. It reads:

Please inform me when you will be here. Thomas Lincoln.

Next comes another message to Sweeney, this time somewhat verbose for a boy as sparing of the written word as Tad was:

Dear Coll. I have found a pony to suit me. Please therefore, come on this evening so that you may be able to see him tomorrow. Truly yours, Thomas Lincoln. Answer on receipt.

Tad was a born executive. He could not have other people dallying around when serious matters were up and he was in a hurry. On April 24, 1864, John Hay, then one of the President's secretaries, copied another of Tad's messages to Mr. Sweeney at the Continental Hotel in Philadelphia:

Please send me the money to pay for the double Sett of harness—viz. \$36.00. I bought it at the Same place that you purchased my wagon at. Yours truly, Thomas Lincoln. Per J. H. Please send the above to Gus. Gumpers. *Answer soon.*

The last two words are underscored in the original. The message also contains some cryptic annotations in a second handwriting which seem to indicate that it was dispatched at 8:50 P.M. by Mr. Lincoln's other secretary, John G. Nicolay. Neither Tad nor anyone else seems to have decided precisely how "Gus's" last name should be spelled, and in this instance Nicolay's name is spelled with an "h" after the "c." But even in 1864 the great days of free-and-easy spelling, for boys and grown-ups alike,

were not quite over. Even Lincoln could spell "territory" with only two "r's."

The last of our Tad messages is the simplest and saddest of all. It was written to the faithful Sweeney, to be sent by military telegraph on April 25, 1865. Eleven days earlier John Wilkes Booth had fired the shot that had stilled Lincoln's loving heart forever. Horses and guns and Colonels' uniforms have no charms for lonely little Tad now. He writes:

Please send me that new suit of Black to fit me—one size larger than that Gus. gave me & oblige T. Lincoln.

Perhaps the signature is the most touching part of the message. Abraham Lincoln had always signed himself "A. Lincoln." And his small son perhaps could not bear to write the name "Tad," by which his father had always called him. Maybe he saw himself, even more than his elder and more serious brother Robert, stepping, in childish fancy, into his father's shoes. He had to be dignified and grown-up now—he was no longer "Tad" but "T. Lincoln."

So ended Tad's White House days. It can be said of him that more than any other youngster of the White House he made an impression of lasting charm upon all who had anything to do with him. It must have been a source of amusement to his overworked father to see how this boy leveled all stations of society and spoke to Sumner or Stanton or Welles as he spoke to the gardener or coachman or doorman. To him the United States—at least the part of it he knew—was a real democracy, where all equally contributed to his eventful childish life.

After the assassination he became one of his distracted mother's greatest comforts. Mrs. Lincoln talked to him and when they were separated wrote to him in season and out of season. He was the one connecting link between the dead and the poor woman who was never the same in mind or body after the fatal Good Friday. But the youngster, too, began to fail. As in the case of his mother, a permanent gloom seemed to have settled upon him; like her, he never recovered from the shock of the loss of his beloved father. He found no answer to his constantly repeated questions, "Why did they kill him? Why did he have to die?"

Tad's life had been wound up in Lincoln's; he had sustained

and cheered the weary President with his laughter and his love; had served his country, in his way, as much as any real Colonel leading troops into battle.

Irony surrounded the final tragedy of the Lincolns. Once, before the Black Friday of 1865, Tad had made his way unnoticed to the stage of Ford's Theatre, where a patriotic meeting was being held, and was not observed by the enthusiastic audience until his small figure was seen at the footlights with a flag in each hand. He may well have stood on the very spot where John Wilkes Booth was later to rise to his feet, with his melodramatic shout of *Sic semper tyrannis*.

Robert Lincoln was away at school during much of his father's stay in the White House, and aside from a few visits during holidays he was a stranger there. When at the end of his course at Harvard he did return he became attached to General Grant's staff and did not finally come home to Washington until the close of the war.

In later years he frequently visited the box in which Lincoln was shot and sat there long hours trying to figure out what might have happened had he been there. Could Booth have opened the door with another chair in the box? Would Robert's presence have hindered the assassin, gained time and diverted the bullet? In those long meditations perhaps Robert thought of little Tad, too, and remembered him as he was on that day when he waved his flags and cheered, on the stage of this very theatre, because the war would soon be over and his father would be happy again.

One does not know. But one does know that it is hard to think of Lincoln in his gentler moments without also thinking of Tad. For from Tad, Lincoln drew some of the strength which held him to his appalling tasks and made him more than ever determined to relieve the lot of those millions of children who were born in slavery and who but for him might have remained in slavery.

XXV

THE CHILDREN'S LINCOLN

EVERY now and then we see the intensely human side of Abraham Lincoln. His endless love for children, for the weak, for the suffering, is evidenced by constantly appearing new materials which have been hidden these many years. Tad, his young son, figures in a great many of these documents. Among the great number of people who came from every part of the country and from abroad, and in the midst of the most epoch-making events of which he was the central figure, he finds time to look after the childish hopes and indulges the pranks of his young son. He ever extended every manner of privilege to this lovable boy. Stanton supplies him with the military paraphernalia of an officer in the army to enable him to muster in his boy companions into the service under the regulations of the War Department, and supplies the uniforms and weapons and the small pony for the youthful commander, of all of which the overworked President takes fatherly notice. If Tad is sick, he must be bribed into taking his medicine, and hence a check for five dollars on the Riggs Bank is written by Lincoln. And here is the check which produced the desired effect, and his brother's letter explaining its purpose—a check as whimsical and extraordinary as that other one given to the colored boy with one leg:

"No. 79	Washington, D. C.	March 10, 1862
	Riggs & Co.	
Pay to "Tad" (when he is well enough to present)		
	or bearer	
Five	dollars	
\$5.00	A. LINCOLN."	

This check is drawn on Riggs & Co.—the Presidential bank for many generations.

Robert T. Lincoln authenticates the check, and explains the reason why it was given to Tad:

"An autograph check of my father's which by its date and wording was evidently given to bribe my brother (when nine years old) to take his medicine."

These, and similar valuable mementos given by President Lincoln so naturally, and with so little premeditation, and which accumulated during those eventful years, were thus distributed to people from every corner of the land who wrote to Robert T. Lincoln and requested a remembrance in the form of some writing by the hand of his great father. These he forwarded to anyone who asked for them—author, newspaperman, collector, biographer—while they lasted, and of course no record was kept as to what they were as they were being sent out.

Tad was in the habit of roaming through the Departments, and loved to accompany his father and would suddenly appear or break in upon important Cabinet meetings or conferences, without invitation. A Cabinet officer, a United States Senator—be he Stanton or Sumner—meant little to Tad. He was on splendid terms with all. The life of the war-weary chieftain seemed to have been bound up in the life of this little fellow; hence the numerous portraits with Tad. After the death of Willie the two became almost inseparable, and while those around him were frequently annoyed at the restless youngster on Lincoln's lap, and on a number of occasions gave vent to their displeasure at the frequent interruptions caused by the appearance of Tad at these inopportune moments, the man of many sorrows found relief in the childish talk and drolleries of his young son.

Mrs. Lincoln, too, made use of Tad for the purpose of summoning the President to a much-delayed meal, while the family was waiting for the end of an interview or for the termination of the hearing of a petition. When Mrs. Lincoln could stand the strain of waiting no longer, she ordered Tad to fetch his father, and he generally succeeded, even if he had to drag his father by the coat tails.

When away from Washington, the President's mind was ever occupied with Tad and the members of his family. He would telegraph from Washington to Mrs. Lincoln in Philadelphia:

"Think you better put Tad's gun away. I had an ugly dream about him."

And his trips away from Washington were always interrupted by short telegraphic messages to his wife, having to do with the welfare and health of the family. There are a great many of those.

Here are a few typical messages. After a fall from a carriage, Mrs. Lincoln was severely injured, and he sends Robert the following message:

"Don't be uneasy; your mother very slightly hurt by her fall.
A. LINCOLN."

The following shows how he thought of the comfort and health of Mrs. Lincoln:

"Mrs. A. LINCOLN, Continental Hotel:

Do not come on the night train. It is too cold. Come in the morning.
A. LINCOLN."

"Executive Mansion, Washington, June 11, 1863.

Mrs. LINCOLN, Philadelphia:

Your three dispatches received. I am very well, and am glad to hear that you and Tad are so.
A. LINCOLN."

"Executive Mansion, Washington, June 15, 1863.

Mrs. LINCOLN, Philadelphia, Pa.:

Tolerably well. Have not rode out much yet, but have at last got new tires on the carriage wheels, and perhaps shall ride out soon now.
A. LINCOLN."

"War Department, Washington, September 21, 1863.

Mrs. A. LINCOLN, Fifth Avenue Hotel,
New York:

The air is so clear and cold, and apparently healthy, that I would be glad for you to come. Nothing very particular, but I would be glad to see you and Tad.
A. LINCOLN."

To the following message of Mr. Lincoln's his wife replies:

"New York, December 4, 1863.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

President United States:

Reached here last evening; very tired and severe headache. Hope to hear you are doing well. Expect a telegraph to-day.

Mrs. LINCOLN."

"Executive Mansion, Washington, December 5, 1863.

MRS. A. LINCOLN,
Metropolitan Hotel, New York.
All doing well.

A. LINCOLN."

"New York, December 6, 1863.

A. LINCOLN:

Do let me know immediately how Taddie and yourself are. I will be home by Tuesday without fail; sooner if needed.

MRS. LINCOLN."

When Mrs. Lincoln repeats her inquiry:

"New York, December 6, 1863.

EDWARD McMANUS,
Executive Mansion:

Let me know immediately exactly how Mr. Lincoln and Taddie are.
MRS. LINCOLN, Metropolitan Hotel."

Lincoln reassures her:

"Executive Mansion, Washington, December 7, 1863.

MRS. A. LINCOLN,
Metropolitan Hotel, New York:

All doing well. Tad confidently expects you to-night. When will you come?

A. LINCOLN."

"New York, December 7, 1863.

A. LINCOLN:

Will leave here positively at 8 A.M. Tuesday morning. Have carriage waiting at depot in Washington at 6 P.M. Did Tad receive his book? Please answer.

MRS. LINCOLN."

"Executive Mansion, Washington, December 7, 1863.

MRS. A. LINCOLN,
Metropolitan Hotel, New York:

Tad has received his book. The carriage shall be ready at 6 P.M. tomorrow.

A. LINCOLN."

On one occasion Mrs. Lincoln telegraphed from New York:

"New York City,
April 28, 1864.

HON. A. LINCOLN,
President United States:

We reached here in safety. Hope you are well. Please send me by mail to-day a check for \$50, directed to me, care Mr. Warren Leland, Metropolitan Hotel, N. Y. Tad says are the goats well?

MRS. LINCOLN."

Lincoln replies promptly:

"Executive Mansion, Washington, April 28, 1864.

MRS. A. LINCOLN,
Metropolitan Hotel, New York:

The draft will go to you. Tell Tad the goats and father are very well—especially the goats.

A. LINCOLN."

Lincoln, as well as Tad, was very fond of the pair of "White House Goats." On warm bright days the father and son would play with these pets in the yard for an hour at a time. To Mrs. Keckley, a seamstress employed by Mrs. Lincoln, the President one day said: "Come here and look at my two goats; see how they sniff the clear air and skip and play in the sunshine. Whew, what a jump!" as one of them made a lofty spring. "He feeds on my bounty and jumps for joy," continued the President. "Do you think we could call him a bounty-jumper? My goat is far above him, the man who enlists into the service for a consideration, and deserts the moment he receives his money, but to repeat the play, is bad enough. See, my pets recognize me"—as the two goats advanced and gazed up into the window, shaking their heads. "There they go again. What jolly fun!" and he laughed outright as the goats went skittering across the green.

In the following telegram, later the same year, he mentioned the goats again:

"War Department, Washington, September 8, 1864.

MRS. A. LINCOLN, Manchester, Vermont:

All well, including Tad's pony and the goats. Mrs. Col. Dimmick died night before last. Bob left Sunday afternoon. Said he did not know whether he should see you.

A. LINCOLN."

On the occasion of one of his visits to the army, the President sent his wife the following:

"Executive Mansion, Washington, June 24, 1864.

Mrs. A. LINCOLN, Boston, Mass.:

All well and very warm. Tad and I have been to General Grant's army. Returned yesterday safe and sound.

A. LINCOLN."

Some two months later there was another despatch, showing Lincoln's love for Tad, and his family:

"War Department,
Washington,
August 31, 1864.

Mrs. A. LINCOLN, Manchester, Vt.:

All reasonably well. Bob is not here yet. How is dear Tad?

A. LINCOLN."

That Lincoln, even when occupied by the great cares of State, never forgot to look after the comfort of Mrs. Lincoln may be seen from a message—one of many—from City Point where he was conferring with Grant and others—to Stanton—announcing the arrival of Mrs. Lincoln in Washington, and asking Stanton to see that the coachman was to await the arrival of Mrs. Lincoln to Washington:

"City Point, Va.,
April 1, 1865, 1 P.M.

HON. EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War:

..... Mrs. Lincoln has started home, and I will thank you to see that our coachman is at the arsenal wharf at 8 o'clock tomorrow morning, there to wait until she arrives.

A. LINCOLN."

Among the numerous treatises and papers on Lincoln, these seemingly unimportant events appear to have been overlooked, and a great deal has been written about imaginary differences between the two. The tendency of historians rushing to the high spots, and to treat them exhaustively, has seemed to have crowded out mention of these human traits, which showed the father, the husband and the one member of the family who yearned for love,

for affection and for companionship of the children about him. It is amazing with how many children he actually came into contact, and how many play about the bronze images of the great man, now that he is no more.

From the groups of children he used to meet in Springfield, to the little girl who wrote asking him about whether he had a daughter, and why he did not grow a beard in order to enhance his looks, to the great number who came to see him in Washington, and for many a one he had a good or loving word, or a pat on the head, or a kiss—an entire literature might be assembled dealing with Lincoln and the children. There is a poem-story of two children talking about their heroes. The little girl was especially awed by kings, and listened to tales of Alfred the Great, and William the Conqueror. Lincoln was the idol of the little boy. "Was Lincoln a King?" asked the little girl; when "no" came slowly from the lad, and thoughtfully; then with a start: "He wasn't a King—outside," he said, "but I think he was in his heart."

Here is a hero in homespun, a human being without the accoutrements of war, no armor-clad soldier; no storming of castles and climbing of walls—just plain Abe Lincoln, "Honest Abe," who worked even as these little ones work, who strove for advancement even as these future young citizens strive. They understood him. They see his plain garments and find themselves at home with one of their own, an older brother, so to say. And so the human appeal is so much more intense because of the simplicity of the hero, because of the open book of his great achievements. Mercy is the great equalizer, not cruelty, not heroism at the expense of others—mercy which benefits others, raises him who exercises that Divine attribute to these heights, which are reached by these chosen few, of whom Lincoln is one of the noblest examples—ever full of mercy and full of love for his fellowman.

The child and the mother were the two figures which moved his great heart to pity and to some of his noble deeds and utterances, and what can be done to further clarify that great personality, and the possibilities of these contacts with children, may be gleaned from the story of the little girl in Bernie Babcock's volume. His letters to mothers, to parents about their children, and to children about their departed parents, contain a sincer-

ity of heart, a pathos and a poetry such as few have been able to express in words. Read the one to Henry Clay's son:

"MR. JOHN M. CLAY,

My dear Sir,—The snuff-box you sent, with the accompanying note, was received yesterday.

Thanks for this *memento* of your great and patriotic father. Thanks also for the assurance that, in these days of dereliction, you remain true to his principles. In the concurrent sentiment of your venerable mother, so long the partner of his bosom and his honors, and lingering now, where he *was*, but for the call to rejoin him where he *is*, I recognize his voice, speaking as it ever spoke, for the Union, the Constitution, and the freedom of mankind.

Your Obt. Servt.,

A. LINCOLN."

This letter, characteristic as a literary composition and full of sentiment, compares favorably with anything Lincoln ever wrote. Lincoln was Clay's loyal follower and disciple, and frequently acknowledged his obligations to the teachings of the Ashland statesman.

Such heart-throbs as make up the letters of Lincoln to bereaved mothers and to children, have never been clothed with nobler words than seemed to be at the tip of his pen. And yet this noble soul, this great heart, who uttered these words, who attracted these youthful symbols of immortality and perpetuity of the race, and whom the whole world loves and whose memory it cherishes, this sad and sorrowful man who found a way to the heart of the innocent and unselfish, has found so many detractors, so many cruel fault-finders, who have saddened him in life, and who have attempted to blacken his name. Too bad, indeed, that the assembling of these evidences of his great heart and noble soul has been made so difficult. Too bad that so few of the children of his time were not sufficiently farsighted to leave us their impressions and experiences with "Father Abraham."

XXVI

LINCOLN ON LEADING ISSUES

LINCOLN ON TEMPERANCE

IT has become the universal custom to ask what would Lincoln do were he here today, on practically every governmental problem or policy—these thirty years or more. This era of questioning began soon after the solution of the problems which he bequeathed to his successors in office, as the interminable aftermath of the War of the Rebellion. It is no exaggeration to state that the most interesting reply—a reply founded upon fact—would be as to what would have been his stand on the much-discussed and troublesome problems of prohibition and the Eighteenth Amendment. That the question is not new need hardly be stressed, as each age and generation from the very dawn of history had its temperance problems and its temperance legislation. A vast literature, a mountainous collection of laws, innumerable judicial and economic discussions, have been some of the results of this thirst of humankind for drink of every description. What Lincoln did and what Lincoln said on this “eternal” question becomes of great importance to all.

His performances as a legislator and as a lecturer then become pertinent.

His total abstinence from liquor becomes significant.

His aid to inaugurate an era of temperance is some index to his thoughts on the subject of prohibition.

Even more interesting is his attitude on the liquor question at the time of his nomination for the Presidency, and his subsequent acts and utterances while in office.

That wine was served at the White House functions is confirmed by some of the letters and orders for wine issued by Mrs. Lincoln. From all that can be gathered, there seems to be no doubt that Lincoln in person interfered but little with the management of the White House by Mary Todd Lincoln. The con-

duet of the war had his entire attention, and he was forever occupied with the problems bred by that conflict.

His stand against drunkenness which he sets forth in his temperance lecture, he never abandoned. There is sufficient proof that in one form or another he condemned the abuse of liquor and hoped for the day when there would be neither slave nor drunkard in the land—and to that sentiment he was ever ready to help and contribute. We must remember that that was an age when drinking was almost universal, with practically no bounds and no limits of any kind. Everybody drank—men, women and even children. Those few who preached against drunkenness drank moderately, but the few who abstained from drink completely were in a class by themselves, not unlike the Abolitionists. It is even whispered by the irreverent that those who did not drink in public, or who took the pledge and who found it embarrassing, generally drank alone—for medicinal reasons.

The army and navy, not only of the Union alone, but practically of every army and navy the world over, drank and drank immoderately. Hence a great many reforms were attempted to abolish drink in the army and navy. It was a matter of common knowledge that rum in the army killed a greater number than did the enemy. In November, 1863, the *Journal and Prohibitionist* of the American Temperance Union, stated:

. . . The President said to the Sons of Temperance, who recently waited upon him, that when he was a young man, long before the Sons of Temperance as an organization had an existence, he in a humble way made temperance speeches; and he thought he might say to this day, he had never by his example belied what he then said. We are reminded by this of his returning the liquors sent in by neighbors on the day of his nomination, saying he had lived so many years of his life without them in his house, and he would not begin now; and of his answer to the inquiry after his inaugural, If he was not intimidated by that vast crowd? "Not half as much as I have been in making a temperance speech." Alexander the Great, George the Fourth, the King of Madagascar, have been terrible monuments of the power of the bottle in high places. In two ways may the President of the United States make himself eminently useful as a temperance man; one is by his example, especially to the men about him entrusted with the great affairs of the country; the other is by his orders as head of the army

and navy of this nation. It was in relation to the army that he was addressed by the Sons of Temperance; and in reply, he said:

"As to the suggestions for the purpose of the advancement of the cause of temperance in the army, he could not now respond to them. To prevent intemperance in the army is a great part of the rules and articles of war. It is a part of the law of the land, and was so, he presumed, long ago, to dismiss officers for drunkenness. He was not sure that consistently with the public service more can be done than has been done. All, therefore, that he could promise, was to have a copy of the address submitted to the principal departments, and have it considered whether it contains any suggestions which will improve the cause of temperance and repress drunkenness in the army better than it is already done."

When Mrs. Lincoln reached Washington, it was into a hostile Southern atmosphere that she arrived. The verdict of Washington society was that Mrs. Lincoln did not belong to their set, and such contacts as she did have with Washington's élite were simply for the purpose of verifying what opinion it had formed of the crude country lawyer's wife. But Mary Todd was a woman of fine culture and bringing up. She was acquainted with the literature of the day and read and understood French. She dressed with exceeding good taste, and conducted herself in the White House as well as the most distinguished of her predecessors. None of the flings about her manners or jokes or stories of her distinguished husband were ever predicated about her. She seemed to remain immune, and for a very good reason. She was well-born and well brought up, and from a social, as well as an educational standpoint, she could cope with all comers to the White House. The social functions over which she presided, after the first one—the Inaugural Ball—were always received with favorable comment. No matter how the foreign visitors, both official and representatives of the foreign press, felt bound to criticize her husband, not one of them had anything but praise for the much worried spouse of the President. She took hold of the situation the moment she reached Washington. Whether it was Minister or Senator, General or Governor—it became known that Mrs. Lincoln was the mistress of the White House. And so these four letters to Heerdt & Company, for a case of *Veuve Cliquot* Champagne, and for the box of *Madeira* and of the basket of champagne, and also another one of the choicer quality, become interesting.

Through War Department
Monday Morning
Feby 1st 64

CLEEMENT HEERDT & Co.
No. 93 Water Street
New York.

If you have not disposed, of the box of Madeira, of similar quality, to the one, sent us a few week's since, please forward it immediately—

MRS. LINCOLN—

Executive Mansion
Feb. 13th 1865

C. HEERDT & Co.
93 Water St
New York

Send by Express one (1) case Veuve Cliquot Champagne same price & quality as before.

MRS. A. LINCOLN

Through War Department
Feb. 25th 64

CLEMENT HEERDT & Co
93 Water Street
New York.

Please send immediately, 1 basket champagne, the "Widow Cliquot" brand.

MRS. LINCOLN—

Through War Department
Feb. 26-64

CLEEMENT, HEERDT & Co.
93 Water Street
New York—

A telegram was sent you in reference to a basket of champagne— Please send a basket of the kind requested also another one, of the choicest quality, you have in store

MRS. LINCOLN—

It is not conceivable that these orders for wine were for any other than State purposes, served when the White House entertained. This wine was not for Mrs. Lincoln's personal use, for if it had been, the host of enemies which were forever slandering her, would not have been too slow to use this additional means of blackening her character. And Mrs. Keckley would have had

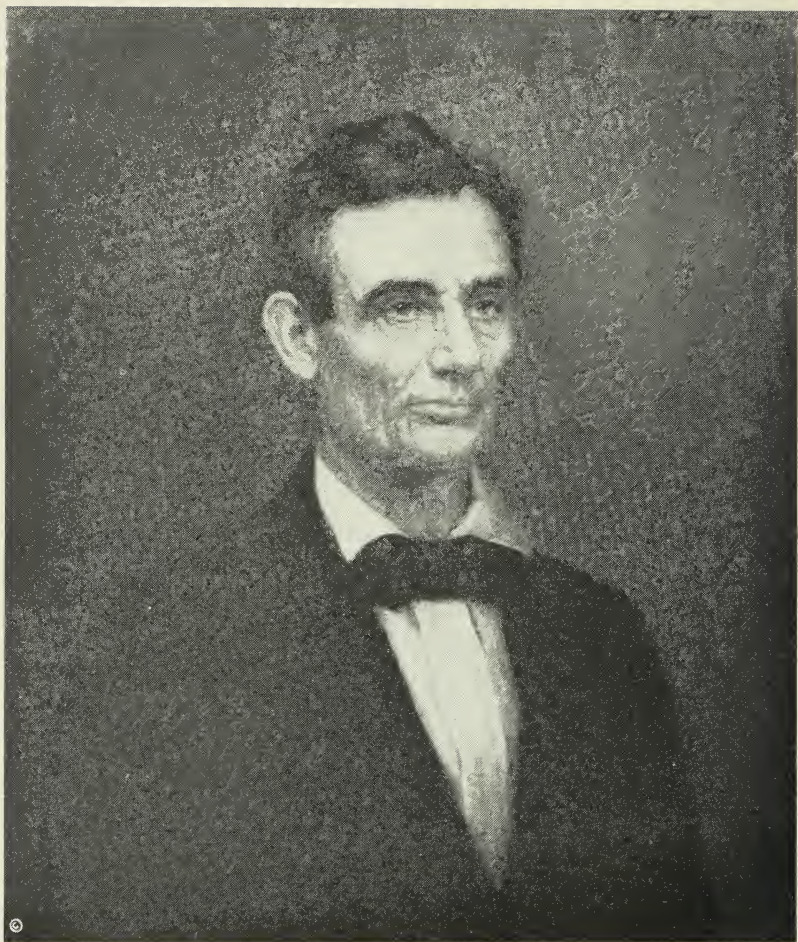
something to say about it in the book which tells the story of her close relations with Mrs. Lincoln.

It is therefore no violent assumption when we state that while Lincoln was in favor of temperance, while he denounced drunkenness, while he lectured frequently and advised the taking of the pledge, he cannot very well be quoted or claimed as advocating prohibition and its enforcement, as it is advocated by its present interpreters. He evidently distinguished between the two—and would have compromised on temperance.

He had the power to enforce total abstinence in the army and navy, but he evidently did not see fit to use it, and contented himself with the endorsement of the petition of Temperance League—and these are the only evidences of his beliefs, which have come down to us—all other guesses and surmises are apocryphal.

As counsel to the Illinois State Maine Law Alliance, Lincoln took part in an advisory way in the campaign in the early part of 1855 for a state prohibition law. Rev. James B. Merwin, secretary of the Alliance, made his headquarters in Springfield, and in hundreds of addresses in after years, alleged that Lincoln drafted the dry act, which was passed by the Legislature but which was rejected in the referendum on June 4, 1855. Merwin was supported in this contention by Henry B. Rankin, the Springfield Lincoln historian, who as a young man was clerk in the Lincoln & Herndon law office.

A dry wave swept the country in 1854, New York electing Myron Holley Clarke, a Prohibition-Republican Governor. In Illinois, a legislature was chosen that passed the dry law framed by Abraham Lincoln, Stephen T. Logan and Benjamin S. Edwards, by a vote of nearly two to one. But the Chicago brewers organized, and before the campaign closed riots took place in Chicago, blood was shed, and martial law was declared. The liquor forces it is charged carried the referendum election by force and fraud in Chicago, defeating the dry law in the state at large by a vote of 93,102 against, to 79,010 for. The main newspaper supporter of the dry campaign was the Chicago *Daily Press*, whose editor was John Locke Scripps, Lincoln's close personal friend and biographer in 1860. Lincoln appointed Scripps postmaster of Chicago. Party lines broke in the campaign. Lincoln



Portrait by W. Patterson
(In the Administration Building, Lincoln Park, Chicago, Ill.)

made one speech for the dry law near Paris, Illinois, while Douglas spoke against it in a northern county, advising Democrats to "bury Maine Lawism and Abolitionism in one and the same grave." Here is the petition of the Temperance League and Lincoln's endorsement thereon:

Washington, D. C. 29th Sept. 1863.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
President of the United States.

HONORED SIR: We, the Officers and Members of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance of the District of Columbia, on behalf of the Order, desire to present our respects to you.

As "Sons" and "Lady Visitors" of the Order, we are banded together to oppose the ravages of *intemperance*, the most terrible foe of our race—a foe which "prostrates all that is great, and blights all that is good in humanity."

In the prosecution of our work we entertain no malice against individuals or classes, but strive to create a healthful public sentiment in favor of total abstinence, win to our ranks those who love our cause, and save from a life of wretchedness, and a death of shame, the victims of this vice.

To-day, in conjunction with our brethren throughout the land, we celebrate the *twenty-first* anniversary of our Order. During our "minority" we have spread the institution over North America until there is scarcely a city or village, in our own land or the British Provinces, that cannot boast its Division of the Sons of Temperance. The Order has gone beyond the Atlantic, and is now in active operation in the British Isles, and on the continent of Europe. Over a million of persons have found refuge in our Order during the twenty-one years of its existence.

We had in this city two years ago but one feeble organization; we now have *five* flourishing Divisions, embracing about one thousand members and lady visitors.

It is not necessary for us to call the attention of your Excellency to the effects of intemperance upon the officers and soldiers of our army. One of the most illustrious of your predecessors declared, in a time of profound peace, that this evil caused him more trouble in the administration of public affairs than all others. How much more during a time of war, when so many of the barriers against vice and crime are broken down, must it distress and embarrass *you*? It has been a powerful ally to our country's foes, and has gained for them more than military skill or the prowess of arms. It has been the traitor

within our camp that has repeatedly betrayed us into their hands, Amid the difficulties that have surrounded you from this cause, you have our deepest sympathy and sincerest prayers.

Located as we are at the capital of the nation, while the sad drama of civil war is being enacted, we feel the fearful responsibility which rests upon us, and as a Temperance organization, as Christians and patriots, we appeal to you to aid us in banishing the demoralizing cup from this District, and from the armies of the Union.

Is it asking too much that every officer persisting in degrading himself, imperiling our cause, and ruining, by the wretched example of his drunkenness, the soldiers of his command, be dismissed from the service? Ought not a great nation to regard the word of the Most High, who pronounced a "woe upon the drunkards of Ephraim, and upon those who erred through wine?" Can we expect him to be "for strength to them that turn the battle to the gate," until this evil is put away?

And here is Lincoln's endorsement thereon:

"This Address was presented to me yesterday by the 'Sons of Temperance' and I promised to submit to the War Department, an order that the suggestions therein, as to the Army, may be considered, and adopted if thought to be expedient.

A. LINCOLN."

Sep. 30. 1863.

LINCOLN ESTABLISHES THE CUSTOM OF A UNIFORM THANKSGIVING DAY

Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale was for many years the gifted editor of a monthly called *Godey's Lady's Book*—a monthly magazine rarely, if ever, equalled by any other similar publication. She guided the fashions in dress in all its manifestations; she was the arbiter of the rules governing the usage of home and society; she molded the character of the American girl, in school, in the colleges and in society. She advocated the advancement of women, their employment as teachers, and the establishment of seminaries for higher education. "Her whole life was a tribute to the respectabilities, decorums and moralities of life." She was a leader in many public activities, but her greatest work was in the cause of "female education." Mrs. Hale's performances were indeed many. But for thirty-five years she had one ambition, one absorbing task, to institute a uniform day of Thanksgiving.

From the days of the Pilgrim fathers, who prayed early and often—days set aside for that purpose, when an entire community could join in prayers of thanksgiving, were few and desultory. Some of the Colonial governors proclaimed and set aside such days. Some of the Presidents of the United States issued similar proclamations, but these fell upon different days of the year, and only upon special occasions, as the occasions demanded either supplications for help and assistance or thanksgiving services for benefits accrued to the State or to the Nation. Many of these were molded or improvised upon religious thanksgiving services of the Bible, or copied from customs instituted by kings and potentates of the Middle Ages and modern times. But Mrs. Hale instituted a campaign, tireless and thorough, which reached all the Governors of the States in the Union, and who gradually were converted to her idea of a uniform day—the last Thursday of November of each year. Up to 1859, she succeeded in procuring the adoption of her idea by thirty-two States, including territories and the District of Columbia.

In finally setting aside the last Thursday of November, in 1864, Lincoln coupled the day with the successes of the Union Armies, and issued his Proclamation of September 3, 1864.

This Proclamation was the second which mentions the last Thursday specifically—the Proclamation of October 3, 1863, started the work of Lincoln which he concluded with his second Proclamation:

A PROCLAMATION:

By the President of the United States:

The year that is drawing toward its close has been filled with the blessings of fruitful fields and healthful skies. To these bounties, which are so constantly enjoyed that we are prone to forget the source from which they come, others have been added, which are of so extraordinary a nature that they cannot fail to penetrate and soften even the heart which is habitually insensible to the ever watchful providence of Almighty God.

In the midst of a civil war of unequalled magnitude and severity, which has sometimes seemed to invite and provoke the aggressions of foreign States, peace has been preserved with all nations, order has been maintained, the laws have been respected and obeyed, and har-

mony has prevailed everywhere, except in the theatre of military conflict; while that theatre has been greatly contracted by the advancing armies and navies of the Union.

The needful diversions of wealth and strength from the fields of peaceful industry to the national defence, have not arrested the plow, the shuttle, or the ship. The axe has enlarged the borders of our settlements; and the mines, as well of iron and coal as of the precious metals, have yielded even more abundantly than heretofore. Population has steadily increased, notwithstanding the waste that has been made in the camp, the siege, and the battle-field: and the country, rejoicing in the consciousness of augmented strength and vigor, is permitted to expect continuance of years with large increase of freedom.

No human counsel hath devised, nor hath any mortal hand worked out these great things. They are the gracious gifts of the Most High God, who, while dealing with us in anger for our sins, hath nevertheless remembered mercy.

It has seemed to me fit and proper that they should be solemnly, reverently, and gratefully acknowledged as with one heart and voice by the whole American people; I do, therefore, invite my fellow-citizens in every part of the United States, and all those who are at sea, and those who are sojourning in foreign lands, to set apart and observe the last Thursday in November next as a day of Thanksgiving and Prayer to our beneficent Father, who dwelleth in the heavens. And I recommend to them that, while offering up the ascriptions justly due to him for such singular deliverances and blessings, they do also, with humble penitence for our national perverseness and disobedience, commend to His tender care all those who have become widows, orphans, mourners, or sufferers in the lamentable civil strife in which we are unavoidably engaged, and fervently implore the interposition of the Almighty Hand to heal the wounds of the nation and to restore it, as soon as may be consistent with the Divine purposes, to the full enjoyment of peace, harmony, tranquillity, and union.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this third day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-eighth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President,

WM. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

We may well ponder the deep religious impulses of this man of sorrows, and conclude that his religion, as well as all other of

his deeds and feelings, had to do with the welfare of all the people of all the States of the entire Union, and it is but meet that the universal Thanksgiving Day should have been consummated by the religious ardour of Abraham Lincoln's soul.

LINCOLN AND GENERAL ORDER NO. 100

Abraham Lincoln's Rules of War

Although General Order No. 100, promulgated on April 24, 1863, is generally ascribed to Dr. Francis Lieber as prepared by him and revised by a board of officers of which Major-General E. A. Hitchcock was president, the fact nevertheless is that it was largely the work of Lincoln, who carefully studied all military problems, and had been at work from the moment the war broke out, upon every military contingency which arose with the great conflict. His study of the leading works on war and international problems, his ability to cope with the international complications, his diplomatic ability and decisions on the momentous problems of intervention on behalf of and in recognition of the South, were all part of the new problem which he studied and worked out in his own way. So that when the rules which were to govern the great Union host came before him, it was not simply a case of approving what was submitted to him without reading—which he never did. It was a task of such importance that he studied the whole compilation, and when he did approve, these rules of war were Lincoln's rules of war and not Lieber's nor Hitchcock's. With his usual modesty, he made no claims, he issued no statement, he simply attended to this as one of his daily tasks. Most of the phraseology, as well as the contents, was molded by the hand of Abraham Lincoln. These rules contained in General Order No. 100 have since been recognized as an authority on the usages of war by all civilized nations, and suggested to Bluntschli his codification of the law of nations. There are one hundred and fifty-seven of these rules. They distinguish between martial law and military oppression. They disclaim cruelty and bad faith, extortions and acts of private revenge. They subject "military necessity" to the "laws and usages of war." They recognize that men in arms remain "moral beings, responsible to one another and to God." They record the

growing distinction between the private individual of a hostile country and its men in arms. They distinguish between retaliation and revenge, and emphasize the necessity for careful inquiry before retribution. They denounce as a breach of the law of war the forcing of subjects of the enemy into the service of the victorious government. They insist on the protection of works of art, libraries, scientific collections, and precious instruments, as well as hospitals, against all avoidable injury. They affirm the need of protecting women and the sacredness of domestic relations. They denounce and prohibit wanton violences, pillage and rape. They recognize as entitled to the privileges of prisoners of war men "who belong to the rising *en masse* of the hostile country," without protecting men or squads of men who commit hostilities "with intermitting returns to their homes and avocations," they deny to any belligerent the right of treating "every captured man in arms of a levy *en masse* as a brigand or bandit." They place outside of civilized warfare the practice of giving no quarter. They recognize the necessity for the humane treatment of prisoners, and prohibit the extortion of information from prisoners. They guard the sacredness of flags of protection (of which the Red Cross flag is the most conspicuous modern instance) and of flags of truce. And they declare that "civilized nations look with horror upon offers of rewards for the assassination of enemies as relapses into barbarism." The principles underlying these and the other rules are perhaps most succinctly stated by this one rule, numbered 68:

"Modern wars are not internecine wars in which the killing of the enemy is the object. The destruction of the enemy in modern war, and indeed modern war itself, are means to obtain that object of the belligerent which lies beyond the war.

"Unnecessary or revengeful destruction of life is not lawful."

And so Lincoln wrote his name quietly and unostentatiously among those benefactors of the race who have attempted to humanize war—and save entire peoples and countries from useless and inhuman annihilation. He avoided publicity as much as he was able to. The Trent Affair became the universal topic of discussion over night; his successful encounter with Palmerston and other European statesmen could not be kept from the columns of the press, but this—General Orders No. 100, perhaps the greatest

humane task ever attempted—has remained unknown and unaccounted for in the great list of humane performances of our great Civil War President.

LINCOLN AND THE FARMER

Lincoln's Address to the Convention of Farmers showed that his early training, as a farm hand, left a permanent imprint on his mind. One would imagine that he was as much at home as he was at the Convention of the Surveyors a few years before, or as he was in the law office or court room. His visit to the fairs throughout Illinois made a deep impression on him, and it is but natural that the farmer—who was then the mainstay of the nation—could not be ignored by a mind like Lincoln's.

The question of Labor and its economic twin—Capital—received adequate consideration from Lincoln throughout his entire career. It was through a thorough study of these questions that he came to the conclusion that the future belonged to free labor, and it was this idea that proved the mental lever which actuated him and his policies when he was called to assume the reins of government. He was gradually, but ever logically, led to subscribe to the expansion of trade, to opening up new fields for labor. He looked with pride at the westward trend of the Republic—new vistas for farming, for labor, for mining in the Far West, appeared before him, and he thus became an advocate of railroad building on a grand scale. He guessed at it in his youth, when a candidate for the Assembly, and in his maturity it became his privilege of bringing the problem of transcontinental railroad building from chaos to contract, and had men in whom he had faith in charge of the great project—the building of the Union Pacific—the first railway line to join East and West, and thus he carried into effect the railroad plank of the Chicago platform upon which he was nominated by approving the law of July 1, 1862, chartering the Union Pacific Railroad Company. Quoting from Mr. Starr's book, we find a statement of L. O. Leonard, the historian of the Union Pacific system:

“ . . . that no statesman that ever lived had a keener interest in the Union Pacific than Abraham Lincoln. His clear vision of the future and what transportation really meant to the country he loved so well,

and for which he gave his life, is most clearly shown in the close scrutiny it is quite evident he gave to all those papers which were presented to him for his signature."

Executive Mansion,
Washington, November 17, 1863.

In pursuance of the fourteenth section of the Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to aid in the construction of a Pacific Railroad and Telegraph line from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean, and to secure to the Government the use of the same for postal, military and other purposes," approved July 1, 1862;

I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do hereby fix so much of the western boundary of the State of Iowa as lies between the north and south boundaries of the United States Township, within which the City of Omaha is situated, as the point from which the line of railroad and telegraph in that section shall be constructed.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

That he advocated woman's suffrage was inevitable. His love of the mother, the wife, the child—would in itself eradicate any desire for distinction between the right of the sexes to the suffrage. His idea was universal suffrage based upon education. The difficulties he encountered in procuring an education resulted in his doing for education what few others of his predecessors even attempted. Just note his advocating the adequacy of wages to be paid to women in the government employ written on July 27, 1864:

I know not how much is within the legal power of the government in this case; but it is certainly true in equity, that the laboring women in our employment, should be paid at the least as much as they were at the beginning of the war. Will the Secretary of the War please have the case fully examined, and so much relief given as can be consistently with the law and the public service! A. LINCOLN.

July 27, 1864.

LINCOLN AND EDUCATION

The Federal Act, signed by Abraham Lincoln July 2, 1862, by which a grant was made to each State in the Union of thirty thousand acres of land for each Senator and Representative to which it was entitled in the Federal Congress for the purpose of

promoting "the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions in life," has turned out to be, in the course of time, the greatest endowment of higher education ever made at one time by the act of any legislature. The total number of acres of land granted to the States under the Act of 1862 was 10,578,529, of which 1,026,847 acres are still unsold. Cornell University received 990,000 acres. The University of Illinois has become the largest and richest and most comprehensive institution of those which owe their origin exclusively to this Act of 1862. This act marked the beginning of a most comprehensive and far-reaching policy of federal endowment of higher education. The law, which was finally passed and signed by President Lincoln was introduced into the Senate by Senator Wade of Ohio. The bill first passed Congress in 1859, was vetoed by President Buchanan, was passed again by a subsequent Congress and signed by President Lincoln July 2, 1862.

All of which led to the final step—to the final dream—universal toleration. This overworked mortal was interested in the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, the Sisters of Mercy in Chicago and the Sisters of Mercy of Washington:

"Let no depredation be committed upon the property or possessions of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth Academy, near Bardston, Kentucky.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

January 17, 1865."

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

On application of the Sisters of Mercy in charge of the Military Hospital in Washington furnish such provisions as they desire to purchase, and charge same to the War Department—

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

On application of the Sisters of Mercy of Chicago, furnish such provisions as they desire to purchase and charge the same to the War Department.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Hence, his wish for the universal approbation of the Emancipation is but natural:

Executive Mansion,
Washington, March 17, 1864.

HON. JOHN A. J. CRESWELL

My dear Sir:

It needs not to be a secret, that I wish success to emancipation in Maryland. It would aid much to end the rebellion. Hence it is a matter of national consequence, in which every national man, may rightfully feel a deep interest. I sincerely hope the friends of the measure will allow no minor considerations to divide and distract them.

Yours truly

A. LINCOLN.

A finely attuned soul like Lincoln could therefore not tolerate a military Order No. 12 of Grant's, which meant to discriminate against a whole race—and annulled it the moment it came to his attention. Nor would he tolerate any single act of his War Secretary when evidenced by the discharge without a hearing of a Jewish officer:

Executive Mansion
Washington Jan. 25. 1865

HON. SECRETARY OF WAR.

My dear Sir.

About Jews, I wish you would give Dr. Zachari a pass to go to Savannah, remain a week and return, bringing with him, if he wishes, his father and sisters or any of them. This will spare me trouble and oblige me— I promised him long ago that he should be allowed this whenever Savannah should fall into our hands.

Blumenberg, at Baltimore, I think he should have a hearing— He has suffered for us & served us well—had the rope around his neck for being our friend—raised troops—fought, and been wounded— He should not be dismissed in a way that disgraces and ruins him without a hearing—

Yours truly

A. LINCOLN.

XXVII

THE RELIGION OF LINCOLN

FROM the moment of Lincoln's nomination for the Presidency at Chicago to his last day on earth, the searchlight of the most pitiless publicity was trained upon every phase of his eventful life. His origin, his parents, his education, his career at the Bar, his brief periods as postmaster and as surveyor, his terms in the Illinois Legislature, his term in Congress, were subjected to the minutest scrutiny. And as is but natural, his home life, his religion, his social activities were exhaustively overhauled and the results of all these examinations were then published far and wide. His reading in his younger days, his few lectures, his very daily utterances—casual though they were—play a most important part in the press of the time; and the friends of the South, as well as the supporters of Douglas, were not slow to avail themselves of anything that might better the chances of their candidate.

And so, among other phases, the legend of Lincoln's religion began to grow. This man saw him read the works of Thomas Paine, another knew that he read Volney's books. Still another recalled his association with Herndon who had no religion whatever. Herndon, himself, seeking to build an ideal Lincoln legend of his own, insisted that his hero had but little religion. He never knew and it never dawned upon Herndon, that Lincoln never unbosomed himself to him or to any other human being on the important problems with which he struggled in the solitude of his soul. Not even to David Davis did he ever reveal himself, and his was one of the notable minds Lincoln found among all his contemporaries.

And then came the various deacons and church officials, who fervently testified that Lincoln never was a regular attendant at the churches and houses of worship where "religious" people ought regularly to attend. They naïvely measure Lincoln by their own standards, and sorrowfully come to the conclusion that Lincoln

had no religion. Even his rollicking bodyguard, Ward H. Lamon—"who ought to know him"—maintains in his life of Lincoln, which is written by an inveterate enemy of Lincoln's, that Lincoln was not a religious man. In order to add still more to the merriment of nations Colonel Ingersoll and General C. H. T. Collins indulge in a war by correspondence on the subject—one maintaining that he was a religious man, the other claiming that he was a Simon-pure infidel.

Still another claims that he was a Freethinker, yet another that he was an Atheist, and finally a volume attempts to demonstrate that he was a Spiritualist. Much of all this is taken from the columns of a hostile press, and much from the hearsay evidence of the men who claimed to know "their Lincoln." And as the printed word is altogether too potent with the great majority, many—altogether too many—people, from time to time and from year to year, continue to consider Lincoln a man without religion.

There is one thing in common with all these conclusions and judgments—they are arrived at, as the lawyers say, without calling the most important witness to the stand and hearing what he has to say. It is not for lack of opportunity, for rarely—if ever—has one individual in so short a time left such a remarkable heritage in the form of testimony on the subject. Very few men in the fields of endeavor similar to those which occupied Lincoln have left so much testimony about themselves.

How many are there who left so complete a political philosophy as has he? How many are there who have left so complete a mirror of their heart and of their soul as has Lincoln? Few, indeed, have left so clear a record of their standing and practices at the Bar. Fewer still have spoken out so clearly, so fearlessly, so unhesitatingly about their political beliefs and party problems, as has he, and the few doubtful points remaining are clearing up from day to day. The accumulation of absurd charges of incompetency, of inconsistency, of vacillation, of ulterior motives, of dishonest dealings, of selfish practices, have long been consigned to the rubbish heap by the most incontrovertible evidence of friend and foe alike. This man's whole life was one long fervent prayer that the eyes of his fellowmen be opened to their humane duty of treating their fellowmen with fairness, to do justice, to love mercy and walk humbly with their Creator. The greater part

of his term in office was spent in the belief that he was to be sacrificed, to atone for the crime of slavery. The entire term of office he spent in communion with God, ever praying for guidance, for light and for the enlightenment of the opponents of the Union. He had read and studied and quoted the Bible oftener than any other Chief Executive, and pored over its pages so constantly that his mode of speech and style of writing were profoundly affected by it. He lived like one of the figures of the Bible and spoke the language of the Prophets. Oh, what a universal religion was his! He can and does hold communion with a Catholic priest who visits him for the purpose of prayer; he assures the great Jewish preachers of his day that they were brothers in religion. The bishops of the Methodist and Episcopalian churches are with him and sustain him both in the White House and as he sat in an unseen pew in their churches. The Catholic Archbishop of New York becomes his ambassador to the Holy Father to advise His Holiness that the Confederacy does not deserve the support of the Holy See. He prays with Henry Ward Beecher for guidance and for help, from the same Lord of Hosts of whom the great Brooklyn divine preached to an entire continent; nay, on two continents.

And then he prays alone in the watches of the night, and is found on his knees when the clouds around him are darkest. And General Sickles, of all people, gives the most cogent testimony of Lincoln's religion:

"After my wound at Gettysburg on Thursday, July 2, 1863, I was taken to Washington, arriving at the Capital on the following Sunday, soon after day-break. Soldiers carried me on the same stretcher on which I had been placed after the amputation of my leg. I was accompanied by Dr. Sim, my surgeon, and by my aides-de-camp, Major Tremain and Captain Moore. Arriving at the house where lodgings had been taken for me, we found that the landlady had not yet arisen; but after waiting a while the good woman appeared. Seeing a handkerchief over my face and my outstretched and motionless form on what seemed to her a sort of bier at her door, she exclaimed:

"'He is dead!'

"'Oh no,' I replied, removing the handkerchief, 'only dozing a little.'

"Soon after reaching my apartment, President Lincoln came to see me.

"After touching expressions of sympathy we talked about the battle. Lieutenant-Colonel J. F. Rusling, Chief Quartermaster of the Third Army Corps, joined us. When we had answered many inquiries made by the President, I said:

" 'Mr. Lincoln, we heard at Gettysburg that here at the Capital you were all so anxious about the result of the battle that the Government officials packed up and got ready to leave at short notice with the official archives.'

" 'Yes,' he said, 'some precautions were prudently taken, but, for my part, I was sure of our success at Gettysburg.'

" 'Why,' I asked, 'were you so confident? The Army of the Potomac has suffered many reverses.'

"There was a pause. The President seemed in deep meditation. His pale face was lighted up by an expression I had not observed before. Turning to me he said:

" 'When Lee crossed the Potomac and entered Pennsylvania followed by our Army, I felt that the crisis had come. I knew that defeat in a great battle on Northern soil involved the loss of Washington, to be followed, perhaps, by the intervention of England and France in favor of the Southern Confederacy. I went to my room and got down on my knees in prayer. Never before had I prayed with so much earnestness. I wish I could repeat my prayer. I felt that I must put all my trust in Almighty God. He gave our people the best country ever given to man. He alone could save it from destruction. I had tried my best to do my duty, and found myself unequal to the task. The burden was more than I could bear. God had often been our Protector in other days. I prayed that He would not let the nation perish. I asked Him to help us and give us victory now.

" 'I felt that my prayer was answered. I knew that God was on our side. I had no misgivings about the result at Gettysburg.'

" 'How do you feel about Vicksburg, Mr. President?' I asked.

" 'Grant will pull through all right. I am sure of it,' said Mr. Lincoln. 'I have been despondent, but am so no longer, God is with us.'

"Rising from his seat to leave me, Mr. Lincoln took my hand and said with tenderness:

“‘Sickles, I am told, as you have been told, perhaps, that your condition is serious. I am in a prophetic mood today. You will get well.’”

And to his friend and neighbor, Rev. Oliver S. Munsell, he said, when asked whether our country would come through the war safe and live:

“‘Mr. Munsell, I do not doubt—I never have doubted for a moment—that our country would finally come through safe and undivided. But do not misunderstand me; I do not know how it can be. I do not rely on the patriotism of our people, though no people have rallied round their kind as ours have rallied around me. I do not trust in the bravery and devotion of the boys in blue; God bless them though! God never gave a prince or conqueror such an army as He has given me. Nor yet do I rely on the loyalty and skill of our generals; though I believe we have the best generals in the world, at the head of our armies. But the God of our fathers, who raised up this country to be the refuge and the asylum of the oppressed and downtrodden of all nations, will not let it perish now. I may not live to see it, and (he added after a moment’s pause) I do not expect to live to see it, but God will bring us through safe.’”

Such was Lincoln’s religion. Of course, we can have no quarrel with anyone who has examined the facts, and all the facts, and reaches a certain honest conclusion; but we must insist on an examination of the facts. And consequently, no one should pass upon Lincoln’s religion without reading all his letters and speeches and documents. No one should reach any conclusion without examining his life work, his dealings with his family, with his neighbors, with his clients, with his friends. If he had lived long enough to have spoken his farewell to his people whom he loved, he could well have asked somewhat like the Patriarch of old—“Who is there in all this land whom I have wronged? Whom have I knowingly made unhappy? Whom have I dealt with selfishly? To whom have I denied justice? Is there anyone who can point out a selfish motive or personal gain of any kind? Have I ever sought vengeance upon anyone? Hath not my patience, my indulgence, my kindness to all been characterized as passing all understanding? Have I not been charged with disorganizing the army on account of my leniency? Patience?—ask the tens of

thousands who passed in line before me and see whether I ever lost patience? Forgiveness?—ask Stanton and Chase and McClellan and hundreds of others whether I have not forgiven repeatedly when no other human being would have, or could have, forgiven? Charity? Humility? Forgiveness? Faith in God? Loving thy neighbor and thy enemy? Are not these all essential parts of religion? Inaugurating days of fasting, of prayer, of thanksgiving, on the part of millions—are not these religious functions bringing millions back to their Heavenly Father? What can there be more religious than these performances of him who is charged with having no religion?

How can anyone read the First Inaugural and question Lincoln's religion? How can you read the Gettysburg Address and doubt his deep religious nature? How can one pore over the Second Inaugural and say, "That man was not religious"?

His letters to his family, to his generals in the field, add irrefutable testimony to his faith in God, to his belief in the Bible.

Upon the supreme act of his life—the Emancipation—he invokes the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

The bereaved and broken-hearted he commends to the special care of God, and prays that "our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavements."

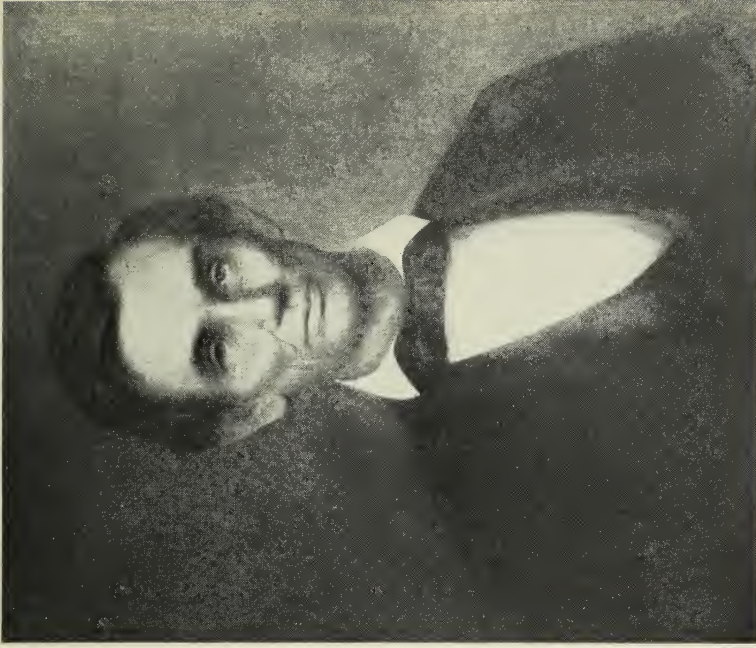
In the sanguinary conflict in which a million young men are sacrificed on the altar of their country, he sees that "the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

After reading all he said, and recounting all he did to aid an afflicted race; after studying all he dared to do and all he suffered in doing it, the conclusion is unavoidable that nothing but a religious exaltation of the highest order would have enabled him to live through and perform in four years what others did not accomplish in so many decades. Lincoln drank in and absorbed all the eternal truths and principles and maxims and commandments in the Bible, and lived them all—and during the years quoted them on occasions when nothing else would soothe his great agony of mind and soul.

And are we in this day to question whether Lincoln was religious? If being immured in a cloister away from an entire world is the test of being religious then, indeed, Lincoln was not reli-



Portrait by Xanthus Smith
(In the Possession of the Union League Club of Philadelphia)



Portrait by George F. Wright, 1860

gious. If to suffer flagellations and self-imposed or invited physical torture is to be religious, then Lincoln was not religious. If to spend an entire lifetime in repeating psalms and litanies and counting beads is the test, Lincoln was not religious. If to do nothing for one's neighbor and be entirely unmoved about what is going on in the world, and seeking solely for one's own religious comfort in this world and for beatitude in the future world is the accepted touchstone, then, indeed, was Lincoln not religious. There are many with whom these are the sole tests, who must see outward evidences of religion to be satisfied. But if to teach the truth, to practice honesty, to convert thousands, if not millions, to right thinking and right dealing, to toleration, to treating the neighbor fairly, to breaking the bonds of the slave, and teaching his master the great principle of equality by emancipating him as well as his slave, be religion—then, indeed, was Lincoln religious. Subscribe to a creed he would not, but build a church and honestly "inscribe upon its portals: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy might and all thy heart and all thy soul, and thy neighbor as thyself,' that church will I join." This is a reasonable and an honest request, manifesting a religious heart and soul in the highest. His religion, like his personality, was beclouded to the uninitiated, for he was so different from other religious people, and the great majority of his critics could not judge him fairly. They attempted to judge him by their own imperfect standards, and hence lost sight of this God-intoxicated soul whose whole life was balanced "under God"—who brought his people, both by his life and by his ascension to glory—nearer to God.

The man who believed in a world to come was indeed religious. He writes his brother:

" . . . I sincerely hope father may recover his health, but at all events, tell him to remember to call upon and confide in our great and good and merciful Maker, who will not turn away from him in any extremity. He notes the fall of a sparrow, and numbers the hairs of our heads, and He will not forget the dying man, who puts his trust in Him. Say to him that if we could meet now it is doubtful whether it would not be more painful than pleasant, but that if it be his lot to go now, he will soon have a joyous meeting with many loved ones

gone before, and where the rest of us, through the help of God, hope ere long to join them."

What a sublime faith in a world to come is here avowed.

Perhaps the late Rabbi J. Leonard Levy has summarized Lincoln's religion as well as anyone:

"If to be honest is to be religious; if to be faithful to duty is to be religious; if to be loyal to conviction in spite of consequence is to be religious; if to be devoted to the righteous cause is to be religious; if to bring freedom to the oppressed and release to the slave and enlargement to the bound is to be religious; if to be patriotic in the highest degree is to be religious; if to be a servant of mankind is to be religious; if to be inspired with faith, to be uplifted by hope, to exercise the tenderest charity is to be religious; if to die to make others free is to be religious; if to believe that one should love God and display that love by affectionate justice toward one's fellowmen is to be religious; then was Lincoln religious in the highest degree. Lincoln's religion was devoid of formalism and ritualism; it was free from soul-cramping dogmatism; it was untainted by bigotry. It was a high expression of those fundamental virtues, those basic qualities that mark the highest manhood. It was expressed by honesty, sincerity, patriotism, malice toward none and charity for all. It was a universal creed, the noble expression of his universal goodness."

Yes, Lincoln was indeed a religious man. He had a religion purely his own. But then he had a style of writing and thinking and speaking and debating and pleading all his own. He had a method of saving the Union all his own, and a method of pronouncing her purposes all his own. He had a method of dealing with his fellowman all his own, of doing justice and exercising mercy all his own. Even in the freeing of an entire race he displayed a calm and a grandeur and a sublimity all his own. In him the elements so perfectly adjusted all the qualities of heart and mind and soul that we may well doubt whether we shall ever see his like again!

Rabbi Benjamin Szold refers to a phase of Lincoln's life upon which but few have dwelt at length. "The Talmud," says he, "refers to the two commandments in Holy Writ, which, if observed, have the reward clearly specified, which are conferred upon the person observing them. The first is the commandment 'Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land

which the Lord thy God giveth thee.' The second command is to be found in Deut. 22:6-7: 'If a bird's nest chance to be before thee in the way, on any tree, or on the ground, with young ones, or with eggs, and the mother be sitting upon the young, or upon the eggs: thou shalt not take the mother with the young; but thou shalt surely let the mother go, and the young thou mayest take to thyself; in order that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest live many days.' For performing both the commandments, Holy Writ fixes the same reward, a long and a happy life. A father on one occasion requests his son to go upon the roof of the dwelling and bring down the young birds after sending away their mother. The son obeyed, did as his father required, climbed up to the roof, brought the nest, but fell from the ladder in descending and was killed. How then may we reconcile the unhappy fate of the son who performed both commandments and lost his life in their performance? Where, asks the Talmud, is the long and happy life of this son who, in one trip, obeyed both commandments, for which a long and happy life should have been his reward, and yet found a horrible death? But, says the commentator, the Bible here means that other long life, which the just and pious inherit in another world, in a world where death is not known.

"And so, like unto that good son, it also happened to the good son of our beloved country, Abraham Lincoln. He performed both these commandments which, according to the Bible, lead him who performs them to a long and happy life. He certainly honored his father and his mother, and his stepmother as well. His country called upon him: 'Go and conquer this nest—which attempted to settle and spread slavery in your national household.' And this obedient son hearkened, without delay and without hesitation, without thinking of his own safety, without regard to battles and dangers. He stepped upon the ladder without fear, although the rungs were weak, and were creaking under his step, he proceeded without fear from step to step, until he reached the top and captured the nest of Slavery. The mother he sent forth. In our national home it was not to be tolerated that two mothers were to lead the regiment. By the side of the Union we could not tolerate the Confederacy. But the children he received lovingly and made an effort at reconciliation with the land of the Fathers,

and led them back into the arms of the real mother—Freedom and a reunited Country. And behold, as he was doing this, he fell from the ladder and died—this loyal son whose heart was full of love and kindness, fell from the highest rung of the ladder to which he had worked his way with superhuman effort—and died! Where, therefore, do we ask with the Talmud, remains his reward, twice promised and provided—a long and a happy life?

“While these woeful and distressing thoughts and queries may disturb our minds, yet the flower of hope springs eternal in our hearts. For there is beyond this life on earth, another higher and nobler life where the rewards and the words of God are completely fulfilled. Our earth is but a small spot in that greater world to come which he who lives by God’s law inherits for all time. Earth is but a place of preparation for the great world of Light, whither the spirit moves and dwells for all eternity. Our own Abraham found on earth battle and travail; in the eternal home he finds his reward and his final triumphs! Here on earth he planted the seeds of nobler virtues in the furrows of time, and these seeds grown to fruition emblossom and encircle him in heavenly glory in the fields of eternity and bliss.”

XXVIII

LINCOLN'S HUMOR

LINCOLN's humor has been the subject of controversy as has every other phase of his character. His detractors see in his anecdotes and in his stories but another proof of his inferiority.

When the Union was in the throes of Civil War, when, after a series of military disasters, all seemed lost, Lincoln was heard by an impatient Cabinet reciting passages of *Nasby* or *Artemas Ward*. Delegations of self-constituted advisers came away with nothing but the recital of a story, which generally disposed of their mission. Did anyone urge emancipation prematurely, or the dismissal of the entire Cabinet, and his reward was a story—which generally commenced with—"That reminds me of a story." And while these anecdotes or stories or witticisms were never aimed at the speaker or the committee or the delegation, it invariably disposed of their impractical scheme and demonstrated even to them the weakness of their proposal. No satire, no biting wit, but a method of laughing away an impossible situation. For never was a Chief Executive, either before or after Lincoln, showered with so much gratuitous advice, on almost every major operation of the army and upon practically every important appointment. And as Lincoln was not the man to deny himself to anyone, and was accessible at all times, his humor was practically his safest armor, for few doubtful causes ever survive a good laugh.

Humor was ever one of his chief characteristics. For twenty years, the Eighth Circuit, through which he roamed as he travelled the famous Circuit with the cavalcade of lawyers and litigants and witnesses, was entertained and instructed by this lawyer, who knew how to use this weapon in and out of Court; while on the stump this proved well-nigh invincible, with opponents who knew how to meet him at almost every point.

There were splendid lawyers among them, who defeated Lincoln as easily as he them. But he soon rose to leadership, not

only at the Bar but on the hustings as well, by reason of his ease and ability to detect the weak spot in the armor of a poorly prepared adversary in Court or on the stump. With a perfect knowledge of human nature, with a thorough acquaintance of the leading problems that agitated this primitive community, Lincoln developed a simplicity of style in his extemporaneous remarks, punctuated by fable, illustration or improvised tale, which marked him as the leader, not only as a jury lawyer, but as a political leader as well. And when the time came—when a nation placed all its problems involved in a life and death struggle upon his shoulders, these experiences of the circuit and the prairie came in good stead to the much-fatigued Executive.

But Lincoln never introduced humor into the serious addresses or State papers which he left to posterity. Scan every important message or utterance, and the seriousness of the great man is everywhere evident. Neither at Bloomington nor at Peoria, at Cooper Union nor in his two inaugurals, is any trace of levity or humor discernible. These were intended for posterity—his philosophy of government upon which depended the life of the Union. Lincoln clearly distinguished between the method to be employed when he spoke to a jury, to a committee, to an interviewer, to a suppliant for office, or to an unsought adviser or peacemaker—and when he spoke to an embattled people.

To assemble all he is reported to have said would fill a number of volumes, and might include some which are attributed to him, rather than those of which he was unquestionably the author. But aside from one or two, which are highly vouched for, it is best to rely on his written word.

General Horace Porter is responsible for the following reply Lincoln made to a well-intentioned delegation which sought the removal of Grant for paroling Pemberton's army:

“. . . He told me in our first private interview a most amusing anecdote regarding a delegation of 'crossroads wiseacres,' as he called them, who came to see him one day to criticize my conduct in paroling Pemberton's army after the surrender at Vicksburg, who insisted that the men would violate their paroles, and in less than a month confront me anew in the field, and have to be whipped all over again. Said Mr. Lincoln: 'I thought the best way to get rid of them was to tell them the story of Sykes's dog. "Have you ever heard about Sykes's yellow

dog?" said I to the spokesman of the delegation. He said he hadn't. "Well, I must tell you about him," said I. "Sykes had a yellow dog he set great store by, but there were a lot of small boys around the village, and that's always a bad thing for dogs, you know. These boys didn't share Sykes's views, and they were not disposed to let the dog have a fair show. Even Sykes had to admit that the dog was getting unpopular; in fact, it was soon seen that a prejudice was growing up against that dog that threatened to wreck all his future prospects in life. The boys, after meditating how they could get the best of him, finally fixed up a cartridge with a long fuse, put the cartridge in a piece of meat, dropped the meat in the road in front of Sykes's door, and then perched themselves on a fence a good distance off, holding the end of the fuse in their hands. Then they whistled for the dog. When he came out he scented the bait, and bolted the meat, cartridge and all. The boys touched off the fuse with a cigar, and in about a second a report came from that dog that sounded like a clap of thunder. Sykes came bouncing out of the house, and yelled, 'What's up? Anything busted?' There was no reply, except a snicker from the small boys roosting on the fence; but as Sykes looked up he saw the whole air filled with pieces of yellow dog. He picked up the biggest piece he could find, a portion of the back with a part of the tail still hanging to it, and after turning it round and looking it all over, he said, 'Well, I guess he'll never be much account again—as a dog.' And I guess Pemberton's forces will never be much account again—as an army." The delegation began looking around for their hats before I had quite got to the end of the story, and I was never bothered any more after that about superseding the commander of the Army of the Tennessee.' "

At a meeting of the Loyal Legion, General Porter tells the following:

"Now I must recount only one more of his illustrations—not anecdotes—because it amused us greatly one night. I happened to have a grain of the new powder for the big guns in my hands as he walked by. He looked at it and asked, 'What is that?' 'A grain of powder,' I replied. It was about as big as a walnut. He took it in his hand, looked at it, and said: 'That is a good deal bigger than the grains of powder we used to have out in Sangamon County, when I was a boy. Before the newspapers were published and before there was much advertising in print the little merchants used to do a little free advertising before the preacher arrived at the cross-roads church. One night a man got up, he was a powder merchant, and said, "Brethren, before the arrival of the preacher, I would just like to say that I have received a new invoice of sportin' powder, and the grains are so small you can

scarcely see 'em with the naked eye and so polished you can stand in front of 'em and part your hair just like you was before a looking glass." There was a rival powder merchant there who rose up, boiling over with jealousy, and said, "Brethren, I hope you won't believe a word Brother Smith says about that powder. I have been down to his store and seen it for myself, and every grain is as big as a lump of stove coal and I pledge you my word that any one here could put a barrel of that powder on his shoulder and march square through hell without any danger of an explosion." " "

But his humor crops out again and again in his correspondence with General in the Army, with War Governor, with Vice President Hamlin and a host of others. He complains to Hannibal Hamlin in a letter written on September 28, 1862:

"It is known to some that while I hope something from the proclamation, my expectations are not so sanguine as are those of some friends. . . . It is six days old, and, while commendation in newspapers and by distinguished individuals is all that a vain man could wish, the stocks have declined, and troops come forward more slowly than ever. . . . We have fewer troops in the field at the end of the six days than we had at the beginning—the attrition among the old, outnumbering the addition by the new. The North responds to the proclamation sufficiently *in breath*; but breath alone kills no rebels. . . ."

When worried by an impossible candidate for appointment to office, he writes:

"To-day I verbally told Col. Worthington that I did not think him fit for a colonel, and now, upon his urgent request, I put it in writing."

Here is another one, when he cannot refuse the request of a wife:

"Executive Mansion, November 13, 1861.

Please have the adjutant general ascertain whether second Lieutenant of Company D, 2d infantry, Alexander E. Drake, is not entitled to promotion. His wife thinks he is. Please have this looked into. Yours truly, A. LINCOLN."

Here is another case when the wife of the Major is more successful than the Major:

(Spring of 1861) "On this day Mrs. ——— called upon me. She is the wife of Major ——— of the regular army. She wants her husband

made a brigadier-general. She is a saucy little woman and I think she will torment me till I have to do it. A. L."

From the archives of the War Department comes this interesting exchange of notes between the President and his Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton—

"DEAR STANTON: Appoint this man chaplain in the army.

(Signed) A. LINCOLN.

DEAR MR. LINCOLN: He is not a preacher.

(Signed) E. M. STANTON.

DEAR STANTON: He is now.

(Signed) A. LINCOLN.

DEAR MR. LINCOLN: But there is no vacancy.

(Signed) E. M. STANTON.

DEAR STANTON: Appoint him chaplain-at-large.

(Signed) A. LINCOLN.

DEAR MR. LINCOLN: There is no warrant in law for that.

(Signed) E. M. STANTON.

DEAR STANTON: Appoint him anyhow.

(Signed) A. LINCOLN.

DEAR MR. LINCOLN: I will not.

(Signed) E. M. STANTON."

There is a certain humor in the brevity of these communications, which reveals Lincoln in one of his most engaging aspects. At the same time, it can hardly be said that he comes out of this epistolary exchange with first honors. These go to Stanton, who showed a splendid courage in opposing his chief so firmly, and in the end flatly defied him.

His good nature crops out even when he is tired out by the constant requests for clemency. He telegraphs:

"COLONEL MULLIGAN— If you haven't shot Barney D—— yet—
don't. A. LINCOLN."

When someone who disliked Buchanan asked him, on Inauguration Day, if he preferred to go to the Capitol in a barouche with

Buchanan, or go alone, he is reminded of a story. It was, of course, the custom to ride with the outgoing President, but, of course, it was his privilege to show what he thought of Buchanan. He achieved both objects by his answer. "That puts me in mind of a man dressed like a Quaker, who, coming into court as a witness, was asked if he would swear or affirm. 'I don't care a damn *which*,' was the reply."

Here follows an occurrence in Court:

"There was a bridge case on trial, the question being about the ability of a certain engineer to build bridges, the one under trial being claimed defective. The witness was friendly to the engineer, he would trust him to build a bridge over anything and between anywhere—'That chap can erect a bridge between here and Hell,' he said enthusiastically. Lincoln with all his six feet plus drew himself up and smiled his best smile. 'I quite agree with you, he can build a bridge between here and Hell—but just how would he sink the foundations on the Hell side?' Lincoln won the case."

During the war, it was the habit for delegations of "prominent citizens" to visit Washington to consult with President Lincoln upon the conduct of the war. At one time, during the darkest days, a dozen or more of the leading business men of Wilmington, Del., called upon the President. They told him that they represented the "solid men" of Delaware, and that they had come to discuss the situation and the means of ending the struggle. After the chairman of the delegation had finished his speech, the President asked:

"So you are the solid men of Delaware?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"All from the New Castle County?"

"Yes, all from New Castle."

"All from Wilmington, too?"

"Yes, all from the same city," replied the gentlemen, in a chorus.

"Well," remarked Mr. Lincoln, as his eyes twinkled, "did it ever occur to you, gentlemen, that there was danger of your little State tipping up during your absence?"

The delegation returned home wiser, but so full of appreciation of the joke that their friends were not long in hearing of it.

LINCOLN'S PRESCRIPTION

There is a story, still current in Illinois, which says that an old farmer friend of Lincoln's who used to correspond with him complained on one occasion of his poor health. He received the following reply, which is quoted in Illinois as "Lincoln's Prescription":

"Do not worry. Eat three square meals a day. Say your prayers. Think of your wife. Be courteous to your creditors. Keep your digestion good. Steer clear of biliousness. Exercise. Go slow and go easy. Maybe there are other things that your especial case requires to make you happy; but, my dear friend, these, I reckon, will give you a good lift."

Having in mind the hostility between Thurlow Weed and Horace Greeley, he desires to make an appointment of one recommended by both—even though he causes the removal of the occupant:

"Executive Mansion, May 8, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR: I am told there is an office in your department called 'The Superintending Architect of the Treasury Department, connected with the Bureau of Construction,' which is now held by a man of the name of Young, and wanted by a gentleman of the name of Christopher Adams.

Ought Mr. Young to be removed, and if yea, ought Mr. Adams to be appointed? Mr. Adams is magnificently recommended; but the great point in his favor is that Thurlow Weed and Horace Greeley join in recommending him. I suppose the like never happened before, and never will again; so that it is now or never. What say you?

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN."

When completely overwhelmed by the unfair demands, and occasionally demands that could not be complied with—his humor prevails. To Dubois and Hatch, who want an appointment which is filled, he telegraphs:

"What nation do you desire General Allen to be made quarter-master-general of? This nation already has a quarter-master-general.

A. LINCOLN."

In this connection, President Lincoln, whose boundless humor was an armor, once asked Surgeon General Barnes where he could get the smallpox. "For then," said he, "I shall have something I can give to everybody." Strange as it may seem, soon after his return from Gettysburg, he had a mild attack of chicken pox and actually said: "Now you can send them all in, I have something that I can give to all."

Lincoln, in this respect, has suffered from the quotation of a few outstanding humorous stories, not unlike the oft repeated quotations of a few of his sentiments, to the exclusion of all else. Here, too, a thorough sifting of the genuine from the spurious anecdotes and witty remarks, or humorous anecdotes, would be an act of tardy justice. For a great many tales of a questionable nature are first attributed to Lincoln, only to be used in the attempt to fasten upon him the charge that he told questionable stories, not only in the company of men but in the company of women as well. Here, too, the testimony of some of the greatest men of his day to the contrary is of little help, when the biographer with a definite idea of Lincoln's humor takes the stand and evolves a theory based upon such haphazard jesting. The only fault President Van Buren could find with Lincoln's humor was that his sides ached him for weeks after. Judge Davis, Senator Trumbull, Ralph Waldo Emerson and a host of others are completely overlooked and relegated to the rear, when a modern biographer has reached the decision that Lincoln's humor, such as he develops from these questionable data, is one of the pegs upon which he builds the structure that Lincoln lacked refinement and manners in his contact and conversation with those about him.

Time alone will complete the portrait of that great leader. His humor, like his eloquence, will be appreciated, by those who seek the true outlines of the man—and will be found to have been a safety valve, when troubles and sorrows of his own, coupled with the sore trials of the nation, would have destroyed and overwhelmed an ordinary mortal.

XXIX

LINCOLN'S KINDNESS AND MERCY—LET WOMAN TESTIFY

THERE was a broad humanity about Abraham Lincoln, which was particularly evident when he came in contact with the mother, with the widow, or with the children. Of children, he was passionately fond—and they of him. Those little images of freedom attracted him—with a neighbor's baby sleeping inside his cape or upon his shoulder to give him calm and poise while thinking of his coming speech or argument, his own children romping and wandering about unrestrained by Cabinet meeting, by Foreign Minister, by General or by Senator. The children seemed indispensable to this child of the prairies.

His own boys, with their little girl playmate brought to the White House to keep them company, had just tried and convicted the doll of treason. The doll was to be executed and buried in the plot of roses. Their little girl friend, sent by Mrs. Lincoln to quiet the boys, suggests that they appeal to the President for a pardon; the boys do apply for the pardon, and the father-President reaches for one of the pardon blanks—which he used so often in spite of protests from the Secretary of War and his Generals—and fills out a pardon for the doll. The great man had time for everything! He once said in retrospect: "I want it said of me that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow."

He was happy when he could pardon some young boy condemned to death, and relieve the tension of a mother's agony—intent to the point of despair on saving her boy. He was ever considerate and kind to the wife who aided and advised and managed somehow—during the storm and stress period of his life. One heard him say: "I reckon there's a little short woman down at our house who would like to hear the news." Another heard him say: "There is a lady over yonder on Eighth Street who is deeply interested in this news; I will carry it to her," immedi-

ately after the telegram announcing his nomination was handed to him—the first great achievement of his life. And on the night of the election Lincoln walked to the Eighth Street cottage and told the woman who knew it all the time—“Mary—we’re elected.” The beautiful thought about his angel mother, which he often uttered, his loyalty to his stepmother to the very end—was ever the Fifth Commandment more lovingly observed?—are but other evidences of the nobility of his heart and the exaltation of his soul.

His letters dealing with his serio-comic matrimonial attempts are full of genuine humor and heartrending pathos when they refer to Ann Rutledge or Mary Owens alternately. His inexplicable conduct toward the clever and accomplished Mary Todd—who ever had an abiding faith in his ultimate success and his elevation to power, and whom he ultimately married, after she had rejected the brilliant and successful Douglas—is but another instance of Lincoln’s moods in his contact with women.

He was ever ready with a noble sentiment, with fatherly advice to the aspiring young girls with whom he came in contact, and he ever sought their company. He could never refuse to write some lofty sentiment into the autograph albums which were then the fashion of the times. During his stay in Winchester, Lincoln stopped at the town hotel—the Haggard House. In the proprietor’s family were two daughters. At their request, Lincoln wrote the following verses in their autograph books, composed as it occurred to him on the spur of the moment:

“To ROSA—

You are young, and I am older;
 You are hopeful, I am not—
 Enjoy life, ere it grow colder—
 Pluck the roses ere they rot.

Teach your beau to heed the lay—
 That sunshine soon is lost in shade—
 That now’s as good as any day—
 To take thee, ere she fade.

A. LINCOLN.”

“To LINNIE—

A sweet plaintive song did I hear,
 And I fancied that she was the singer—

May emotions as pure as that song set a-stir
Be the worst that the future shall bring her.

A. LINCOLN."

And how typical is Lincoln's observation about Speed's happiness, with whom he conducted a rather lengthy correspondence about Speed's impending marriage—urging him to marry—and after that happy event Lincoln wrote some fine letters demonstrating to Speed that he was infinitely better off now that he was married than he had been before he took that important step. How positive Lincoln is that Speed is "much happier" or rather "less miserable" than he had been, can be seen from the following statement: "My old father," says Lincoln, "used to have a saying that 'if you make a bad bargain, hug it all the tighter.' Even if in marrying Fanny, he (Speed) made a bad bargain, which is unthinkable, how pleasant in her case to apply that maxim."

Among Lincoln's old acquaintances now living in Leavenworth was one whose family included a daughter just approaching young womanhood. In her autograph album Lincoln wrote the following inscription:

"With pleasure I write my name in your Album. Ere long some younger man will be more happy to confer his name upon you. Don't allow it, Mary, until fully assured that he is worthy of the happiness.

Your friend,

A. LINCOLN."

And what a refutation to the charge that he was absent-minded and careless about his wife's well-being. Here is an extract from a letter which has just lately been found:

"Are you entirely free from headache? That is good—considering it is the first spring you have been free from it since we were acquainted—I am afraid you will get so well and fat and young as to be wanting to marry again. Tell Louisa I want her to watch you a little for me. Get weighed and write me how much you weigh."

So careful and thoughtful was he about the comfort of his wife that he has not even forgotten to assume the burden of struggling with that domestic problem of the ages—the servant problem—which was a perpetual nightmare to Mrs. Lincoln:

"By the way, you do not intend to do without a girl because the one you had left you? Get another as soon as you can to take charge of the dear codgers."

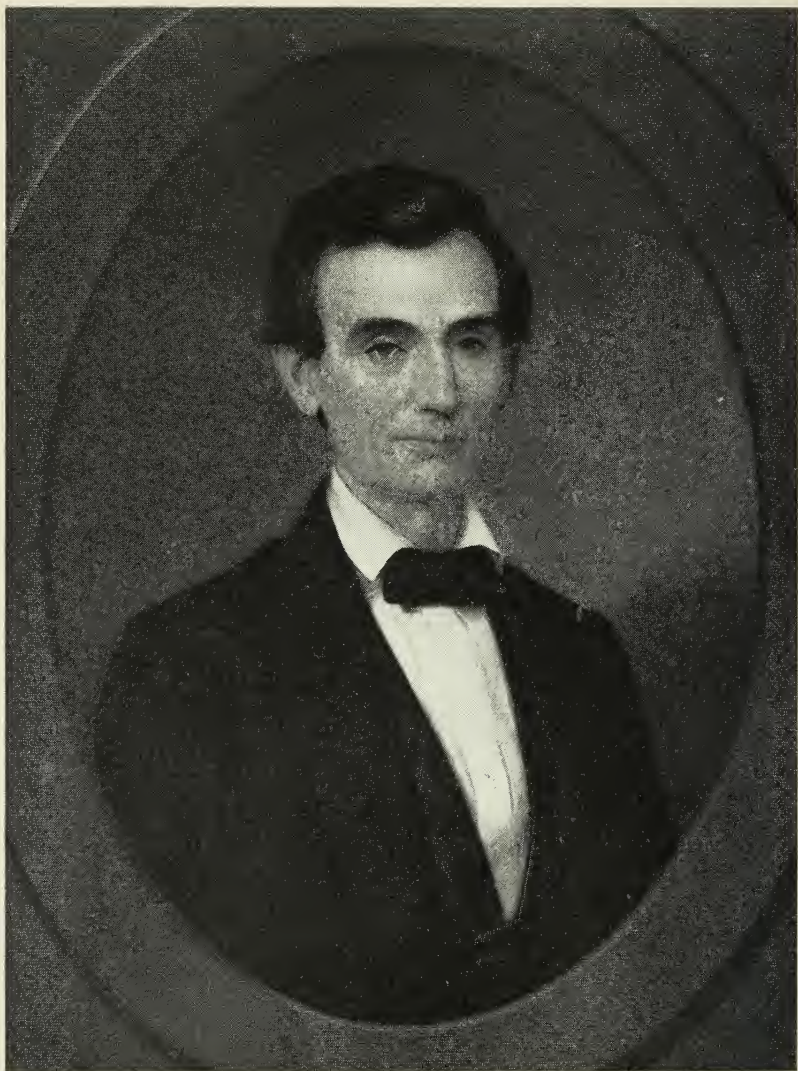
Here is a letter to Herndon, in a lighter vein, in which he shows that he was not at all blind to the charms of the fair sex, even long after he was married, and in Washington as a member of Congress:

"Yours of the 3rd is this moment received; and I hardly need say it gives unalloyed pleasure— I now almost regret writing the serious, long-faced letter, I wrote yesterday; but let the past as nothing be— Go it while you're young! . . . I write this in the confusion of the H. R. and with several other things to attend to— I will send you about eight different speeches this evening; and as to kissing a pretty girl, I know one very pretty one, but I guess she won't let me kiss her."

What a fine specimen of the sentimental Lincoln this letter to Herndon is, about the beautiful girl he knows in Washington. And what a refutation of the claims of those who would have us believe that Lincoln was but the living subject caricatured in the grotesque and harrowing pictures and steel engravings of the time—which portray him as a perennial man of woe and of trouble and of tears—with almost inconceivably homely, if not repulsive, features. That was before Marshall and Carpenter and Timothy Cole and St. Gaudens—and above all—Brady's photographs. Healy made that particular method of portraying Lincoln ridiculous by giving us the real, living Lincoln.

Of the many cases in which women were his clients, two are typical of all the others and go a long way to justify all that has been said about his unselfish services for women when they were his clients. The Wright case is probably quoted more often than any other. Wright had charged the widow of a Revolutionary soldier half her compensation of \$400 for getting her claim allowed. The old woman, crippled and bent with age, went to Lincoln and Herndon with her claim against Wright. Lincoln demanded the return of the money, which was refused, and Lincoln and Herndon sued him to compel a refund.

Lincoln made careful preparation for his appeal to the jury: "No contract. Not professional services. Unreasonable charge.



Miniature by J. Henry Brown

Money retained by Def't not given by Pl'ff. Revolutionary War. Describe Valley Forge privations. Ice-Soldier's bleeding feet. Pl'ff's husband. Soldier leaving home for army. Skin Def't. Close"—so run Lincoln's notes for his speech. His partner reproduces his peroration—the parting at the cabin home when the young soldier left for the army, the fond farewell to the lonely wife, the kissing of the baby in its cradle and other touching incidents of the patriot's departure. "Time rolls by; the heroes of '76 have passed away and are encamped on the other shore. The soldier has gone to rest, and now, crippled, blinded, and broken, his widow comes to you and to me, gentlemen of the jury, to right her wrongs. She was not always thus. She was once a beautiful young woman. Her step was as elastic, her face as fair, her voice as sweet as any that rang in the mountains of old Virginia. But now she is poor and defenseless. Out here on the prairies of Illinois, many hundreds of miles away from the scenes of her childhood, she appeals to us, who enjoy the privileges achieved for us by the patriots of the Revolution, for our sympathetic aid and manly protection. All I ask is, shall we befriend her?"

Of course, the jury, half of whom were "in tears," would befriend her, and they promptly returned a verdict against Wright who cowered in his chair writhing under Lincoln's terrible invective. Lincoln paid his client's hotel bill and her fare home, and, when the judgment was collected, sent the aged woman all of it and charged her nothing for his services.

Another engaging example of services rendered by Lincoln without pay is his refusal to charge anything for saving the farm of a young woman, Rebecca Daimwood, who inherited the land from an uncle, Christopher Robinson, the administrator of whose estate was John Lane. It would appear that the girl had made her home with Lane, who had occupied the farm. Miss Daimwood married a young farmer, William M. Dorman, and claimed the land. Thereupon Lane petitioned the Court for the sale of the property to satisfy his claim of a little more than a thousand dollars against Robinson's estate, which claim had been allowed him by the Court some fifteen years earlier.

The young married couple resisted Lane's petition, but were beaten in the trial court. Their attorney, Samuel D. Marshall, took an appeal to the Supreme Court and retained Lincoln to

conduct the case in that tribunal. Lane was represented by Lyman Trumbull. Argument on both sides was thorough and Lincoln supported his points by the citation of many authorities. The Court in a long opinion sustained Lincoln's principal contentions and reversed the decree of the trial court. It is interesting to find that that opinion was delivered by Justice James Shields, Lincoln's duelling antagonist. When asked for the amount of his fee, Lincoln said that his services were his wedding present to Rebecca and William.

What a splendid collection of letters written to mothers and widows we have—almost anyone can see who glances through those made available by the compilers. It clearly appears from these Lincoln letters and stories which picture Lincoln's loves, and Lincoln's letter to the Ellsworths, one of the noblest documents of this rare spirit, and to the Bixby mother, a missive quoted more frequently than almost anything else Lincoln ever wrote, and the other long series of letters showing his tenderness, his ardent hopes for the success and well-being of the particular family to which his attention is directed—his great regard and consideration for woman can be seen in almost every act and deed which had to do with the women who came into his life—either by way of his law office, where he championed the cause of the widow—or by way of the Executive Mansion whither the distracted mothers ever found their way after they had been rebuffed at the War Office or at the Army Headquarters—these women always found a friend in Lincoln, a friend to whom they could make their final appeal and be helped.

General Pickett's widow tells the story of her meeting Lincoln when he entered Richmond at the conclusion of the war:

"The name of Abraham Lincoln, wherever it may occur, recalls a scene from my window in the old Pickett home at the corner of Sixth and Lehigh Streets in Richmond on a day in early April after the surrender of our armies. A carriage passing by my home was surrounded by guards and followed by a retinue of soldiers. After it had passed, the cavalcade paused and a man alighted from the carriage and came back to our house. Hearing his knock I opened the door with my baby in my arms and saw a tall, gaunt, and sad-faced man who asked:

"'Is this George Pickett's place?'"

"'Yes, sir, but he is not here.'"

" 'I know that, ma'am, but I just wanted to see the place. Down in old Quincy, Ill., I have heard the lad describe the home. I am Abraham Lincoln.'

" 'The President,' I gasped.

"The stranger shook his head.

" 'No, ma'am; just Abraham Lincoln, George Pickett's old boyhood friend.'

" 'I am George Pickett's wife and this is his boy.'

"I had never seen Mr. Lincoln but remembered the intense love and reverence with which my soldier always spoke of him.

"It had been long since my baby had seen a man and being reminded of his own father, reached out his hands to Mr. Lincoln, who took him in his arms, an expression of almost divine love glorifying his face. My baby opened his mouth wide and gave his father's friend a dewy baby kiss. Putting the little one back in my arms Mr. Lincoln said:

" 'Tell your father, the rascal, that I forgive him for the sake of that kiss and those bright eyes.' "

Even the fine Southern ladies to whom his name for a time was anathema, came to realize that he was, indeed, an indulgent and a kindly administrator—and all too soon, alas, they began to see, to their sorrow, that when the fatal shot removed him from the place of authority, every one of them—the whole South—had lost their best friend. For he knew no rebels, no Confederates. "We are not enemies, but friends," was the leitmotif which rang through all his acts and deeds and words and pleas for a better understanding between the sections. How many a woman, after she came to recognize his noble heart, after she had become enlightened as to his true character, exclaimed, as did the mother who had obtained the pardon for her son, condemned by a court martial, through personal intercession with the President. Her explanation justified giving the pardon. On leaving the room she broke out: "I knew it was a Copperhead lie! Why, they told me that Mr. Lincoln was an ugly man, and it is a lie. He is the handsomest man I ever saw in my life." The glow of goodness had transfigured him.

Long before his contemporaries were willing to admit his greatness the women of an entire country were willing to trust him their all—their husbands, their brothers and their sons—the women had faith in Father Abraham. Those noble women were almost unanimous in their faith in Lincoln. Harriet Beecher

Stowe, the frail school teacher and mother, who had started a world revolution against slavery—writing her book with a pen dipped in her heart's blood—even while she brought up her large family and was an indispensable helpmate to her husband; Julia Ward Howe, whose winged words, put to music and song, moved entire hosts to battle and to victory—were at the head of an army at home which kept the faith and the courage and the endurance of their warriors at the front on the firing line, during the entire seemingly interminable stretch of the agonizing war.

Lincoln had won the hearts of the women of America—and therefore could not fail. They had taken his true measure—these mothers and daughters of America, these women of New England who had trekked through the Virginias, Kentucky, Ohio and Indiana, who had opened and had a part in the winning of the great West and Northwest. They had set their faces like flint against the octopus of slavery which they, with their superior instincts, saw could but end in the entire disintegration of our government and its free institutions.

"I have never studied the art of paying compliments to women," said Lincoln, "but I must say that if all that has been said by orators and poets since the creation of the world—in praise of women—were applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice for their conduct during this war. God bless the women of America!"

These women looked into Lincoln's eyes, into those eyes into which but few men have looked—these men who came in contact with him had what seemed to them stern and serious business—at least so they thought—and they were impatient with this patient man—with this man of sad eyes. These men never saw the light which shone in Lincoln's eyes. But the mother looked into those eyes and found sympathy and saw hope. "They were the eyes," says Franklin Lane, "of one who . . . looked through cant and pretense and the great and little vanities of great and little men. They were the eyes of an unflinching courage and an unfaltering faith rising out of a sincere dependence upon the Maker of the Universe."

The light that shone in Lincoln's eyes lighted the way, pointed the direction to the eternal things which this nation, under God, has done and will do in days to come. Lincoln's eyes were the

mirror of Lincoln's heart—which bled to make men free. And in the light of those eyes his fellowmen saw light and leading and final victory over themselves, as well as over their misguided brothers—"We are not enemies but friends," is the constant echo from those lips—enforced with the celestial light which shone from Lincoln's eyes.

Ever and anon some one or other presumes to tell us about Lincoln's looks and features, about his ungainly appearance, about his stoop, about his ill-fitting clothes, and about his shambling walk. The one hundred and eight existing photographs by Hessler, Brady, Gardner and some of the best photographers of his day do not justify any such statements. The forty-odd contemporary paintings by the best portrait painters of the day who saw him and who carefully studied his features and his figure, and for whom he sat, certainly do not justify any such conclusions. The works of Xanthus Smith, Hicks, Matthews, Lambdin, Huntington, Carpenter, Healy, and Story brand all such statements false. It was simply in line with the scheme of the defamers who divided this work among themselves in order to destroy Lincoln and his great life work from every standpoint. But even as his claim to statesmanship and primacy in leadership is established by the internal evidences of his writings and the history of his age—even as the list of books he called for from the Library of Congress for reading, for study, and for information, confutes those who claim that he was illiterate and that he read no books—even as his legal documents demonstrate his leadership at the bar, so does the camera and the painter's brush destroy this popular libel which has attempted to deny him the noble presence and majestic features and giant figure which made him tower above all those around him in dignity and in the majesty of simplicity. The stamp of leadership was unmistakably upon him.

It was that careworn face of the President forever haunting the hospital wards at Washington which had a healing effect on thousands of suffering soldiers. It was the tall, seemingly uncouth Westerner who was the most beautiful man that ever lived to the mother successfully pleading for the life of her soldier boy. It was Abraham Lincoln, the son of the frontier, who appreciated the hard task of mere boys keeping watch through the long hours of the night and understanding their exacting vigils, who de-

clared that he would not make every Friday a butcher's day in the army by shooting sleeping sentinels in order to preserve military discipline.

For a multitude of reasons his public life was inexpressibly sad and burdensome, and was only intensified by the horrors of the war—and by the sufferings of its myriads of victims. In the deep recesses of his great heart, he was at times wholly aloof from the people, for his was a life of solitude. These facts link him to the prophets of the ages who were ever alone and who endured sorrows, but accomplished a blessed work—Jacob in the wilderness, Savonarola in a dungeon, Jeremiah on the ruins of Jerusalem, they all suffered and endured and laid their heads upon stone, but they saw heavenly visions. They realized the immortal truth that to live in ease and comfort is to rest their heads upon soft down and so sink into restful sleep and see no angels. Lincoln in his gloom, in his solitude, in his despair, suffered and endured and rested his head upon stone, but he saw angels ascending and descending.

Let no one say that heavenly voices did not speak to him, while the life of the Union was in the balance at Gettysburg and he in prayer on his knees in the White House; he was sustained by his vision while working out the delivery of a people and the saving of a nation; and by a martyr's death he paid the last full measure of devotion, and so entered into the rest which in this world was denied him, and into the halo of eternal glory.

XXX

LINCOLN—THE GREAT LEVELLER

I TAKE it that Masonry is one of the many ripe flowers blossoming from the Book of books—the best companion of mankind in its travail through the ages. Its long line of descent traced from the very dawn of history, from the reign of the wisest of men, and called into being by one of his inspired builders, who not only erected the miracle among historical edifices—King Solomon's Temple—but also laid the foundation of modern Masonry—its religious foundations, its ethical concepts, the balm of charity in which it is shrouded, could have none other than Biblical origin. Would you know how it survived, how and why it escaped destruction amidst the wreck of empires—and the overthrow of thrones—I would say, as did the biographer of the great architect in London when asked where was the monument of Sir Christopher Wren, "Circumspice"—"Look about you"—and see these monuments, which have made England's imperial city beautiful and awe-inspiring. Look around you in all the deeds of charity, the ties of fellowship, the clean lives, the good citizenship we live and practice, and see how we exemplify the great principle and concept of the ages—"Love thy neighbor as thyself." For has it not been written: "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." That, in short, is the philosophy of Masonry.

Where in the world could we find a character who led a life more akin to this, than Lincoln?

Brand Whitlock, one of the few men who has attained a glimpse of the soul of Lincoln, says:

"The story of Lincoln, perfect in its unities, appealing to the imagination like some old tragedy, has been told over and over, and will be told over and over again. The log cabin where he was born, the axe he swung in the backwoods, the long sweep to which he bent on the flatboat in the river, the pine knot at midnight,—these are the rough symbols of the forces by which he made his own slow way.

Surveyor and legislator, country lawyer riding the circuit, politician on the stump and in Congress, the unwearied rival of Douglas, finally, as the lucky choice of a new party, the President,—the story is wholly typical of these States in that earlier epoch when the like was possible to any boy. But the story does not end here. He is in the White House at last, but in an hour when realized ambitions turn to ashes, the nation is divided, a crisis confronts the land, and menaces the old cause of liberty. We see him become the wise leader of that old cause, the sad, gentle captain of a mighty war, the liberator of a whole race, and not only the saviour of a republic, but the creator of a nation; and then, in the very hour of triumph,—the tragedy for which destiny plainly marked him. Rightly told, the story is the epic of America.”

Some men, indeed, are born Masons. Most of us achieve it. If ever a man lived and acted every Masonic precept, exemplified every Masonic virtue, practiced the full Masonic creed, it was Father Abraham, whose heart bled for all; who would suffer if he did not replace the feeble young bird to its nest from which it had fallen—whose hand would not sign the decree of execution in any case where the slightest reason existed or could be found for the exercise of clemency—“Judge not,” said he repeatedly, “lest ye be judged”—whose heart revolted at the sight of the auction block, whose life was ultimately given that his fellows be free.

Within the last two decades, the Grand Master of a nearby Masonic jurisdiction, arranged for the creating of one of our chief executives, a Master Mason at sight. That particular chief executive was so occupied with the tasks in the service of his country, as Solicitor General, Judge, Proconsul, Cabinet officer, and President, and finally Chief Justice of the Supreme Court—that like Lincoln he had no time to enter the craft through the usual portals—unlike his youthful predecessor, who insisted and found time for coming into the Order in the manner others have gone before him. If President Taft was prevented by an active life from becoming a Mason in the usual way, how much more occupied was Abraham Lincoln! Before becoming absorbed with the work of his life, he probably was not wanted. And when he came to Washington and assumed office—and the plague had broken out—the States had begun to secede—he stood between the dead and the dying, and the plague was stayed. All who

looked up to Lincoln were safe—remained in the Union, secession was stayed, the border States remained in the Union and the Union was saved; the plague of secession was stopped by the giant grip of Lincoln. He had no time to become a member at such a time—the whole country was ablaze with rebellion.

Not one of the other twenty-nine Presidents was similarly worn out with the labors, not only of the office, but by the unending list of tasks which an embattled country forced upon those burden-bearing shoulders. The line of petitioners, of widows, of mothers, of common people, of neighbors, of statesmen, and of soldiers never ended—day and night—during his walks, during his meals, on his way to and from the hospitals, on the lawns of the White House, he was hounded and waylaid, interviewed and importuned for a thousand and one things which taxed his powers to the limit. Besides, the Cabinet meetings, the War Office, the hospitals, were his constant abode. Some day he hoped to go to Palestine—the home where Masonry was born. When could this man—the most overworked mortal who ever occupied public office—become a candidate for Masonry and go through the usual forms of Masonry? Have you any doubt whatever that had he had the time, had the opportunity been propitious, that all the State jurisdictions in the land would not only have been happy but eager to make Abraham Lincoln a Mason at sight?

Masonry levels all of us to a sense and state of fellowship where all are kin—where all are brothers—for “how nice and pleasant it is for brothers to live in harmony”—“For are we not all children of one Father, hath not one God made us all?” In appealing to his departing Southern brethren, did he not plead: “We are not enemies, but friends, my dissatisfied countrymen,” and then in the most brotherly fashion refrained from giving cause for secession and rebellion, hoping to the end that “the mystic chords of memory stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.”

But when his misguided brethren did fire the shot at our flag—which roused every patriot from coast to coast—he was forced into the fratricidal war and brought out of the baptism of fire

and blood a recemented Union based upon equality and freedom; and when he spoke again through the Emancipation Proclamation given to the world—the greatest Masonic act in the history of the upward struggle of the race for equality and for freedom—the world heard; and no words spoken in all history have proven so potential for good, or have so calmed the waters of discontent. His work done—the departing States held in leash, he enters upon the final stage of immortality—the Heavenly gates open and in our religious fervor with which we see his passing on and up, ascending on high “purpling the air with the glory of his name,” bearing to Heaven the broken shackles of four millions of slaves and laying them at the foot of the great white throne—a peace-offering for the patriot blood shed in our unnatural strife—would it be profane to suppose that Heaven’s music grew sweeter, and angels quickened their chorus, as the joyous chimes from earthly tower and dome chanted the praises of a race redeemed, and our glorified dead mingled their voices in the choir above? We almost hear the judgment of our Father in Heaven—“Well done, good and faithful servant.” And then the afterglow, the black despair—and then Masonic brethren not only here but all over the world—forty-three foreign Masonic jurisdictions are heard from—enter upon a period of mourning for their departed brother—the humble rail splitter, the poor surveyor, the struggling lawyer, the village postmaster, the modest legislator, the gaunt captain in the Black Hawk War, the one-term Congressman, the giant debater, the Cooper Union seer and the martyr President. Every Masonic Lodge in the Union joins in the universal mourning service for the departed brother.

All masters of Masonic lodges announced in broken-hearted accents why the membership of the lodge had been assembled on that sad evening and ordered the lodge draped in mourning—at a time when the working tools of life—which worked the deliverance of four million souls—and the restoration of the Government of the people—fell from the lifeless hands of Abraham Lincoln—the man who now belongs to the ages. Oh! that some student of Masonry—some real historian of the ideas and ideals of the craft would gather in book form the tributes of the Masonic lodges and Grand lodges, to the great Liberator—the great Level-

ler—who was the noblest and most inspired Mason of his day and generation!

Yes! we owe it to ourselves, we owe it to that great historic figure—to show the world that we ever function in days of sorrow even as in days of joy. Others have done it—the Church, the law, the statesmen—and only the other day, rather belated it is true—the Synagogue. Why not Masons? Was there ever subject more attractive—was there ever a piece of historic justice more urgent—in order, if for naught else—to set on edge the teeth of those who criticize us?

Yes, he comforted the widow, as no other mortal did; he guarded the orphan—his last plea in his Second Inaugural, the one inspired State paper of the Century, was for the widow and orphan. He who was quick to pardon and forgive, and long-suffering before entering upon a quarrel, he whose sole passion was a united country under God, who suffered more in performing his stern tasks than any other human being in our history, who was visited by trials and tribulations, who was tried by the loss of his first love and by the loss of his child, even as he was orphaned by the loss of his angel mother, and yet stood erect, unafraid on the side of God—and emerged victor, emancipator, preserver of his people and pacificator of his country—he was indeed a Mason!

Was he then a Mason without initiation? You might as well ask was he a lawyer without attending a law school? Was he a great stylist without attending a school of higher learning? Was he a military strategist of a high order—without any military experience? Was he a great executive and master of a multitude of great men, without any previous executive experience? Was he a diplomat and acquainted with the refinements of diplomatic negotiation—frustrating and holding in check not only the statesmen of the South but a Palmerston, a Gladstone and a Napoleon the Third—without ever having seen a diplomat or having had any experience in the rudiments of that game of kings and princes? Was he an orator and author of an address, the like of which we cannot find except if we go back two thousand years and listen to Pericles, without the study of the classics or the art of oratory? Was he a man of deep religious faith without belonging to a church? Do you not see that you cannot apply

the yardstick to a man of his mold? He acted as a Mason would, he lived as a Mason lives, he was indeed a Mason!

The ritual which few ever master, and if we do for the time being, never remember, that ritual which only the few select of the craft study and remember—he lived and acted and exemplified. The Masonic virtues, the practice of which are enjoined on all if we are to be exemplars of our craft,—Lincoln lived and acted and believed and practiced. He was the noblest type of Bible student without being a teacher or preacher of Holy Writ. But he lived in the spirit of the Bible and became one of the inspired seers and leaders of all time.

And it is for us to quote the sayings of this member of our craft—to study the lessons of his truly Masonic life, his achievements, his trials, his sufferings, and condense the narrative of the achievements of that great mind—pick out his maxims, his rules of life, and proceed to yonder altar—open our priceless and perpetual ornament and source of all life and religion, where the old ends and the new begins—in that twilight zone where the misunderstandings of the millennia have kept apart brother and brother, have made war between people and people—and write upon those blank pages which seem to separate the old and the new—the life, the achievements, the principles, the priceless maxims of that God-intoxicated soul—and thus add a connecting link of the purest gold between the Old Testament and the New, and write the final chapter in that tome which Wycliffe called “a book of the people, by the people and for the people”—consisting of the life concepts of him who made sure that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

The entire phase is told by Charles Fisher—a past master of Springfield Lodge and Grand Senior Warden of the Grand Lodge of Illinois.

He said that the Grand Lodge of Illinois met at Springfield in the fall of 1860. Lincoln had been nominated for the Presidency at the convention in Chicago that summer. In consequence his name was on many lips and thoughts of him were in many minds, as the election was near at hand.

The Grand Lodge in those days was not the tremendous convention of the present but a small, compact organization, whose

members knew each other as Jim or Bill, and was characterized at times by considerable informality. The first morning, after routine business had been disposed of, general topics were discussed and somebody mentioned Lincoln.

One and then another said that they had never met Lincoln, but would like very much to meet him. Presently it was decided that all would like to see the sturdy figure then so near to the national honors. It was suggested and decided that if suitable arrangements could be made the Grand Lodge would recess and they'd all go over and visit him.

Fisher went across to the capital, where the "Governor's room" so called, on the south side, had been put at the disposal of Mr. Lincoln for his political conferences. His law offices were across from the capital on the west side and there he attended to business, but in this office room in the capital he met his political visitors. He said that he would be delighted to meet the gentlemen, and he and Fisher arranged for the visit to be on the following day.

Accordingly, next day at the appointed hour the Grand Lodge filed down the street into Mr. Lincoln's office. It was a bare, barn-like room, and in anticipation of the coming of the visitors there had been brought in from other offices round-about a lot of the hard wooden chairs.

Each of the visitors was introduced by Fisher. Greetings were exchanged all around and the party was seated. Mr. Lincoln wrapped his legs around each other in a manner which he had, and the conversation became general.

Presently in a lull Mr. Lincoln with recognition of the fraternal relations of his visitors made this observation: "Gentlemen, I have always entertained a profound respect for the Masonic fraternity, and I have long cherished a desire to become a member, but I have never petitioned because I have felt my own unworthiness to do so."

Of course, there was a chorus of protest, the visitors asserting that he must not let his modesty prevent the realization of the desire he professed.

Mr. Lincoln continued: "I might be overcoming my hesitancy and be petitioning at the present time, but I am a candidate for a political office, and by some such action would be misconstrued.

For this reason, because my motives would be misconstrued, I must for the time being refrain."

The conversation then turned to other channels. Lincoln was elected, became engrossed in the war problems, was assassinated, and so far as his friends in Springfield ever learned, never presented a petition to a Masonic Lodge. He maintained his home at Springfield, and so would have had to petition there. Fisher was deeply interested in all the Masonic bodies there and would have known if Lincoln had ever petitioned. Fisher was master of Springfield, No. 4. K. D. Gross asked Fisher direct if Lincoln had ever petitioned a Masonic lodge and was told positively that he never had.

I mention this because of reports which are from time to time current to the effect that Lincoln had been rejected as an applicant for Masonry, that he did not favor the order. Fisher knew Lincoln well and knew the Gross family well. K. D. Gross was the youngest son of Elder A. Gross, a notable figure of Central Illinois in the early days.

Colonel E. B. Bierce, of Springfield, Ill., while visiting in Nardin in January, 1906, discussed the question of whether or not President Lincoln was a Mason. Although statements to that effect have been made, Colonel Bierce says that he was not. He says that just after Lincoln's election in 1860, his petition for membership was received by Springfield Masonic Lodge, No. 4, of which Colonel Bierce is still a member, and acted upon favorably, but that in view of the exciting events which came on apace during that Fall, and the many things which occupied the attention of the President-elect, he never found time to go any further in Masonry.

XXXI

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S INVENTIVE MIND

THERE are few phases of Abraham Lincoln's career which are so rarely referred to as his first invention, and comments on his inventive mind are almost completely absent. But few have delved into the records of the Patent Office or referred to his conferences with his partner Herndon about his invention. His appearance in 1859, in the McCormick reaper case, is occasionally referred to by lawyers, but only by reason of his strange and unpleasant experiences upon meeting Stanton for the first time. But that there was a strain in his mental make-up which had a tendency to invent and to appreciate a new invention has not been considered of sufficient importance by his many biographers to induce them to allot a page or two to that subject. And yet this little known quality of mind, which made him examine with care a new invention and discourse about it understandingly, turned the tide in favor of the Union.

For on March 9, 1862, occurred a great fight between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor* in Hampton Roads, which saved the cities on the Atlantic coast from such destruction as would have meant speedy recognition of the Confederacy in Europe. For that actual defeat of the Confederate ram, Lincoln was responsible not less than the famous inventor Ericsson. Lincoln had been a flatboatman; he had even made an invention for lifting flatboats over shoals. The model may be seen in the Patent Office.

"What I claim as my invention and desire to secure letters patent, is the combination of expansible buoyant chambers, placed at the sides of a vessel, with the main shaft or shafts C, by means of the sliding spars or shafts D, which pass down through the buoyant chambers, and are made fast to their bottoms and the series of ropes and pulleys, or their equivalents in such a manner that by turning the main shaft or shafts in one direction, the buoyant chambers will be forced downwards into the water, and at the same time expanded and filled with air for buoying up the vessel, by the displacement of water, and

by turning the shaft in an opposite direction, the buoyant chambers will be contracted into a small space, and secured against injury.

A. LINCOLN."

Appearing as though it had been whittled out of a shingle and a cigar box, the model is about eighteen or twenty inches long, and bears the inscription: "6469, Abraham Lincoln, Springfield, Illinois. Improvement in lifting vessels over shoals. Patented May 22, 1849."

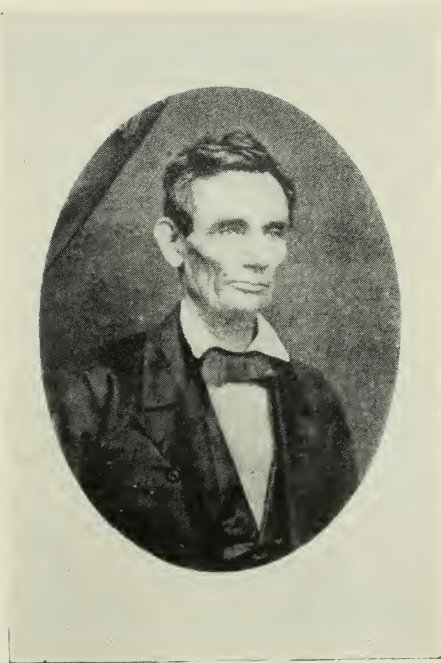
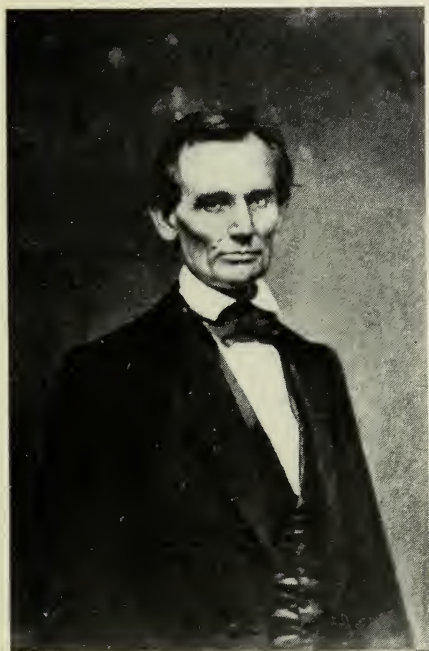
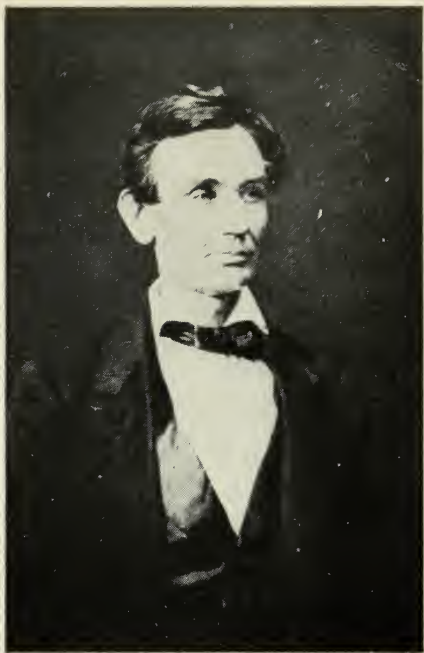
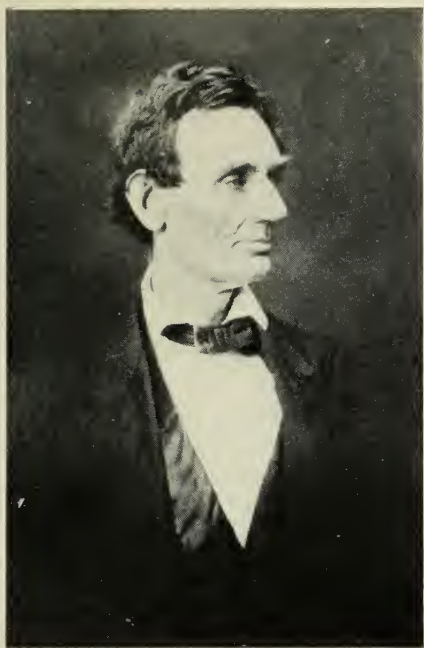
The idea for this device probably originated when he built a boat to take produce to New Orleans. After reaching New Salem the boat stuck on a mill-dam, the bow in the air over the "lip" of this dam, and the stern in the water, the cargo slowly settling backward and submersion almost certain to follow. Lincoln unloaded the boxes and barrels, and tilted his craft. Then, by boring a hole in the end extending over the dam, the water was let out. It was this experience which inspired Lincoln's first invention.

On a journey between Niagara Falls and Springfield, part of the trip was by boat. For a while the boat was stranded in shallow water and had to be pried loose. First a large pole was driven into the mud, and then a winch and a rope were attached to it to pull the steamer free. When the future President returned to Congress, he took his invention with him and showed it to Z. C. Robbins, a patent lawyer, who said: "I speedily came to the conclusion that his idea was of value and procured a patent."

Lincoln also interested himself in balloons, and was one of the first persons to receive a telegraphic message from a balloon sent up to make observations on an enemy's works across the Potomac River.

That his love for machinery did not desert him upon his elevation to high office, appears from a paper by the late Colonel Benjamin Silliman Church, who commanded an engineer company in the Twelfth New York Regiment, one of the first to reach Washington in 1861:

"One bright morning in May, 1861, before the first advance over Long Bridge into Virginia, young Captain Church was in his hut . . . in a shanty near the sidewalk on the corner of K and Fourteenth Streets. A sentinel entered presenting a card—Mr. Abraham Lincoln—with the request that Captain Church



(From the Collection of Frederick Hill Meserve)

speaking with him. Hastily . . . he hurried out and found the President sitting alone in his carriage. . . . With a kindly smile the President greeted him. 'Captain,' he said, 'two of your relatives who are on General Scott's staff, General Schuyler Hamilton and General Henry Van Rensselaer, tell me . . . that you probably know something about a particular kind of pump called the Worthington Pump. It has been doing service at the White House. But latterly it has refused to work. It has turned rebel. With no water for the plumbing, I fear sickness in the household. None of the plumbers in Washington seem to understand the mechanism. But since you are from New York, I am venturing to hope you may have the requisite knowledge and will be able to put us in the way of all needed information. Will you come and give us the benefit of your judgment?'

"The Captain replied that he would follow him at once to the White House and do his utmost to relieve the situation. 'No, no,' said the President, 'jump into the carriage and we will drive right over.' . . .

"The genial pleasantry of Mr. Lincoln speedily relieved all the natural embarrassment of the young officer, and before the end of the short drive he was wholly at ease and on a most friendly equality.

"They drew up to the rear of the Executive Mansion, entered the basement and went to the pump room. The Captain at a glance recognized it as one of an early and abandoned type of the Worthington Pump, known as the 'Relief Reciprocating Pump.'

"Its mechanism was of the simplest form, but mysterious in action to those unacquainted with the principles on which it operated. The lugs on the valve-rod thrown by an arm on the piston-rod required nice adjustment. Examination showed that the threads of the binding screws of the lugs were worn, allowing them to slip out of place. The Captain remarked that with two monkey wrenches and some thin strips of lead he could himself put it in working order. The tools were brought and Mr. Lincoln said, 'Take off your coat, Captain,' as he proceeded to remove his own; and, wrenches in hand, the President of the United States and the young officer fell to work tinkering with valve-rod screws. The steam was put on and off for frequent trials, until adjustment was finally secured. The President readily caught the idea

and followed directions with absolute docility. 'A little forward on your side, Mr. President. There—there—gently—not too much, now tighten a little more. So—so— I believe we've got it!' Finally the pump was making its strokes with regularity.

"The President watched it with critical interest for a time. Becoming satisfied that it was really going, he grew exuberant, waving the monkey wrench over his head, just as a boy would rejoice who had made a good stroke at marbles. Putting his hands on the Captain's shoulders, he exclaimed: 'Well, we have done what no two men in Washington could do; now we have earned a recess! Come with me and we will have a little luncheon all by ourselves!' The Captain urged that his reward was in being of some slight service to the President and that he must not consume more of his valuable time. 'No! no!' was the reply—and a playful finger was held up in warning. 'You must obey the Commander-in-Chief without question until relieved from duty. Come along!'

"A pleasant luncheon was served in his private room, and gradually the kindly sympathetic talk on the part of Mr. Lincoln had elicited from the Captain every incident of his life, and, it seemed to him in recalling the interview, not only concerning himself, but his family and relatives. What appeared to impress Mr. Lincoln most was to discover that his young guest was the grandson of Professor Benjamin Silliman of Yale College. . . . Lincoln looked at the young man and said slowly, 'So you are the grandson of Professor Benjamin Silliman—Uncle Ben, they called him.' 'Yes,' replied the Captain delightedly, they did.' . . .

"The luncheon concluded, . . . an orderly announced the carriage. The President took his hat and they went out together. On reaching the front entrance, the Captain, believing that the President was going on some special business elsewhere, again endeavored to take leave, but Mr. Lincoln said: 'Stop! stop! get into the carriage! I must take you back to your quarters. Not a word, not a word!' They drove back to Camp Anderson on Franklin Square, and with a warm shake of the hand and renewed thanks, he was gone."

When Ericsson first appeared in Washington, Secretaries, Senators, Congressmen—all made fun of the proposed turret ironclad; but Lincoln told Ericsson to go ahead. With this encouragement the ingenious Swede obtained help from a Connecti-

cut capitalist and Congressman; and Lincoln himself accepted the strange craft for the Navy. His experience, insight and persistence, in the face of ridicule, saved the seas to the Union.

Lincoln was ever interested in inventions, in patents, as he saw them, read about them or which were brought to his attention. A war always brings a flood of inventions and an army of inventors to the heads of the various departments. A good many of these came to Lincoln himself. Some old friend, some prominent office-holder—elected or appointed—would manage to arrange for an appointment and for a hearing before the President would refer the inventor to the proper department head who was to look into the merits of these inventions.

Lincoln was interested in an invention to detect objects under water—like his great prototype, Jefferson, who was also interested in a model of a submarine. So Lincoln writes to Captain, afterwards Rear Admiral, John A. Dahlgren:

“Capt. Lavender wishes to show you a contrivance of his for discovery and aiding to remove, under-water obstructions to the passage of vessels, and has sufficiently impressed me to induce me to send him to you. He is sufficiently vouched to me as a worthy gentleman; and this I know, it needs not my asking for you to treat him as such.”

He thus anticipated the submarine and the weapons with which to fight them. With no other Naval officer was Lincoln so intimate; and Lincoln kept him in his post against every attempt to remove him. He would write, asking him for a drive or to dine with him at the White House, and often sought his advice upon naval matters.

Dahlgren's diary for the years 1861-1863 is very valuable because of his close association with Lincoln. It shows Lincoln's progress in the study of military and naval affairs. He was especially interested in ordnance and ammunition. He was seen firing at a target with a Spencer gun. The diary of Dahlgren is full of reference to Lincoln's interest in naval ordnance. He drives to the Navy Yard to see a 150 pounder fired off. He examines “guns, iron plates, etc.” He goes to the Bureau of Ordnance “to see about some new powder.”

Of great importance was Lincoln's interest in the Spencer repeating rifle. Among the many inventors who came to Washing-

ton during the war, was Christopher N. Spencer, a young machinist from New England. He had invented a repeating rifle which was destined to have a large share in the success of the Union armies and was to become used throughout the world. At the age of twenty-four Spencer conceived the idea of building a repeating rifle with the magazine running down through the inside of the stock. He obtained his patent on March 6, 1860. His employer, Charles Charey, knowing Secretary Welles, introduced him. The proper tests having been satisfactory, a thousand guns were ordered by the Navy Department. But Spencer could make no further progress until through the intercession of Congressman James G. Blaine the President became interested, and the War Department ordered ten thousand, and before the end of the war the government purchased two hundred thousand more "which did great execution at the Battle of Gettysburg and in other important battles of the War."

Mr. Spencer's account of his meeting the President, as related by himself, is full of interest and is characteristic of the directness and simplicity of Mr. Lincoln:

"Among my most pleasing recollections of the war times was a shooting match which I engaged in with President Lincoln. I had been delegated by our company to present the President with one of the rifles, which I did on August 17, 1863. On my arrival at the White House I was ushered immediately into the reception room, with my repeating rifle in my hand, and there I found the President alone. I took the rifle from its cloth case and handed it to him. He examined it carefully and handled it like one familiar with firearms. He requested me to take it apart and show the 'inwardness of the thing.' After carefully examining and approving the gun, he asked me if I had any engagement for the following day, and requested me to come over about 2 o'clock, when, he said, 'we will go out and see the thing shoot.'"

"The next day we started on time for the shooting place, which was about where stands the Washington Monument. With us was the President's son Robert and an official of the War Department.

"On the way the President stopped in front of the War Department and sent Robert to ask Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, to come with us. While we were waiting Mr. Lincoln told us some good stories, and, noticing that one of the pockets

of his black alpaca coat was torn, he took a pin from his waistcoat and proceeded to mend it, saying, laughingly, 'It seems to me that this does not look quite right for the Chief Magistrate of this mighty Republic.' Robert reported that Mr. Stanton was too busy to accompany us. 'Well,' said the President, 'they do pretty much as they have a mind to over there.' The target was a board about 6 inches wide and 3 feet long, with a black spot painted at each end. The rifle contained six 50-calibre, rim-fire, copper cartridges. Mr. Lincoln's first shot was to the left and 5 inches low, but the next shot hit the bull's eye and the other five were placed close around it.

"'Now,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'we will see the inventor try it.' The board was reversed and I did somewhat better than the President. 'Well,' he said, 'you are younger than I am and have a better eye and steadier nerve.'"

Dahlgren's account of his visit to the White House on December 22, 1862, affords an excellent view of the variety and vexation of Lincoln's tasks:

"The President, glad to drop such troublesome business (accepting one of Chase's resignations) and relaxing into his usual humor, sat down and said, 'Well, Captain, here's a letter about a new powder,' which he read, and showed the sample. Said he had burned some, and there was too much residuum. 'Now, I'll show you.' He got a small sheet of paper, placed on it some of the powder, ran to the fire, and with the tongs picked up a coal, which he blew, specs still on nose. It occurred to me how peaceful was his mind, so easily diverted from the great convulsion going on and a nation menaced with disruption.

"The President clapped the coal to the powder, and away it went, he remarking, 'There is too much left there.' He handed me a small parcel of the powder to try. . . ."

He is next interested in a new model of a gun, and writes to Dahlgren about the advisability of buying a large supply of these guns:

"You have seen Mr. Blunt's new gun. What think you of it? Would the Government do well to purchase some of them? Should they be of the size of the one exhibited, or of different sizes?"

Admiral Dahlgren had a strong personal affection for the President, and in turn was much beloved by him. While Commandant at the Washington Navy Yard he often called at the White House for a chat.

"I like to see Dahlgren," said Lincoln. "The drive to the Navy Yard is one of my greatest pleasures. When I am depressed I like to talk with Dahlgren. I learn something of the preparations for defence, and I get from him consolation and courage. On the whole, I like to see Dahlgren."

The *Monitor*, of course, was the greatest of war inventions in which Lincoln immediately became interested. News was reaching the Navy Department in Washington as to what was transpiring in the Navy Yard at Norfolk. It was to become a race of days, if not of hours. If by some misfortune, the time was prolonged and the battleship ironclad in Norfolk could have leeway of a month, she would not only destroy all wooden ships she could reach, but would lay waste the principal cities on the Atlantic seaboard—more than sufficient to secure recognition, if not participation, by foreign powers, and thus end the war and establish the Confederacy. Therefore, the need of a ship to stop the *Merrimac* became an agonizingly self-evident necessity.

Lincoln, through Welles and his assistant, Fox, was kept constantly advised as to what progress was being made on the *Monitor*. How the work was being done, how the government payments lagged and delayed the work, how Ericsson's indomitable energy and determination forced the rapid construction of the boat within one hundred working days—is a matter of history. How a few slight defects at her launching brought down the condemnation and ridicule of a hostile press, and the suggestions of substitutions of new parts or repairs, which would occupy the precious days, which meant doom or victory to the North, have also been adequately recorded. How the *Monitor* was completed and ordered to join Farragut in the Gulf of Mexico, and just in the nick of time diverted to Hampton Roads, was another one of those providential events which make and unmake nations. She came to Hampton Roads in the night, which was illuminated by the burning vessels of the Union Navy—a navy which was just about passing out of existence and which was the slender reed upon which the North was attempting to keep the South within

a three thousand mile blockade, and which the *Merrimac* was even then beginning to destroy and break up. The *Monitor* appeared on the 8th of March, 1862, and fought the memorable fight on the 9th.

“The *Monitor* only appears upon the scene,’ says the Confederate writer here quoted, ‘after we have been on the rampage for a whole day; have cleared out everything in the Roads—men-of-war, transports, traders, and have done the enemy all possible injury, material and moral. Stocks fall ten per cent. in an hour, gold rises faster, and such a panic prevails as was never known before or since.’

“Secretary Welles, describing a cabinet meeting called by Mr. Lincoln on receipt of the news of the first day’s disaster, says: ‘Mr. Stanton said: “The *Merrimac* will change the whole character of the war; she will destroy, *seriatim*, every naval vessel; she will lay all the cities on the seaboard under contribution. I shall immediately recall Burnside; Port Royal must be abandoned. I will notify the governors and municipal authorities in the North to take instant measure to protect their harbors. I have no doubt that the monster is at this minute on her way to Washington, and”—looking out of the window which commanded a view of the Potomac for many miles—“not unlikely we shall have a shell or a cannon-ball from one of her guns in the White House before we leave the room!” Mr. Seward, usually buoyant and self-reliant, overwhelmed with the intelligence, listened in responsive sympathy to Stanton, and was greatly depressed, as indeed were all the members.’”

It is true that the Confederate writer claims the victory for the *Virginia* (*Merrimac*) in this battle: a battle described by him as “revolutionizing in an instant the whole science of naval warfare; more memorable than any sea-fight of history, more pregnant of consequences,” and one to be “remembered to the latest posterity as the prominent naval event of our times.” The prestige of victory was with the *Monitor*, and it is that vessel, and not the *Merrimac*, that revolutionized naval ideas and influenced naval construction. The one was a rude machine hastily improvised to meet an emergency; the other the expression of the carefully matured plans of the ablest and most experienced worker in the field of naval construction. The *Virginia* (*Merrimac*), a few

weeks later, and without doing further damage, sank beneath the waters of Chesapeake Bay, to be thenceforth remembered only as the antagonist of the *Monitor*; Ericsson's Battery established a type whose influence upon naval construction has not yet passed away.

"The *Monitor*," said Admiral Luce, "was the crystallization of forty centuries of thought on attack and defence, and exhibited in a singular manner the old Norse element of the American Navy; Ericsson (Swedish, *son of Eric*) built her; Dahlgren (Swedish, *branch of a valley*) armed her; and Worden (Swedish, *wordig, worthy*) fought her. How the ancient skaals would have struck their wild harps in hearing such names in heroic verse! How they would have written them in 'immortal runes'!

"So of the *Monitor*, Minotaur old Mr. Quincy said to me it should have been, in its appearance in part of the great megalosaurus or deinotherium, which came out in scaly armor that no one could pierce, breathing fire and smoke from its nostrils; is it not the age of fable and of heroes and demigods over again?"

The defensive rôle of the *Monitor* is fully confirmed by Assistant Secretary Fox. In a letter to Captain Ericsson, he said: "I wrote the order forbidding the *Monitor* going into the upper roads to meet the *Merrimac*. Why? Because I had pledged McClellan that the *Merrimac* should not disturb his military manœuvres, and to that obligation all naval operations were subordinate. We fulfilled our duty, and kept her in until she committed 'Hari Kari.'"

In his Annual Message to Congress, in December, 1863, Lincoln, after referring to the arrangements with the Czar of Russia for the construction of a line of telegraph from our Pacific Coast through the Empire of Russia, to connect with European systems, urged upon Congress favorable consideration of the subject of an international telegraph across the Atlantic and a connection by telegraph between Washington and our forts, and posts along the Atlantic Coast and the Gulf of Mexico. He had a number of conferences with Cyrus W. Field, the chief exponent of Atlantic cables. The enormous expense involved and the fear of damage by Confederate blockade runners prevented the adoption of Lincoln's cherished plan of coast cable from Fort Monroe to

New Orleans. Had Field's plan been adopted and Lincoln's recommendation acted upon by Congress, the war would have been brought to a close months earlier. Again Lincoln's far-sightedness and prophetic mind were far ahead of his contemporaries.

And yet there are those who persist in denying him his just place in the drama which resulted in the transformation of the wooden sailing vessel of which the Union Navy was composed when he came to the helm, to the practically indestructible iron-clad Union Navy, which Phenix-like came out of the fire which ignited a battlefield of a thousand miles and which blockaded a seaboard of three thousand miles.

To those who refuse to see, who refuse to understand, who refuse to acknowledge, who persist in their hallucinations about the "real" Lincoln, nothing can be said. Our children, however, will see what the blinded eyes of their elders failed to see and which they failed to understand.

A short Italian story will clarify the last statement: Once upon a time there lived in Pisa an elderly gentleman whose windows looked on the famous tower. Through long gazing on this striking object during a tedious convalescence he conceived the idea (which deepened into a delusion) that the tower was perpendicular and all other buildings were leaning. To the amusement of his friends, he had the floor of his room relaid so that the furniture was tilted into lines parallel with those of the tower. He was dilating on his fixed idea one afternoon when he had visitors; one of the party, a kindly old priest, seeing a grandchild of the invalid playing along the corridor, called out to him: "Beppino! Come to me." The boy was a special favorite of the old man. Placing the boy on the table with his face to the tower, the priest said: "Carissimo Signor Conte! Are you content to let Beppino decide?" "Dear little man," said the grandfather, kissing the brown locks. "You shall settle it!" "Look, Beppino, at the tower!" said the priest, laying his hands lightly on the child's shoulders; "is it straight?" "E certo che, s'inchina!" "Of course, it leans," said the child without the slightest hesitation.

XXXII

THE LAST PHASE

THE last days of Lincoln's life gave no visible warning that they were the last. His own powers were at their height. Victory was crowning the Union arms on every front. In Virginia Grant was drawing around Lee's tattered battalions his cordon of steel. Sherman, in his march from Atlanta to the sea, had broken the backbone of the Confederacy. Thomas had wiped out Hood's army in Tennessee. Sheridan's troopers rode at will through the Shenandoah Valley, and the city of Washington was secure at last. The Northern navy had a stranglehold on the Southern ports. Little went out and less came in to aid the South. Long ago Lincoln's diplomacy had made an end of the very idea of foreign intervention in aid of the Confederacy. The rail splitter's lengthening shadow stretched across the American continent, darkened the prospects of the French, who were trying to maintain Maximilian upon the shaky throne of Mexico, and was visible even in Europe.

As Lincoln's first term drew to a close and as his second term began he was not only the victor in a great conflict but the arbiter of a nation's destiny. A little more than four years earlier he had been making ready to start on his journey to Washington—to all the world an untried man. Now, as Stanton was so soon to say, he belonged to the ages.

But this he could not know, except in the darkness of his dreams. He faced with growing hope the practical problems of the situation. The terms of peace were calling for determination. What of reconstruction? What policies would meet the ideas and prejudices of the leaders in Congress and of his Cabinet? How best could the nation's wounds be healed? How could the former slaves be started on the weary road to actual freedom, education and self-support?

The last weeks of Lincoln's life become especially important because of the endless debate as to what would have happened

had he, rather than Johnson, been in the White House during the life of the Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Congresses. Biographers of Johnson have maintained that what happened to Johnson would have happened to Lincoln had not a kind Providence removed him in the nick of time. But to pay any heed to this theory is to misunderstand Lincoln and his methods. He did not look upon reconstruction with any apprehension at any time—if he did he must have kept it to himself. He proceeded in his own way and in his own time with reconstruction in Louisiana, Arkansas and Tennessee. He had the tremendous prestige to kill without comment the counter-proposals of such irreconcilables as Ben Wade and Henry Winter Davis.

Here he is, then, in the White House as the Winter of 1865 softens into Spring. He hopes to complete his second term, set the Ship of State on its course again, then retire to Springfield, or perhaps to Chicago, and rest and travel and then practice law. In this article we follow his last weeks and days, revealing him not in any one phase but in as many of his activities as we can—trying to see the whole man as he approached his apogee. Always remembering that we are dealing here only with material which has never been published or has been published only obscurely, let us see how his greatness appears in the new and unfamiliar material just as it has appeared in the old and well known.

He had been called a dictator, but it was no dictator who wrote the following letter on the limitations of the military power in time of war:

Executive Mansion, Washington,
Jan. 20, 1865.

MAJOR-GENERAL REYNOLDS:

It would appear by the accompanying papers that Mrs. Mary E. Morton is the owner, independently of her husband, of a certain building, premises and furniture, which she, with her children, has been occupying and using peaceably during the war, until recently, when the Provost Marshal has, in the name of the United States Government, seized the whole of said property and ejected her from it. It also appears by her statement to me that her husband went off in the rebellion at the beginning, wherein he still remains. . . .

The seizure must have been on some claim confiscation, a matter of which the courts and *not* the Provost Marshal, or other military offi-

cers, are to judge. In this very case would probably be the question, "Is either the husband or wife a traitor?" "Is the property of the wife confiscable for the treason of her husband?" and similar questions, all which it is ridiculous for a Provost Marshal to assume to decide.

The true rôle of the military is to seize such property as is needed for military use and reasons and let the rest alone. Cotton and other staple articles of commerce are seizable for military reasons. Dwelling houses and furniture are seldom so. If Mrs. Morton is playing traitor, to the extent of practical injury, seize her, but leave her home to the court. Please review and adjust this case upon these principles.

Senator L. W. Powell of Kentucky came to him with the complaint that Union soldiers had been foraging on the property of the Sisters of Charity in his State. Lincoln sat down and jotted the desired safeguard on a card, still in possession of the Sisters of Charity at Nazareth Academy.

In February, 1865, Lincoln and Seward met Confederate emissaries on board a steamer near Fortress Monroe in Hampton Roads to listen to peace proposals. The conference came to nothing because the Confederates did not yet realize the hopelessness of their military situation. But Lincoln left no stone unturned to end the war. He drafted in his own hand the assurances which were sent to the Confederate commissioners, under the signature of the War Department telegraph chief, Major Thomas Eckert:

I am instructed by the President of the United States to place this paper in your hands with the information that if you pass through the U. S. military lines it will be understood that you do so for the purposes of an informal conference, on the basis of the letter, a copy of which is on the reverse side of this sheet; and that if you choose to pass on such understanding, and so notify me in writing, I will procure the Commanding General to pass you through the lines, and to Fortress Monroe, under such military precautions as he may deem prudent, and, at which place you will be met in due time by some person or persons for the purpose of such informal conference. And further that you shall have protection, safe conduct, and safe return, in all events.

Many peace projects were in the air, some genuine, some spurious. Lincoln sometimes lost patience with the latter, as the

following memorandum, written in February, 1865, shows. He uses as he often did, the third person:

After inquiry I believe it is true that a man calling himself J. Wesley Greene and professing to reside at Pittsburgh, Pa., called on the President some time in November, and stated to him that he, Greene, had had two interviews with Jeff. Davis at Richmond, Va., on the last day of October, and also related certain statements which he said Davis had made to him upon that occasion. The President became satisfied that Greene had not seen Davis at all, and that the whole thing was a very shallow attempt at humbuggery. Jeff. Davis can redeem Greene's character, if he will, by verifying his statement.

In those days Lincoln turned from great things to little with the utmost simplicity. Early in 1865 we find him writing to his friend John Work Garrett, president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company:

It is said we shall soon all be in the dark here, unless *you can* bring coal to make gas. I suppose you would do this, without any interference, if you could; and I only write now to say, *it is very important to us*; and not to say that you must *stop* supplying the army to make room to carry coal. Do all you can for us in *both matters*.

The war cloud is lifting. This letter, written on March 1, 1865, to Thomas W. Conway, General Superintendent of Freedmen for the Department of the Gulf, shows how Lincoln approached the problem of the liberated negro:

Your statement to Major-General Hurlbut of the condition of the freedmen of your department, and of your success in the work of their moral and physical elevation, has reached me and given me much pleasure. That we shall be entirely successful in our efforts I firmly believe. The blessings of God and the efforts of good and faithful men will bring us an earlier and happier consummation than the most sanguine friends of the freedmen could reasonably expect.

April comes and the war is nearing its close. In Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Thomas he has gathered as able a group of generals as ever led an army to victory. But Lincoln remains a strategist and follows every move. The Battle of Five Forks is coming to an end. Lee is being thrust back, will soon have to evacuate Petersburg and retire toward Appomattox, where he will deliver his army to his old enemy, Grant. It is half-past five

o'clock on the afternoon of April 1. Lincoln, from army headquarters at City Point, wires Seward at Fortress Monroe:

Dispatch just received, showing that Sheridan, aided by Warren, had at 2 P.M. pushed the enemy back so as to re-take the five forks and bring his own headquarters up to J. Boissan's. The five forks were barricaded by the enemy and carried by Diven's division of cavalry. This part of the enemy seem to now be trying to work along the White Oak Road, to join the main force in front of Grant, while Sheridan and Warren are pressing them as closely as possible.

It is clear that we cannot see his last days in the light in which they appeared to him. For us they are overshadowed with the knowledge of what was to come. For him they seemed to mark the passing of the cloud that had hung over the land for four terrible years. For him peace lies ahead. It may seem amazing that small politics and appointments to office should hold his attention to the very last moment of his life. But he was looking ahead, and he knew by what means he could keep a loyal party and loyal State and Congressional leaders behind him, to help him in reconstruction as they had helped him in the great adventure of saving the Union. So on the day before his assassination he has time to write to the Secretary of the Treasury, Hugh McCulloch:

The office of Collector of Internal Revenue for the Fifth Collection District of California is vacant by the resignation of Charles Maltby. I would like to oblige General Schenck by the appointment of his nephew, William C. S. Smith, long a resident of the district, to fill the vacancy. I am satisfied that he is competent, and of good character, and that his appointment will be satisfactory in the district and State. Unless you know some valid objection, send me an appointment for him.

His last day has been the subject of many a book, and still it remains—and may always remain—incompletely chronicled. We do know that it was a day of great and even happy activity. Lee had surrendered five days earlier. Johnston, with the only other important Confederate force, was that very day asking for an armistice. The news was tonic to the war-worn President. Men of less doughty fiber had failed all around him. His old antagonist, Stephen A. Douglas, had died in June, 1861. Ander-

son, the hero of Fort Sumter, suffering from what we should now call shell shock, had wandered off aimlessly from the task assigned to him. Hooker, worn out, had broken down on the eve of Gettysburg. Even Stanton, prodigious worker though he was, was beginning to show signs of absolute exhaustion. Lincoln alone, almost like a man refreshed, works on. On April 14, his last day, the Federal appointments for Maryland come up. He has a conference with Governor Swann and Senator Creswell, and the names are agreed to, as he writes on the memorandum of the interview, "on a plan suggested by me."

One could not well imagine a day in Lincoln's life at this time passing without a pardon. Creswell brought or sent him a note asking for the pardon of Benjamin F. Twilley, a prisoner at Point Lookout, Md. Lincoln scanned the application and wrote, as he had written so many times before, "Let it be done," and added his signature and the date—destined to be so historic.

That same day he had called his last Cabinet meeting, sending out the note in his own handwriting. "Please assemble the Cabinet," he wrote to Seward, "at 11 A.M. today. General Grant will meet with us." Those who were present at that meeting testified that Lincoln had never seemed so cheerful and happy. His weariness was dropping from him. He was in a holiday mood. He had made an appointment with Senator William H. Stewart, but it conflicted with another. So he sent a note to Stewart:

I am engaged to go to the theater with Mrs. Lincoln. It is the kind of an engagement I never break. Come with your friend tomorrow at ten and I shall be glad to see you.

When "tomorrow at ten" came Lincoln's eyes were closed forever. His destiny had moved on swift wings. It is remarkable how many people, some of whom might have saved him, declined the invitation to go with him. Grant had left with Mrs. Grant to visit their children. Major Eckert had work to do for Stanton. Postmaster-General Dennison refused on religious grounds. Oglesby and Haynie had an engagement with Stanton; Howard, of Michigan, had made arrangements to leave for Detroit; Colfax pleaded other arrangements in view of his leaving for the Pacific Coast the next morning; while Ashmun had other important business to attend. Robert Lincoln and John Hay had been out horse-

back riding and were too tired. The faithful Lamon was away—with his vigilant eye he might, had he been present, have seen the assassin in time to avert the tragedy.

We have one more document to add to this account of his final phase, one which he had prepared before going to Ford's Theatre, and which he was to have delivered on the following day, Saturday, April 15, to Sir Frederick Bruce, England's newly appointed Minister to the United States. On the following Monday Andrew Johnson, the new President, in his temporary office in the Treasury Department, asked one of the secretaries to read this address of his late chief. So Lincoln was made to speak even after all that was mortal of him was at rest.

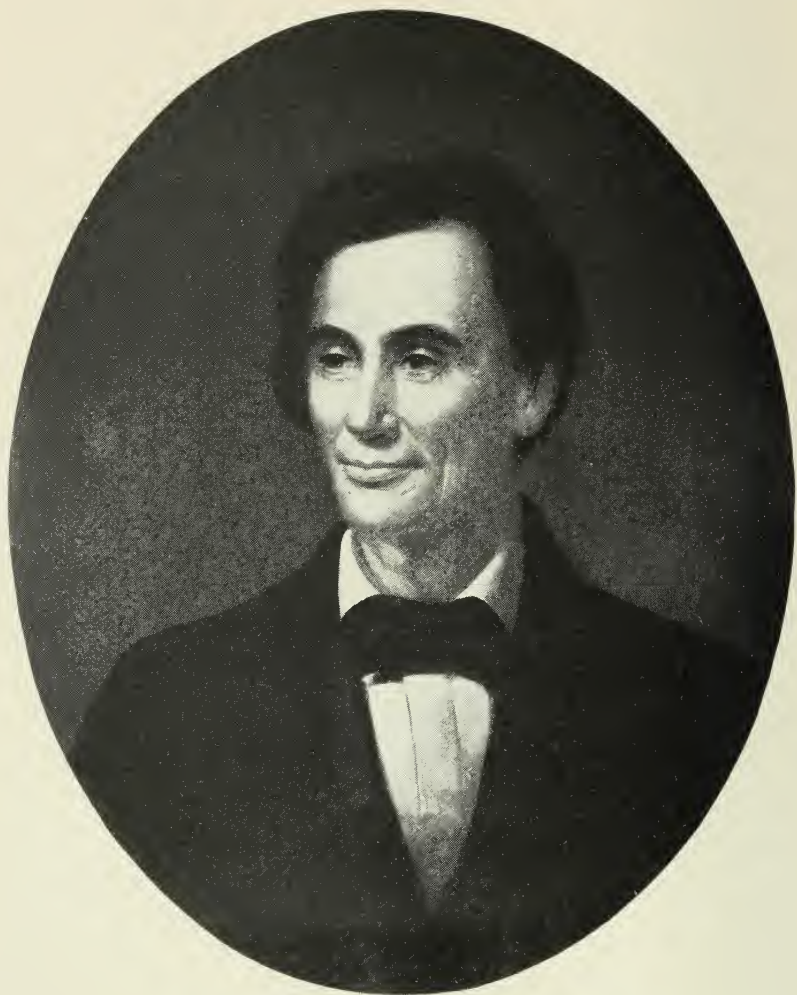
The address ran in part as follows:

SIR FREDERICK A. W. BRUCE.

Sir: The cordial and friendly sentiments which you have expressed on the part of her Britannic majesty give me great pleasure. Great Britain and the United States, by the extended and varied forms of commerce between them, the contiguity of positions of their possessions, and the similarity of their language and laws, are drawn into contrast and intimate discourse at the same time. They are from the same causes exposed to frequent occasions of misunderstanding, only to be averted by mutual forbearance. So eagerly are the people of the two countries engaged throughout almost the whole world in the pursuit of similar commercial enterprises, accompanied by natural rivalries and jealousies, that at first sight it would almost seem that the two governments must be enemies, or at best cold and calculating friends. So devoted are the two nations throughout all their domain, and even in their most remote territorial and colonial possessions, to the principles of civil rights and constitutional liberty, that, on the other hand, the superficial observer might erroneously count upon a continued concert of action and sympathy, amounting to an alliance between them.

Each is charged with the development of the progress and liberty of a considerable portion of the human race. Each, in its sphere, is subject to difficulties and trials, not participated in by the other. The interest of civilization and of humanity require that the two should be friends.

The language of diplomacy is not that of the Gettysburg speech or of the Second Inaugural. The emotion has been strained



Portrait by Alban Jasper Conant, 1860

out of this address as it might be out of a legal document. Yet it is the spirit of Lincoln that here speaks.

The last day of Lincoln's life has not been completely chronicled. It is known, however, that he conferred on Maryland appointments with Governor Swann and Senator Creswell; that he pardoned Benjamin F. Twilley, a prisoner at Point Lookout, Md.; that he held a Cabinet meeting which General Grant attended; that he prepared a speech with which he intended to greet Sir Frederick Bruce, the new British Minister, next day; and that he deferred an appointment so that he might attend the theatre performance at which he was shot, that he sent greetings to the people of California in an address which he delivered to Colfax—"You are going to California, I hear. How I would rejoice to make that trip! But public duties chain me down here . . . now I have been thinking over a speech I want you to make for me to the miners you may find on the journey." And lastly the final pardon!

XXXIII

LINCOLN'S JEWISH CONTACTS

AMONG the many phases of that many sided American—Lincoln's Jewish contacts have at last become the subject of investigation and have begun to be studied and traced in every direction. That first, and for a long time solitary, printed effort in 1909 by the late Isaac Markens which appeared in the publications of the American Jewish Historical Society must not be forgotten. We have salvaged a few striking documents and letters, as well as reliable memorabilia, from contemporaries and their descendants. It is indeed to be deplored that this phase was so long neglected and the compilation of his dealings with the Jewish people individually and as a class, as lawyer and as Chief Executive, has become a task scarce begun, and that, too, seventy-five years too late.

Lincoln, even if he would, could not help coming in contact with the few Jewish people in the part of the country which was then the Middle West. They were the same hardy pioneers as those others who pass in retrospect in the pages of the history of the West. These migrations contain similar heroic figures of Jewish pioneers, who trekked along with the others to open up the country, ever westward-bound, and mostly all of whom fought to keep the country free on the side of freedom and against slavery. Some of them may be found with John Brown, of whom Jonas Bondi was the most picturesque character. You find them further south in Kentucky and Tennessee, and Lincoln came to know them and their leaders, or rather the more prominent ones; with some a lifelong friendship sprang up. They became his ardent admirers and staunch supporters. A number of them, after a successful pre-Convention fight, were delegates to the Chicago Convention which nominated him, and as a result of the first success at Chicago had charge of the Republican campaign in their localities. Some were called upon by Lincoln to perform certain delicate campaign tasks. To them he wrote "Confidential"

letters and they helped as much as they could. It seemed to have been a labor of love from the start with all of them.

"It was during the Presidential campaign of 1860," says Markens, "that Abraham Kohn, City Clerk of Chicago, first met Lincoln, the acquaintance being formed in the store of Kohn, at that time a merchant. Kohn was a Bavarian, then in his forty-second year, a man of excellent education, well versed in Hebrew literature and known and respected as a public-spirited citizen. He had been for several years President of the Hebrew Congregation Anshe Maariv (Men of the West). In politics Kohn was described by the Democratic press as "one of the blackest Republicans and Abolitionists." Kohn's popularity and influence had probably been brought to Lincoln's attention, and the latter, consummate politician as he was, recognized in Kohn, presumably, an ally whose acquaintance would prove a valuable asset in the pending election. Lincoln was introduced by Congressman Isaac N. Arnold who accompanied him, and it was this meeting that inspired Kohn with a feeling of admiration for his visitor and a conviction that he was the destined Moses of the slaves and the saviour of his country. Thus says his daughter, Mrs. D. K. Adler, in a letter to the writer. Lincoln in the course of the conversation spoke of the Bible as their book, and Kohn, being a devout Jew as well as an ardent patriot, conceived an intense admiration for Lincoln. This found expression in his sending to the President-elect before his departure for Washington a silk flag, the work of his own hands, painted in colors, its folds bearing Hebrew characters exquisitely lettered in black with the third to ninth verses of the first chapter of Joshua." (See Hebrew on following page. Translation follows.)

"3. Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you, as I said unto Moses.

"4. From the wilderness and this Lebanon even unto the great river, the river Euphrates, all the land of the Hittites, and unto the great sea toward the going down of the sun, shall be your coast.

"5. There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life: as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee: I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.

"6. Be strong and of a good courage: for unto this people

shalt thou divide for an inheritance the land, which I sware unto their fathers to give them.

“7. Only be thou strong and very courageous, that thou mayest observe to do according to all the law, which Moses my servant commanded thee: turn not from it *to* the right hand or *to* the left, that thou mayest prosper whithersoever thou goest.

“8. This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for them thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success.

“9. Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God *is* with thee whithersoever thou goest.”

בְּלִמְכוֹם אֲשֶׁר תִּדְרֹךְ
 בְּהִרְגִלְכֶם בּוֹ לָכֶם נִתְּנָיו כְּאֲשֶׁר דִּבַּרְתִּי אֶל־מֹשֶׁה:
 מִדְּמַדְבָּר וְהִלָּבֶנֶן הָיָה וְעַד־הַנָּהָר הַגָּדוֹל נְהַר־פָּרָת כָּל
 אֶרֶץ הַחֲתִים וְעַד־הַיָּם הַגָּדוֹל מִבּוֹא הַשֶּׁמֶשׁ יְדֵהָ נְבִילָתְכֶם:
 לֹא־יִתְיַצֵּב אִישׁ לִפְנֵיךָ כָּל יְמֵי חַיֶּיךָ כְּאֲשֶׁר הָיִיתִי עִם־
 מֹשֶׁה אֲדֹנָי עֲמֻךְ לֹא אֲרַפֶּךָ וְלֹא־אֶעֱזֹבְךָ: חֲזֹק וְאַמֵּץ
 כִּי אֲתָה תִּנְחֹל אֶת־הָעָם הַזֶּה אֶת־דֹּאֲרֵן אֲשֶׁר־נִשְׁבַּעְתִּי
 לְאַבְרָם לָתֵת לָהֶם: רַק חֲזֹק וְאַמֵּץ מְאֹד לִשְׁמֹר לַעֲשׂוֹת
 כְּכָל־הַתּוֹרָה אֲשֶׁר צִוֶּךָ מִשָּׁה עֲבָדִי אֶל־תִּסּוֹר מִמֶּנּוּ יָמִן
 וּשְׂמֹאל לְמַעַן תִּשְׁכִּיל בְּכֹל אֲשֶׁר תִּלְךָ: לֹא־יָמוּשׁ סֵפֶר
 הַתּוֹרָה הַזֶּה מִפֶּךָ וְהִנֵּיתָ בּוֹ יוֹמָם וּלְיָלָה לְמַעַן תִּשְׁמֹר
 לַעֲשׂוֹת כְּכָל־הַכְּתוּב בּוֹ בִּרְאֹן תִּצְלִיחַ אֶת־דְּרָכְךָ וְאַוֹ
 תִּשְׁכִּיל: הֲלֹא צִוִּיתִיךָ חֲזֹק וְאַמֵּץ אֶל־תִּעְרָץ וְאַל־תִּתַּחַת כִּי
 עֲמֻךְ יְדֹהָ אֱלֹהֶיךָ בְּכֹל אֲשֶׁר תִּלְךָ:

This flag is referred to by Admiral George H. Preble in his *History of the Flag of the United States*, published in 1894. The incident being brought to the attention of the late President

McKinley, when Governor of Ohio, he thus alluded to it in the course of a speech delivered at Ottawa, Kansas, on June 20, 1895:

"What more beautiful conception than that which Abraham Kohn of Chicago in February, 1861, to send to Mr. Lincoln, on the eve of his starting for Washington, to assume the office of President, a flag of our country, bearing upon its silken folds the words from the first chapter of Joshua. Could anything have given Mr. Lincoln more cheer or been better calculated to sustain his courage or to strengthen his faith in the mighty work before him? Thus commanded, thus assured, Mr. Lincoln journeyed to the Capitol, where he took the oath of office and registered in Heaven an oath to save the Union. And the Lord our God was with him, until every obligation of oath and duty was sacredly kept and honored. Not any man was able to stand before him. Liberty was the more firmly enthroned, the Union was saved, and the flag which he carried floated in triumph and glory from every flagstaff of the Republic."

Mr. Lincoln at once wrote to Mr. Kohn thanking him for his gift. His letter was sent through a mutual friend, John Young Scammon, a prominent citizen of Chicago, who delayed its delivery until six months after Lincoln's departure from Springfield, when he wrote to Mr. Kohn as follows:

"Chicago, August 28, 1861.

ABRAHAM KOHN, Esq.

My dear Sir: The enclosed acknowledgment of the receipt of your beautiful painting of the American flag by the President got among my letters or it would have been sent to you before. Regretting the delay, I am,

Truly your friend,

J. YOUNG SCAMMON."

Mr. Lincoln's letter to Kohn cannot be reproduced. The whereabouts of the flag cannot be traced, although Mrs. Adler states that while in Washington during the administration of President McKinley she made a thorough search for the relic in all the places where it might be preserved but without success. Kohn never met Lincoln after his visit to his store in Chicago.

It was but natural that after his election a great number of Jewish people and their leaders should come to see him and to

know him. No one hesitated to take his case before Father Abraham, and the Jewish people were no exception to this rule. The fact that there were no Jewish chaplains in the army, that the order suggesting Divine services on Sundays in the army and navy, without similar arrangements for Sabbath and Jewish Holy Day services, were some of the first problems directly affecting the Jewish people which brought them and their leaders and Lincoln together. The fact that the quota of Jewish soldiers and sailors was proportionately larger than those of other denominations, made an impression on that wonderful mind. Nothing escaped his notice.

The outstanding Jewish religious leaders, men like Rabbis Sabato Morais, David Einhorn (almost mobbed in Baltimore for his outspoken and fearless and fiery anti-slavery sentiments), Felsenthal, Liebman Adler, Kalisch and Szold—to mention but a few—were staunch supporters of the President in pulpit and rostrum, and had much to do with riveting Lincoln's attention to the important part played by the Jewish people in the great drama between North and South, which was then being enacted through four frightful years of blood and carnage. These men would come to Washington, either heading delegations or alone, as the case might be, and were ever kindly received by the President. He heard them and their spokesmen when they came, and acted upon their requests wherever possible, and without delay.

Jewish laymen, as well, were not in any way deterred from calling on Lincoln when an emergency arose. Ceasar Kaskell rushed to Washington the moment Grant's Order No. 10 was promulgated, when that good soldier, but poor diplomat, was talked into making an order excluding and expelling within twenty-four hours all Jews from within his military district. Lincoln, who could never tolerate proscription of a race for the sins of a few, nullified and revoked the order the moment it came to his attention, and did so, good-naturedly, at the conclusion of Kaskell's statement. Others came, men like Adolphus S. Solomons and Simon Wolf, both of whom had entrée to the White House whenever they desired, and their reminiscences are really some of the few first hand records of Lincoln's relations with Jewish people. He had a kindly feeling towards their leaders, as he demonstrated more than once, and especially in his conversations with Isaac

M. Wise and Abraham Jonas. Jonas he particularly respected, and confided many a delicate task to him when he needed his help during the campaign, as he had during the joint debate at Quincy, when Jonas was the Republican County Chairman.

In making the Emancipation Proclamation operative in January, 1863, although issued in the preceding September, he said that perhaps the leaders in the South would take the hint and see the point—the legal point, involved. He thought that Judah P. Benjamin perhaps would see it, and inaugurate a genuine peace movement in order to save the hundreds of millions of slave property throughout the South by accepting Lincoln's favorite solution—that of compensated Emancipation. Benjamin had a high opinion of Lincoln and his ability, and said so, especially on the occasion when in the United States Senate he read Douglas out of the Democratic party for having proved recreant to the South during the joint debates with Lincoln in 1858, and especially for having been guilty of the "Freeport heresy."

Lincoln went out of his way a great number of times to help and assist these Jewish families whom he came to know, notably those he met in Illinois, some of whom he appointed to office. There are quite a number of letters extant which he wrote to Jews, but they cannot be reached or found at this time. Now and then a commission appointing or promoting some Jewish soldier to office appears and leads to a new trail, but for the most part even these have disappeared, and are hopelessly lost; and there must have been a great number of them in view of the great number of Jewish officers there were in the Union army and navy, men who reached very high and responsible positions.

Dr. Isachar Zacharie was a young Englishman, a skillful chiropodist, who was attracted to Lincoln and came to his notice by reason of the professional relations which followed—Dr. Zacharie attending to Lincoln as well as members of the Cabinet. The main evidence of Lincoln's interest before he speaks of him in this letter to Stanton, is to be found in a short document in the handwriting of Lincoln, as follows:

"Dr. Zacharie has operated on my feet with great success and considerable addition to my comfort."

Sept. 2, 1862

A. LINCOLN.

This permission which he asks Stanton to give Dr. Zacharie, evidently came at the end of their acquaintance or professional intercourse, in the nature of a reward for faithful work done by Dr. Zacharie during the period of the war.

Leopold Blumenberg was a Maryland loyalist. After the attack on Fort Sumter, he helped to organize the 5th Regiment, Maryland Volunteers, of which he was appointed Major. He served near Hampton Roads after which he participated in the Peninsular Campaign. As Major in command of the 5th Maryland Infantry, he was engaged in the battle of Antietam and was wounded and confined to his bed for many months. Having become disabled for further military duty he was appointed Provost Marshal of the 3rd Maryland District. He finally rose to the rank of Brevet Brigadier General, U.S.V., to which he was promoted by President Johnson. He had been summarily dismissed from the service on January 17, 1865, for political intrigue during the entire course of the war had reached every department of the service, and this was but one of many similar cases of injustice done to faithful soldiers in the army. It is amazing with what speed Lincoln, amidst his myriad of tasks just about that time, found and made the time to examine the facts in this case and that within a week after the dismissal, and was able to take prompt action to redress a great wrong. And from the tone of the letter, we may be assured that he acquainted himself with every detail of the case and with the history of the man whose name and fame were in the balance. But for Lincoln's prompt intervention this deserving soldier would have been consigned to oblivion and disgrace.

When the fatal shot of the half-demented actor made an untimely end of the greatest and most precious single life on the Continent, the universal threnody of sorrow and lamentation included the outpourings of the best hearts and noblest voices who spoke for the Jewish citizens throughout the land. It was then seen how many friends Lincoln had in the Jewish ranks, how deeply his words and deeds sank into their hearts; friends who did not constantly obtrude themselves upon his limited time and who did not trouble him with selfish requests; but who in their various stations and places had worked for the Union and followed Lincoln's plans and purposes with almost religious fervor

and zeal. Now they spoke up and explained in accents all could fathom what he really meant to them and to their people. But by reason of a carelessness which is so characteristic of the Jewish people, perhaps a false modesty to point to their own achievements, all of this came hazardously near destruction and loss and oblivion, for no permanent record was made, nothing lasting was done to save or preserve this vast treasure trove of Lincoln lore. Henry Rice, a friend of Lincoln's, talked about Lincoln for over forty years, but not a word of his has been preserved. And what is true of Henry Rice is true of scores of others. For sixty-eight years the task beckoned invitingly to some loving hand to gather carefully and faithfully all this precious material and contributions of heart and mind which were fast falling apart and being destroyed in the columns of decaying newspapers, until the task, though long delayed, has finally been undertaken and completed in the volume entitled "The Tribute of the Synagogue."

Such in brief are some of the Jewish contacts of that great soul. Some day when there shall have been gathered from family records and diaries, from correspondence and military commission, from interviews with his contemporaries of Jewish faith, and from addresses delivered but not published and tucked away in some family chest which some day will yield its secrets, and especially when those families who have inherited these treasured heirlooms from their fathers and brothers who were fortunate to have known the Emancipator in life, will be ready to pay this final and supreme respect to that great leader by helping to complete the universal outlines of Abraham Lincoln by rendering to the world the true wording of the documents they possess, we will find beyond a doubt that his noble mind and great heart were ever at one with the members of the Jewish people whenever he met them. The Jewish soldier and sailor, the chaplain and the officer in the service, the friend in far-off Oregon or in nearby Philadelphia and Baltimore, all—all found him humane, considerate, cordial, compassionate, kindly and helpful to them, as he was to every man and woman who sought his help in having justice done, who appealed to him for some unfortunate man or woman who had encountered the iron heel of the military law.

XXXIV

LINCOLN'S FAVORITE POEMS AND POETS

IN the effort to dash off another life or biography of Lincoln, flanked by one of those many constantly appearing novels, for the most part legendary, the genuine Lincoln is neglected. Systematic study of that great life is put off to some other day, and those phases of his life which lend color and significance to his constant mental growth and the evolution of his soul are sidetracked and forgotten.

There was a well-defined poetic strain in his character which manifested itself in his repeated attempts at writing poetry, which never overshadowed his other interests but which, nevertheless, disclose his love of poetry and his frequent use and quotation of it. His range of reading being at first limited, he picked a few favorite poems and poets, and remained true to them. The favorite poem of his youth was undoubtedly Knox's poem "*Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud.*" Colonel W. J. Anderson, among a great many others who have referred to Lincoln's preference for this poem, tells the complete story of Lincoln's love for these stanzas:

"When I was a boy of seventeen I had a music teacher, a Mrs. Lois E. Hillis, who was a member of the Newhall Family, a concert troupe, . . . One day . . . Mrs. Hillis took from a cabinet in her office a faded blue paper. The paper was a long sheet of the old fashioned legal cap, upon which was a copy of the poem '*Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud,*' and it was signed 'A. Lincoln.' . . . then she related the following:

" 'It was early in the fall of '49, when I was sixteen years of age, that, with my father and mother and my two sisters, a brother and the gentleman who afterward became my husband, I was travelling through portions of the State of Illinois giving concerts. Our troupe was well known then' as The Newhall Family. In those days our travelling was done almost entirely by stage or private conveyance. There were no railroads in that

portion of Illinois, the old Eighth Circuit, and we were making what was later called "one night stands" in thriving towns. When we had been about a week in our circuit there appeared at the hotel one evening, just before our concert, three men on horseback, who turned out to be a congressman from that district then making a canvass for a second term, the chairman of his committee, whose name I do not remember, and a very homely, ungainly looking man whether on horseback or on foot, whose name was given as Lincoln. None of my family had at that time ever heard of Mr. Lincoln, and so he was equally a stranger to us with the others. As we were, in a way, public characters, we introduced all around, and that evening—these gentlemen having held their political meeting in the afternoon—attended our concert in one of the local churches. For eight days following that we traveled with this trio of political campaigners, and as their meetings were always held in the afternoon in order to give the farmers an opportunity to attend, the three gentlemen attended our concerts, we giving them complimentary tickets.

"We became, in a way, very well acquainted and on the eighth day—or rather the eighth evening—after our concert the chairman in charge of the campaign informed us that their route the following day would diverge from ours and that they would like very much to hear more than the ordinary amount of music, such as we had been giving them for their entertainment at the hotels in the evening, and my sisters, and myself particularly, sang pretty near our full repertoire for them, they seemingly being very much delighted. There was a small melodeon in that hotel, a luxury we had not found in all of the stopping places. Quite late in the evening, when there was a lapse in the musical program, the congressional candidate turned to Mr. Lincoln and said: "Now, Abe, you have been listening to these young women for more than a week, and I think it only fair that you should sing them some of your songs." Lincoln immediately protested that he never had sung a note in his life and wouldn't begin then, but his two companions began to banter him, and one said: "Why, over on the Sangamon Abe has a great reputation as a singer. It is quite a common thing over there to invite him to farm auctions and have him start off the sale of stock with a good song."

"Naturally we became very eager to have Mr. Lincoln sing.

My sisters and I, and in fact our whole troupe, had taken a great liking to him. We had heard him speak a few times, but that had not impressed us so much as something particularly pleasing in the man's personality and his manner toward women. Mr. Lincoln listened a while to our solicitations, and then in a very embarrassed way he got up and said: "You fellows are trying to make a fool of me, and I am going to bed." I was sitting at the melodeon, and as he passed me I said to him: "Mr. Lincoln, if you have any song that you can sing I know that I can play the accompaniment for it so as to aid you. If you will just tell me what it is, I can follow you even if I am not familiar with it." He turned to me in a very embarrassed way and said:

"“Why, Miss Newhall, if it was to save my soul from hell I couldn't imitate a note that you would touch on that. I never sang in my life, and never was able to. Those fellows are just simply liars.”"

"“Seeing that I was somewhat disappointed he said: "But I'll tell you what I'll do for you. You girls have been so kind singing for us, I'll repeat to you my favorite poem." Then, stepping to the door which led from the parlor to the stairway, and leaning his awkward form against the casing, for he seemed almost too tall for the door frame, and half closing his eyes, he repeated the entire poem: *"Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud!"*"

"“When he had finished you may be sure there was no more joking or bantering. I know that for myself, I was so impressed with the poem that I felt more like crying than talking; but as he turned to go up stairs, I said: "Mr. Lincoln, who wrote that?" He turned and came back to where I was sitting and said: "Miss Newhall, I am ashamed to say I don't know, but if you like it I will write it off for you before I go to bed tonight and leave it for you on the table where you can get it when you have breakfast.”"

"“It was the intention of the campaigning party to leave earlier than we had planned. I was sitting at breakfast, eating by candle light, and I recall very distinctly I was eating pancakes and was in the act of cutting one, holding it with my fork while I used the knife, when I was conscious of some motion behind me, and a great big hand took hold of my left hand, or rather covering it

on the table, and with his right hand around over my other shoulder he laid down a piece of paper just in front of my plate. Before I could realize who or what it was, Mr. Lincoln moved toward the door, saying, "Good-bye, my dear." That was the last time I ever saw him."

"After the Ohio campaign," says Judge Samuel C. Parks, "and during a lull in the political storm, Lincoln undertook to enter the lecture field, but did not succeed very well, and after trying it three times, gave it up. He never became what is called a literary man. . . . But he always had a taste for poetry. In his chrysalis life at New Salem his taste seemed to be considerably for doggerel, and he was up to that time the best reciter of that kind of verses that ever appeared on the New Salem boards. He used to 'bring down the house' by reciting an anonymous poem which settled by a compromise the great question of how St. Patrick came to be born on the 17th of March instead of the 8th or 9th. This question, according to tradition, had created great excitement in Ireland and a fierce war of factions. A part of this poem reads as follows:

"The first factional fight in old Ireland, they say,
Was all on account of St. Patrick's birthday.
It was somewhere about midnight, without any doubt,
And certain it is it made a great rout.
Some fought for the 8th, for the 9th some would die,
He who wouldn't see right would get a black eye.
At length these two factions so positive grew,
That each had a birthday, and Pat he had two,
'Til Father Mulcahay, who showed them their sins,
Said none could have two birthdays except as twins.
'Now, boys, don't be fighting for the 8 or the 9,
Don't quarrel so always, now why not combine?
Combine eight with nine—that is the mark,
Let that be the birthday." "Amen!" said the clerk.
So they all got blind drunk, which completed their bliss,
And they've kept up the practice from that day to this."

"But this boyish taste for doggerel passed away and was succeeded by a higher one for Shakespeare and Burns; the latter he was accustomed to carry around with him on the circuit, and committed much of it to memory. And no wonder. The man who

said his heart was buried in the grave of his first love, Ann Rutledge, would naturally love the poet who sang with such mournful beauty over the grave of Highland Mary.

“The man who hated slavery and sympathized with the oppressed and weary-laden everywhere would feel in his inmost heart every verse of that matchless poem, ‘Man was made to mourn.’ The great central question of the poem has been asked in some form by oppressed humanity for thousands of years. It was the question five thousand years ago upon the banks of the Nile by the hundreds of thousands of slaves who built the Pyramids at the command of Egyptian tyrants. It was the question upon the shores of the Tigris and Euphrates by the miserable victims of unrequited toil, who erected those vast monuments of despotism in Nineveh and Babylon. It was the question of the poor and ignorant victims of the oppression and cruelties of the robber barons and the petty despots of the Middle Ages. That question has been asked for centuries by millions of the subjects of the great despotisms of modern Europe. It was asked by the black man in America during his three hundred years of bondage, and it is now being asked all over the civilized world by men of all colors and all races who are suffering from poverty and want, from political despotism, from financial oppression, and from corporate greed. The question as put by the unrivaled minstrel of Scotland is the cry of oppressed and downtrodden humanity from the dawn of history to the present hour.

“ ‘If I’m designed yon lordling’s slave,
By Nature’s law designed,
Why was an independent wish
E’er planted in my mind?

If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty and scorn?
And why has man the will and power
To make his brother mourn?’

“No public man ever lived who was better fitted to understand and to answer this question than Abraham Lincoln. None of the great rulers of the world believed more entirely in the equal rights of our common humanity as a matter of principle, or were more devoted to their vindication in practice. He has been justly

called the great commoner of the world, and when the fullness of time had come and when he could do so constitutionally as a necessary war measure, he answered one phase of the great question by emancipating nearly 4,000,000 slaves."

During one of the voyages he took with Captain Dahlgren, his diary relates—"Sometimes on these trips the President would read aloud to the assembled officers and officials some favorite piece of literature." He is said to have read with great dramatic power, and with much pathos or humor, according to the character of the selection. His choice on one occasion was Halleck's spirited lyric *Marco Bozzaris*, the closing lines of which have been thought prophetic of Lincoln's own career and fate:

"For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's;
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."

It is indeed fortunate that the little volume of Halleck's poems has been preserved by the Dahlgren family to this day. Dahlgren wrote the statement on the little volume, which seems to indicate that Lincoln brought it with him and left it in the cabin after leaving for Washington. But let the Captain's inscription in the little book tell its own story:

"President Lincoln read this piece aloud to Sec. Stanton and myself on Thurs. even. May 22, 1862—on board steamer taking us down to visit the Army at Fredericksburgh.—J. A. D.—"

In between important events and Cabinet meetings he would read and re-read the leading plays of Shakespeare and many of the poems by Robert Burns. Occasionally, he would pick up a poem, the reading and publishing of which he thought would aid the Union cause by rousing the drooping spirits of his people. Hence, he would advocate the distribution and the wide circulation of Thomas Buchanan Read's poem *The Oath*, or *The Swear*, as he whimsically called it, and would ask for its reading at public recitals. He evidently appreciated the value and force of poetry and song. Hence his joy at recapturing Dixie: "It is now our song," he said in the last days of his life, as he summoned the bandmaster to play it.

In the comparatively small number of books credited to his

library in Springfield, were a good many volumes of poetry to which he would turn in his few moments of leisure. He unquestionably loved Burns. There is a well-defined tradition that he delivered an address at a Burns anniversary in Washington. While a real search has hitherto failed to disclose the whereabouts of that address, we are fortunate in finding a toast to Burns which Lincoln prepared and sent to the particular celebration, which he was unable to attend. Here it is:

"I can not frame a toast to Burns; I can say nothing worthy of his generous heart and transcendent genius.

A. LINCOLN."

Beneath was written the following:

"I can not frame a toast to Burns; I can say nothing worthy of his generous heart and transcending genius; thinking of what he has said I can not say anything which seems worth saying.

A. LINCOLN."

On one occasion in Springfield, he did attend a Burns celebration, but unfortunately Lincoln's oration on Burns came at the end of a lengthy programme, and the newspaper reports the next morning, which were being printed before the conclusion of the celebration, simply refer to the fact that Lincoln delivered the oration. "The regular toasts," says the *Illinois State Journal* of the 27th of January, 1859, "were responded to in order by Messrs. Lincoln, Linder, Matheny, Blaisdell and others. . . . We expected to give the toasts this morning, but they were crowded out, together with the reports of several of the speeches." No quotation from it, no report of any part of it, has been found to this day. It probably perished in the final housecleaning with a mass of other papers and letters, in the few weeks before the family left for Washington.

"As for Burns," says Ariadne Gilbert, "he and Lincoln were mates in a great many ways: one born in a clay hut, the other in a log-cabin; one schooled in the Scotch hills, the other in the forest and the prairies—those schools of trees, and starlight, and wide spaces, teaching that men are brothers to the creatures of the grass. Surely Lincoln and Burns were kindred spirits in their tenderness, though one was so much stronger than the other in moral muscle: There was the Scotch plowman, sorry to uproot

Twenty-two years ago friends Douglas and
I first became acquainted. He was then
young then, he is twice younger than I.
Even then we were both ambitious, I,
perhaps, just as much as he. With
me, the race of ambition has been a
failure - a flat failure; with him it has
been one of splendid success. His name
fills the nation, and ^{is not unknown} ~~is not unknown~~, even, ~~to~~ in
foreign lands. I affect no contempt
for the high eminence he has reached -
So reached, that the approval of my
species, might have shown with me
in the situation, I would rather stand
on that eminence, than wear the velvet
crown that was pressed & nominally given

A Note at the Time of the Lincoln-Douglas Debates

the mountain daisy and scatter the fieldmouse's nest; sorry to scare the water-fowl from the dimpling Loch; heart-wounded when he saw the wounded hare; and waking at night in the whirling snowstorm, thinking of the 'ourie cattle and silly sheep,' and the 'wee, helpless,' cowering birds. There was the Illinois woodsman with his hundreds of unrecorded sympathies, for he left no poems to tell them. No one will ever know how often he scorned a chance to rob a nest or bring down with his gun a feathered mate, or how often, instead of the thought of cruelty, there fluttered over his rough face that look of tender understanding which always came when wood-creatures or men were at his mercy. The boy Lincoln had argued, 'An ant's life is as sweet to it as ours to us,' and, as his first incensed boy-speeches had been against cruelty to animals, now, as a man, he would stop to hunt up a nest from which two young birds had fallen because he could not have slept otherwise; or pull a pig out of the mud 'to take the pain out of his own mind.' These stories are more important than they seem, because they point to Lincoln's greatest life-work—the setting at liberty those that were bound. Had the New Salem grocer never felt, as he did, the little pains of little things, it is hardly believable that he would have shared the great pain with that immensity of suffering."

One of the outstanding favorite poems of his mature years was *The Last Leaf*, by Oliver Wendell Holmes. With Lincoln, to like a poem was to memorize it, recite it, use it, quote it, on repeated occasions. He discussed it with many of his intimates, and particularly with Henry C. Whitney, who wrote to Holmes about it, the latter replying as follows:

Beverly Farm, Mass.,
July 12th 1891

My dear Sir,

I cannot too warmly thank you for your kind letter enclosing that of your correspondent, the late Mr. Herndon. I have had many pleasant things said of me in the course of my long life,—very few so peculiarly gratifying as this containing the story of Mr. Lincoln's partiality for my poem, "The Last Leaf." To have inspired such feelings in such a man is enough to palliate many literary shortcomings. I had heard from Governor Andrew that Mr. Lincoln was fond of this poem—that he knew it by heart and recited it to him. But I am very glad to have that fact again mentioned in the language of one

who knew him well and would not be likely to exaggerate in telling the story.

It is very good of you to make me a present of Mr. Herndon's letter, and I assure that I thoroughly appreciate your generosity in so doing.

Believe me my dear Mr. Whitney.

Very truly and gratefully yours

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

" . . . ; and one November day," says Noah Brooks, "we were driving out to the Soldiers' Home, near Washington, when the aspect of the scene recalled the lines to his mind. He slowly and with excellent judgment recited the whole poem. Enlarging upon the pathos, wit, and humor of Holmes. I found that the President had never seen a copy of the genial doctor's works, so far as he could remember, although he was not certain that he had not. I offered to lend him my copy of the poems, a little blue-and-gold book; and the next time I went to the White House I took it with me. About a week after leaving the book with the President, I called at the house one evening, and, finding him alone, we settled down for a quiet chat. He took from a drawer in his table the blue-and-gold Holmes, and went over the book with much gusto, reading or reciting several poems that had struck his fancy. He expressed his surprise at finding that some of the verses which he admired most had been drifting about in the newspapers without the name of the author attached to them; and it was in this way he said, that he had found '*The Last Leaf*,' although he did know that Dr. Holmes was the author. Finally he said that he liked '*Lexington*' as well as anything in the book, '*The Last Leaf*' alone excepted, and he began to read the poem; but when he came to the stanza beginning

" 'Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying!

Shroudless and tombless they sunk to their rest,—'

his voice faltered, and he gave me the book with the whispered request, 'You read it; I can't.' Months afterward, when several ladies were in the Red Parlor one evening, calling upon Mrs. Lincoln, he recited that poem without missing a word, so far as I could remember it. And yet I do not believe that he ever saw the text of '*Lexington*' except during the few busy days when he had my book."

" . . . At Cincinnati," says T. C. Evans, "when the ceremonies,

“do you remember the epitaph on Miser Dodge?” “No,” was the answer, “not by that name, unless this was intended for him:

“ ‘Here lies old Thirty-Three and a Third per cent,
The more he got the more he lent,
The more he lent the more he craved.
Good Lord! can such a man be saved?’ ”

“Pretty good!” exclaimed the President, “but I know a better, and you can get it chiselled on the draft-dodgers’ tombs:

“ ‘Here lies old Dodge, who dodged all good,
And never dodged an evil;
And after dodging all he could,
He could not dodge the Devil.’ ”

Your Mission, a hymn by Ellen Huntington Gates, was another great favorite—and it was frequently quoted and used by Lincoln.

YOUR MISSION

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billow,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain, steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
Where the multitudes go by.
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you cannot, in the harvest,
Gather up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain both ripe and golden,
Oft the careless reaper leaves—

Go and glean among the briars
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command;
If you cannot toward the needy
Reach an ever open hand;
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
With the Saviour's true disciples,
You a patient watch may keep.

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do.
When the battlefield is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.

It was for this poem that Lincoln called a second time at a meeting held in the hall of the House of Representatives, held on January 29, 1865, over which Secretary William H. Seward presided. Philip Phillips was a singing evangelist. Lincoln wrote on the back of the program—"Near the close let us have 'Your Mission' repeated by Mr. Phillips. Don't say I called for it. Lincoln."

Carl Sandburg quotes part of a poem which Lincoln heard and subsequently read and quoted frequently. Part of it is as follows:

"Tell me, ye winged winds
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?"

Some lone and pleasant vale,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered, No."

Here, again, the man of solitude, the melancholy, gloomy Lincoln, seeks for refuge from the ills and tribulations with which he is forever assailed.

In procuring *The Oath*, or rather *The Swear* (as Lincoln called it) by Thomas Buchanan Read, we find almost the same situation as in the case of *Your Mission*.

"So many stories of doubtful origin have been given circulation," says Charles Bromback, "that it is refreshing to relate the facts of a now little known poem, the powerful influence of which was probably not equaled by any other composition of a like nature written during the Civil War. The author of the poem was Thomas Buchanan Read, who was also the author of '*Sheridan's Ride*.' The immense popularity of that dashing and timely poem cannot be denied; but, as productive propaganda, Read's less known poem, '*The Oath*,' was of greater importance.

"During the greater portion of the year 1864, the appalling results of the war had dejected the people of the North. Events, however, were in the making that were to give Lincoln his overwhelming victory in November:—Sherman's dispatch from Atlanta on the 3rd of September, saying—'Atlanta is ours and fairly won;'
and Sheridan's dispatch of the 19th of September from the valley, saying—'We have just sent them (the enemy) whirling through Winchester, and we are after them to-morrow.'

"Many months before, Thomas Buchanan Read had written another war poem published in the *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*, on January 29th, 1863. The title of the poem was '*The Oath*,' and, as first printed had but three verses, thus:

THE OATH

Hamlet: Swear on my sword.

Ghost (below): *Swear!*

I.

Ye freemen, how long will ye stifle
The vengeance that justice inspires?
With treason, how long will ye trifle
And shame the proud names of your sires?
Out, out with the sword and the rifle
In defence of your homes and your fires!
The flag of the old Revolution,
Swear firmly to serve and uphold,
That no treasonous breath of pollution
Shall tarnish one star on its fold.

Swear!

And hark, the deep voices replying
From graves where your fathers are lying
“*Swear, Oh, Swear!*”

II.

In this moment, who hesitates, barter
The rights which his forefathers won—
He forfeits all claim to the charters
Transmitted from sire to son—
Kneel, at the graves of our martyrs
And swear on your sword and your gun!
Lay up your great oath on an altar
As huge and as strong as Stonehenge,
And then with sword, fire and halter
Sweep down to the field of revenge!

Swear!

And hark, the deep voices replying
From graves where your fathers are lying
“*Swear, oh, Swear!*”

III.

By the tombs of your sires and brothers,
The host which the traitors have slain—
By the tears of your sisters and mothers
In secret concealing their pain—

The grief which the heroine smothers
Consuming the heart and the brain—
By the sigh of the penniless widow
By the sob of her orphans' despair,
Where they sit in their sorrowful shadow—
Kneel, kneel every freeman and swear!

Swear!

And hark, the deep voices replying
From graves where your fathers are lying
"*Swear, oh, Swear!*"

"Abraham Lincoln recognized in Read's poem, '*The Oath*,' a potent agency for re-kindling the almost extinguished flames of patriotism. There can be no doubt of the effect it had on the younger men who had not thought of donning the uniform of freedom.

"Early in 1863, James E. Murdoch, an elocutionist and lecturer, was in Washington to give readings from various authors. Lincoln frequently attended these readings which were held in the Senate chamber, and was one of the most enthusiastic listeners, particularly when some patriotic phrase seemed to drive its lesson home and clinch it. Selections from Read's longer poems were recited and the concert closed with a recital of the stirring lines from '*The Oath*,' Lincoln remaining among the last to strenuously applaud the noble words that urged the tardy to the defense of the homeland.

"On another occasion, Mr. Lincoln again attended the Senate Chamber to hear Mr. Murdoch in a program of different selections. The President displayed considerable disappointment when the closing poem of the previous entertainment was omitted, but was quick to act, immediately sending up to Mr. Murdoch a request for the recitation of '*The Swear!*' Murdoch, of course, recognized in Mr. Lincoln's request, Buchanan Read's poem '*The Oath*,' but was compelled to return an adverse message because he had not committed the lines to memory, and was, at the time, without a copy of the wanted verses. 'Oh, that is easily remedied,' said the President, 'for I have "*The Swear*" in my pocket,' and, as he was talking his bony fingers searched the innermost recesses of his pockets, and with awkward jerk, but with a look of triumph on

his kindly face, he produced the coveted papers and sent them up to the speaker by Hannibal Hamlin—the Vice-President—himself!

“The treasured poem that Mr. Lincoln drew from his pocket had but three stanzas, but, at the time, the poem was complete as written by Thomas Buchanan Read. While there is no available record on this point, the use of a single name in the fourth stanza, saves all argument:

IV.

On mounds, which are wet with the weeping
 Where a nation has bowed to the sod,
 Where the noblest of martyrs are sleeping,
 Let the winds bear your vengeance abroad;
 And your firm oath be held in the keeping
 Of your patriot hearts and your God.
 Over Ellsworth, for whom the first tear rose,
 While to Baker and Lyon you took,
 By Winthrop, a star among heroes
 By the blood of our murdered McCook,
Swear!

And hark, the deep voices replying
 From graves where your fathers are lying
“Swear, oh, Swear!”

T. BUCHANAN READ.

“Historically, it is an unquestionable record (the last stanza) of the state of mind of the loyal inhabitants of the Ohio Valley during the terrible Morgan raids. The name McCook furnishes the simple clue. And, as Major Daniel McCook did not fall a victim to the harassing hordes of the intrepid John Hunt Morgan until the latter part of July, 1863, the fourth stanza, obviously, could not have been written for a year or more after the composition of the three first stanzas as heard by Lincoln.”

It appears that he had favorite plays which he preferred to others of Shakespeare, particularly *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*. “For am I not a man of infinite jest?” he says to a delegation which invites him to a Shakespeare celebration by a literary society.

“I went with him to the Soldiers’ Home, and he read Shakespeare to me—the end of ‘Henry V.’ and the beginning of ‘Richard III.’—till my heavy eyelids caught his considerate notice and he sent me to bed,” says one of his secretaries. “Lincoln ‘read Shake-

speare more than all other writers together,' and he went occasionally to the theatre. His favorite plays were 'Hamlet,' 'Macbeth,' and the histories, especially 'Richard II.' "

He was fond of the theatre and came to know Hackett, who appeared in Washington on a number of occasions during Lincoln's stay in the White House. Perhaps the extent to which Lincoln was in the habit of reading and quoting from Shakespeare is best evidenced by a letter which he wrote to James H. Hackett on August 17, 1863, as follows:

"MY DEAR SIR:

"Months ago I should have acknowledged the receipt of your book and accompanying kind note; and I now have to beg your pardon for not having done so.

"For one of my age I have seen very little of the drama. The first presentation of Falstaff I ever saw was yours here, last winter or spring. Perhaps the best compliment I can pay is to say, as I truly can, I am very anxious to see it again. Some of Shakespeare's plays I have never read; while others I have gone over perhaps as frequently as any professional reader. Among the latter are 'Lear', 'Richard III', 'Henry VII', 'Hamlet', and especially 'Macbeth'. I think nothing equals 'Macbeth'. It is wonderful.

"Unlike you gentlemen of the profession, I think the soliloquy in 'Hamlet' commencing 'Oh, my offense is rank', surpasses that commencing 'To be or not to be'. But pardon this small attempt at criticism. I should like to hear you pronounce the opening speech of 'Richard III'. Will you not soon visit Washington again? If you do, please call and let me have your personal acquaintance.

"Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN."

and on a later date:—November 2, 1863, to Mr. James H. Hackett as follows:

"(Private)

"MY DEAR SIR:

"My note to you I certainly did not expect to see in print: yet I have not been much shocked by the newspaper comments upon it. Those comments constitute a fair specimen of what has occurred to me through life. I have endured a great deal of ridicule without much malice; and have received a great deal of kindness, not quite free from ridicule. I am used to it.

"Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN."

It is also a well known fact that the new National Theatre, afterwards Grover's Theatre, was opened with a performance of *Othello*. Lincoln attended on October 6, 1863. In the cast were: E. L. Davenport, *Othello*; J. W. Wallack, *Iago*; Mrs. Farren, *Emelia*.

" . . . It is related of him," says Noah Brooks, "that, spending a few days at Fortress Monroe, he took up a volume of Shakspeare and read aloud to General Wool's aide, who chanced to be near him, several passages from 'Hamlet' and 'Macbeth;' then, after reading from the third act of 'King John,' he closed the book and recalled the lament of *Constance* for her boy, beginning:

"And, father cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again.'

"These words, he said, with deep emotion, reminded him of hours when he seemed to be holding communion with his lost boy, Willie, yet knowing, the while, that this was only a vision. Consider the pathos of this incident. The worn and grief-burdened President was waiting for the results of a movement against Norfolk, then in possession of the enemy; and it was thus he beguiled the heavy hours.

"Lincoln seldom quoted poetry in his letters or speeches, although in conversation he often made an allusion to something which he had read, always with the air of one who deprecated the imputation that he might be advertising his erudition. Occasionally, as in his farewell speech to his neighbors and friends in Springfield, he employed a commonplace quotation, with due credit to the unknown author. In that address he said, 'Let us believe, as some poet has expressed it, "Behind the cloud the sun is still shining."' In a speech in Congress, on so unpromising a theme as internal improvements, then one of the issues of the time, he quoted Robert Herrick's lines:

"Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.'

"Another example occurs in an address made to a delegation of colored men who had waited on him to obtain an expression of opinion on the subject of colonization. The President spoke at

great length, and concluded by saying that he hoped that his visitors would consider the matter seriously, not for themselves alone, nor for the present generation, but for the good of mankind, and he added:

“ ‘From age to age descend the lay
To millions yet to be,
Till far its echoes roll away
Into eternity.’

“Amid all his labors, Lincoln found time to read the newspapers, or, as he sometimes expressed it, ‘to skirmish’ with them. From their ephemeral pages he rescued many a choice bit of verse, which he carried with him until he was quite familiar with it. I am bound to say that some of these waifs would not receive the hospitality of a severe literary critic; but it was noticeable that they were almost invariably referable to his tender sympathy with humanity, its hopes and its sorrows. I recall one of these extracts, which he took out of his pocket one afternoon, as we were riding out to the Soldiers’ Home. It began:

“ ‘A weaver sat at his loom
Flinging his shuttle fast,
And a thread that should wear till the hour of doom
Was added at every cast.’

The idea was that men weave in their own lives the garment which they must wear in the world to come. I do not know who wrote the verses; but the opening lines were fixed in my mind by their frequent repetition by the President, who seemed to be strongly impressed by them. During the evening, he murmured them to himself, once or twice, as if in a soliloquy.

“I think it was early in the war that some public speaker sent Lincoln a newspaper report of a speech delivered in New York. The President, apparently, did not pay much attention to the speech, but a few lines of verse at the close caught his eye. These were the closing stanzas of Longfellow’s ‘Building of the Ship,’ beginning with:

“ ‘Thou too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!’

To my surprise, he seemed to have read the lines for the first time. Knowing the whole poem as one of my early exercises in recita-

tion, I began, at his request, with the description of the launching of the ship, and repeated it to the end. As he listened to the last lines:

“ ‘Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o’er our fears,’ etc.,

his eyes filled with tears, and his cheeks were wet. He did not speak for some minutes, but finally said, with simplicity: ‘It is a wonderful gift to be able to stir men like that.’ It is quite possible that he had read the poem long before the war for the Union gave to the closing portion that depth of meaning which it now holds for us.

“Latterly Mr. Lincoln’s reading was with the humorous writers. He liked to repeat from memory whole chapters from these books; and on such occasions he always preserved his own gravity though his auditors might be convulsed with laughter. He said that he had a dread of people who could not appreciate the fun of such things; and he once instanced a member of his own Cabinet, of whom he quoted the saying of Sydney Smith, ‘that it required a surgical operation to get a joke into his head.’ The light trifles spoken of diverted his mind, or, as he said of his theatre-going, gave him refuge from himself and his weariness. But he also was a lover of many philosophical books, and particularly liked Butler’s *Analogy of Religion*, Stuart Mill on *Liberty*, and he always hoped to get at President Edwards on the Will. These ponderous writers found a queer companionship in the chronicler of the Mackerel Brigade, Petroleum V. Nasby, and Private Miles O’Reilly. The Bible was a very familiar study with the President, whole chapters of Isaiah, the New Testament, and the Psalms being fixed in his memory, and he would sometimes correct a misquotation of Scripture, giving generally the chapter and verse where it could be found. He liked the Old Testament best, and dwelt on the simple beauty of the historical books. Once, speaking of his own age and strength, he quoted with admiration that passage, ‘His eye was not dim, nor his natural forces abated.’ I do not know that he thought then how, like that Moses of old, he was to stand on Pisgah and see a peaceful land which he was not to enter.

“Of the poets the President appeared to prefer Hood and Holmes, the mixture and pathos in their writings being attractive

to him beyond anything else which he read. Of the former author he liked best the last part of 'Miss Kilmansegg and Her Golden Leg,' 'Faithless Sally Brown,' and one or two others not generally so popular as those which are called Hood's best poems. In addition to 'The Last Leaf,' Holmes' 'September Gale,' 'Chambered Nautilus,' and 'Ballad of an Oysterman' were among his very few favorite poems. Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life' and 'Birds of Killingworth' were the only productions of that author he ever mentioned with praise, the latter of which he picked up somewhere in a newspaper, cut out, and carried in his vest pocket until it was committed to memory. James Russell Lowell he only knew as 'Hosea Bigelow,' every one of whose effusions he knew. He sometimes repeated, word for word, the whole of 'John P. Robinson,' giving the unceasing refrain with great unction and enjoyment. He once said that originality and daring impudence were sublime in this stanza of Lowell's:

" 'Ef you take a sword and dror it,
An' stick a feller creetur thru,
Gov'ment hain't to answer for it,
God'll send the bill to you.'

"To President Lincoln poetry was the fairest side of truth. He was, withal, a philosopher, and one of his favorite passages, which he often repeated, was from Gibbon's 'Philosophical Reflections:' 'A being of the nature of man, endowed with the same faculties, but with a larger measure of existence, would cast down a smile of pity and contempt on the crimes and follies of human ambition, so eager in a narrow space to grasp at a precarious and short-lived enjoyment. It is thus that the experience of history exalts and enlarges the horizon of our intellectual view. In a composition of some days, in a perusal of some hours, six hundred years have rolled away, and the duration of a life or reign is contracted to a fleeting moment. *The grave is ever beside the throne:* the success of a criminal is almost instantly followed by the loss of his prize, and our immortal reason survives and disdains the sixty phantoms of kings who have passed before our eyes and faintly dwell upon our remembrance.' "

James E. Murdoch of Cincinnati, an actor of repute, whose recitals Lincoln frequently attended, after reciting a number of

poems to Lincoln, including the Lord's prayer, received from Nicolay the following note and enclosure:

"MY DEAR SIR: The President directs me to send you the enclosed little poem and to request that if entirely convenient you will please to read it at the Senate Chamber this evening."

And the printed enclosure reads thus:

"The following patriotic lines were written by one of the most distinguished statesmen of the United States in answer to a lady's inquiry whether he was for peace."

The following is the last of eight stanzas:

"Am I for Peace? Yes!

For the peace which rings out from the cannon's throat,

And the suasion of shot and shell,

Till rebellion's spirit is trampled down

To the depths of its kindred hell."

How unfair and unfounded the accepted notion that Lincoln was a man who read but few books and quoted but one or two poems. He assimilated practically every good poem he read, and was acquainted with the leading poets and their works of his own day and with the writings of the Victorian poets as well. He knew Burns and Byron and Hood, as he knew Poe and Longfellow and Whittier. He read as did any other cultured man of his day. And his was the day of quoting the best in poetry, ancient and modern. However, Lincoln specialized more or less in his reading, and he certainly knew Shakespeare and Burns as few of his contemporaries knew these two great English poets. As to the other poets—through whatever channels they reached him, whether through newspapers or magazines—when he read a poem and it had an appeal for him, he read it till he remembered it and could quote it whole or in part, for all time thereafter. In view of his catholic taste for poetry, and in view of his many quotations, how it is still maintained that he read little or nothing aside from the few books which all concede he read, is one of the enigmas which practically none of Lincoln's biographers has attempted to explain.

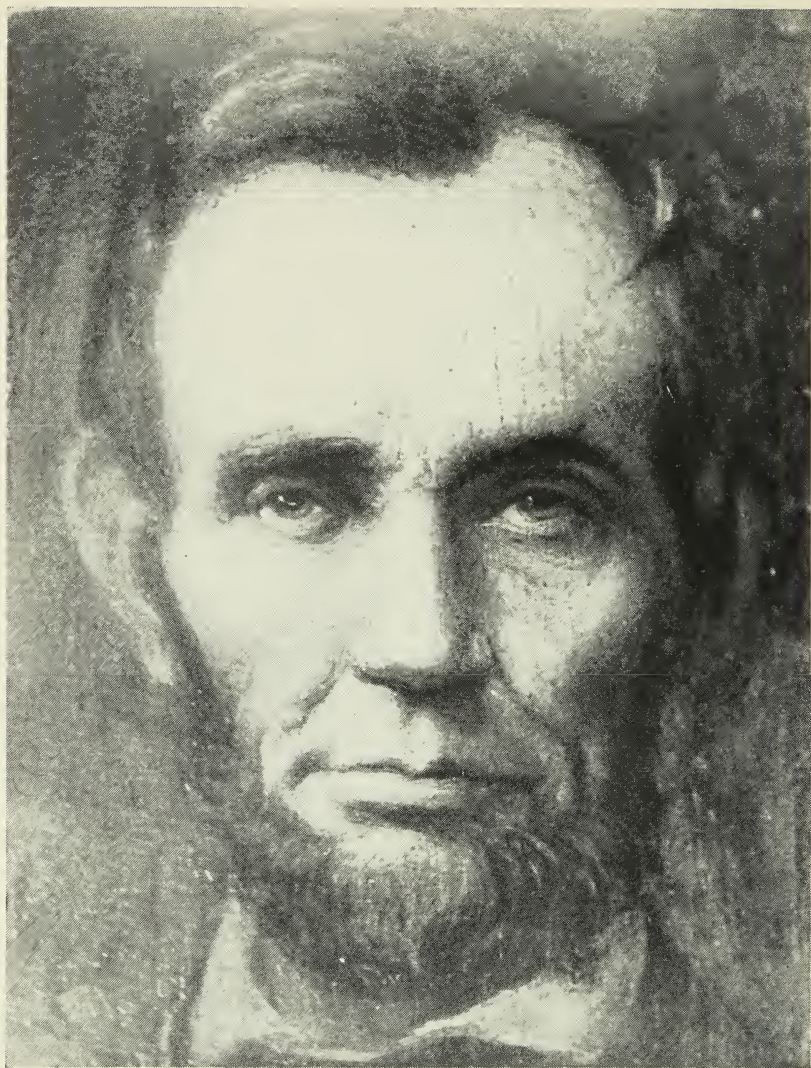
The range of Lincoln's reading and study of books other than the few conceded by all has received the same treatment from his biographers as have some other of the important events in his

life. The chapters and pamphlets on the subject seem to be agreed that but few books really attracted Lincoln. The favorite way of expressing it seems to be "he read less and thought more than any other man of his time." Although it is hardly conceivable where he obtained his acquaintance with poetry, which he quoted more frequently than any of the others in his wide circle of friends and acquaintances, unless we are willing to admit that he read more books than we are led to believe.

It is equally hard to understand how he became the leader of the Illinois Bar, unless he pored over law books and decisions. How he became the ablest exponent of Constitutional problems, which troubled the statesmen of the Union for seventy-five years, is equally inexplicable, unless we assume that he read and studied the works and speeches of the framers of the Constitution and of the founders of the Republic.

We might take up the science of war, of munitions, of arms, of ships and a score of other spheres such as art, history and science and be called upon for a similar explanation.

If we examine the list of books he called for and retained for reading and study from the Library of Congress from 1861 to 1863, all these questions may be answered by proof which demonstrates that he was one of the best informed and well-read men of his time. Here is a list of books, the acquaintance with which alone spells a liberal education. And it is well known that he read and studied Herndon's well-supplied library at all times. Almost the entire field of literature, history, philosophy, Constitutional and International Law, are represented in the books he called for from the Library of Congress. The very books his biographers claim that he neglected to read appear in this list two and three times. It is almost uncanny that he should have left such proof behind him to confound his detractors and their poisonous screed. And what a wide range to this man's reading. Art, architecture, travel, fiction, the science of war, arms, ammunition, and a score of others are here represented; the list does not disclose what he read in 1847 and 1848, and he must have read a great deal more during his term in Congress than during the busy years of his Presidency. But those records are not available. It is therefore of the utmost importance that this list be spread before historians and Lincoln students, that they might amend their conclusions



Portrait by Thomas Buchanan Read
(In the Possession of C. H. Kunning, Columbus, Ohio)

about Lincoln's literary and legal studies, as well as about his general reading and special study. While he read the newspapers, more so perhaps than others, the newspapers alone were not the sole source of his education—he went to the sources, and thus became the best-equipped man of his day, for the great task to which he was summoned.

RECEIVED of the Librarian of Congress, the following Books, which I promise to return, undefaced, to the said Librarian, within the time hereinafter specified, or to forfeit and pay twice the value thereof; as also twenty cents per day for each day's detention beyond the limited time, of a Folio Volume; ten cents per day for the detention of a Quarto Volume; and five cents per day for the detention of an Octavo or smaller Volume.

HON. A. LINCOLN President of the U. States.

WHEN RECEIVED	WHEN RETURNED	OCTAVO, OR SMALLER VOLUME. <i>To be returned in one week.</i>	LAWS, STATE PAPERS <i>To be returned five days before the close of the Session.</i>
1861 Apl. 19	1861 May 7th	Placer Times & Transcript, part 2d. 1855	
1863 Feb. 10	1863 Feb. 20	Cunningham Nell Gwynn	
" " 20	" Mch. 20	Richters Werke Vol 14 to 17 inc	
" March 14	" Apl 2	Hume's England Vols. 3. and 4.	
1861, Aug. 5	Oct 3	Œuvres de Victor Hugo, 9th v. LeRoi	S'Amuse
" Oct 3	Nov 16	Do	13th V—
" Nov 18	1862 July 29	Do	Vol 11.
" " "	" " "	Gunnison's Mormons	
" " "	" " "	Hyde's Mormonism	
" " "	" " "	Book of Mormon	
" " 22	1861 Dec 6	U. S. Constitution 8vo. 1783	
" " "	" " "	Do 8vo 1856	
" " "	1862 July 29	Mormonism in All Ages	
" " "	" Dec 24	Mormons, or Latter Day Saints	
" " "	" Dec 6	Jeffersons Wks Vols 4, 7, 8, 9.	
" Dec 6	1862 Feby 17	Musæns Volksmenschen	
" " 13	" July 29	Newton's Display of Heraldry	
" " 30		Constitution 1783	
" " "		Do 1856	
1862 Jany 8	1864 Mch 24	Halleck's Science of War	
" Feby 7	1862 Feby 17	Emerson's Representative Men	
" " 13	" July 29	Goethes Werke V. 17 & 18 (1 vol) V. 14 & 15 (1 vol)	
" Apl. 7	" " "	Plutarchs Lives 5v. Cloughs Ed.	
" " 28	" " "	Butler's Works (Hudibras &c) 2v. 16 mo v2	
" May 21	" June 5	Sparrowgrass Papers	
" June 16	" July 29	Stowe's Key to Uncle Tom	
" July 23	" Dec 24	Neill's Minnesota	
" " "	" " "	Longfellow's Hiawatha	
" " "	" " "	Shakspeare 12mo 1 vol.	
" Oct 4	" " "	Herbert's Field Sports 2v. Fishing 1v.	

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1862 Dec 8	1863 Jan 3	Lyrics by the letter H	
" " 22	" " 22	Scott Poetical Works 8v.	
" " 24	" " 12	Reads Wagoner.	
1863 Jan 5	" " 29	Atlantic Jan-June 1861	
" " 12	" " 22	Why Pave Fenvé Killed his Wife	
" " 16	" " 28	Hume's England Vol 2d	
" " 26	" Feby 14	Buckland Nat. History	
" Feb 3	" " "	Horacean Opera Ges Ed.	
April 18	July 1	Emerson's Essays—1st Series	
" "	July 2	Hume's England Vol. 7.	
May 9	" "	Chapman's Drawing Book	
" "	June 9	Ruskin's Elements of Drawing	
" 16	" "	Hayter on Drawing	
" "	" "	Hay's Nomenclature of Colors	
" "	" "	Clark's Drawing & Painting	
" "	" "	Nichols Landscape Drawing	
" 19th	July 14	Harding's lessons on art.	
" 27	" "	Longfellow's Hiawatha	
June 9	" "	Darley's Margaret	
July 2	" "	Möllhausen's Pacific Journey W.	
" "	" "	Hume's England Vol. 8.	
" "	" "	Thornton's Oregon & California 2v.	
" "	June 11	Parkman's Oregon Trail	
" "	Oct 4	Fremont's Oregon Explorations	
" 14	Dec 15	Duchess of Orleans	
Nvr 7	Jan 28/64	Œuvres Hugo II 3-4	
" 11	Mch 4	Kendall Sante Fe Expedition 2v.	
" 11	May 5	Bartlett's Narrative 2v 8v	
" 11	" "	Davis, El Gringo	
" 11	Mch 4	Domenech's New Mexico	
" 11	" 4	Reccouinsances in New Mexico	
" 20	May 31	Book on the Rifle	
" "	" "	Stonehenge on the Rifle	
" "	" "	Wise's Los Gringos	
Dec. 14	Jan. 18	Macaulays England Vol 1. Am. Ed.	
" 17	Feb. 5	Do Do V. 2-3 Eng. "	
1864 Jan 18	Mch 2	Kingsley Hypathia	
" " 18	May 5	Pickwick	
" Feb 19	June 11	Alton Locke	
" " 27	May 5	Bancroft V. 2.	
Mch 14	June 1	Doulard Poems	
Apr. 18	Feby 10	Barrett, Lincoln	
" "	" "	Howell's "	
May 4	May 31	Luvine Les Convents	
" 5	" "	Arnaulds Inquisitions 2v.	
" "	" "	Limboiche " 4	
" 15	" 24	Cavaliers of England (Stoddard)	
" 20	" "	Passion Flowers	
June 1	Oct 4	Tennyson Poems V. 1	
" 20	July 11	Household Words V. 18.	
1861 Dec 30	May 19	Constitution 1783	
" " "	" "	Do 1856	

WHEN RECEIVED	WHEN RETURNED	OCTAVO, OR SMALLER VOLUME. <i>To be returned in one week.</i>	LAW, STATE PAPERS <i>To be returned five days before the close of the Session.</i>
1864			
Aug. 3	" "	Household Words v. 18	
" 6	Oct 9	Darley's Margaret	
" "	Apl 30	White's Nat. Hymns	
" 26	Oct 4	Bancroft U. S. V. 3	
Sept 9	Apl 27	Ferial, Mysteries de l'Inquisition	
" 17	Oct 4	Kingsly, Yeast and Sword & Gown	
" 29	" "	Bancroft U. S. V. 4	
" "	Jan 10	Tennyson's Enoch Arden	
Oct 9	Oct 28	Lemprier Class Dicty	
" "	Oct 24	Chevalier Kaubland v. 2	
" 24	Dec 14	Casanova, Memoirs v 1-3	
" 20	Mch 9	Chapman, Homer 2v	
" "	" "	" Hesiod, etc	
" "	" "	Hesiod &c (Bohn)	
" "	" "	British Poets V. 88	
Nr. 29	Jan 10	Bulwer Caxtoniana	
" "	Dec 8	Hawthorne, Blithdale Romance.	
Dec 7	" 12	Bancroft U. S. V. 4	
" "	" 29	Hawthorne Mosses from an Old Manse.	
" 12	May 19	Hawthorne Snow Image	
" "	Feby 9	Bancroft Am Rev V. 6, 7	
" 14	" 30	Mem. Francaise v. 64	
" 16	Dec 30	Salem Witchcraft	
" "	" "	Upham on "	
" "	" "	Whittier Supernaturalism of N. E.	
" 21	Mch 1	Lewis, Goethe 2 v.	
Jan 5	Jan 11	Disraeli, Vivian Grey 4 V.	
" 7	Apr 24	Balzac Œuvres V. 10 & 20	
" "	Feb 6	Judd, Margaret 2v I.G.N.	
" 11	" 18	Contarini Fleming v. 1-2	
" 23	Mch 1	Kingsley's Hypatia I.H.	
" 27	" 1	" Dr. Arnyas Light v 1. 2. 3	
" 30	Feb 6	Austen, Pride, etc.	
" "	" 13	Goethe Werke V. 10	
Feby. 9	" "	" " V. 8	
" 18	" "	Schiller V. 2	
" "	Apl 27	Schlegel v. 2	
" 22	" 27	Roget, Thesaurus	
Mch 1	Mch 8	Jomini Art de La Guerre 3 V. (R.L.)	
" 1	" "	Do Operations Militaire 2 V. (R.L.)	
" 1	" "	Kingsley Hypathia Q.H.	
" 9	Apl 27	Shirley	
" 13	" 25	Mitchel Seven Stories	
" 17	Apl 27	Bonnechose, Hist. of France 2V.	
" 22	May 3	Howell's Life of Lincoln	
" 25	June 6	Fexeter Tableau de Paris 2V.	

In view of the President's many weird dreams and seeming premonitions it is not strange that *The Dream*, by Lord Byron, was among his favorite poems. To Ward Lamon he often repeated:

"Sleep hath its own world,
 A boundary between the things misnamed
 Death and existence: Sleep hath its own world
 And a wide realm of wild reality.
 And dreams in their development have breath,
 And tears and tortures, and the touch of joy;
 They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
 They take a weight from off our waking toils,
 They do divide our being."

A Philadelphia publisher sent him a complimentary copy of an English translation of Schiller's poems in 1862. It must have been one of the books he read, and Mrs. Lincoln presented it, after his death, to J. W. Forney, Secretary of the Senate, a friend of the Lincoln family.

One cannot help noticing the element of poetry in some of his letters and public papers. He wrote some poetry earlier in life, and when he assures his friend, William Johnston, that he was not the author of Knox's poem, he concludes by promising to send Johnston a part of a poem he did write.

Later he again wrote Johnston:

"FRIEND JOHNSTON: You remember when I wrote you from Tremont last spring, sending you a little canto of what I called poetry, I promised to bore you with another sometime. I now fulfill the promise. The subject of the present one is an insane man; his name is Matthew Gentry. He is three years older than I, and when we were boys we went to school together. He was rather a bright lad, and the son of the rich man of a very poor neighborhood. At the age of nineteen he unaccountably became furiously mad, from which condition he gradually settled down into harmless insanity. When, as I told you in my other letter, I visited my old home in the fall of 1844, I found him still lingering in this wretched condition. In my poetizing mood, I could not forget the impression his case made upon me. Here is the result:

But here's an object more of dread
 Than aught the grave contains—
 A human form with reason fled,
 While wretched life remains.

When terror spread, and neighbors ran
 Your dangerous strength to bind,
 And soon, a howling, crazy man,
 Your limbs were fast confined:

How then you strove and shrieked aloud,
Your bones and sinews bared;
And fiendish on the gazing crowd
With burning eyeballs glared;
And begged and swore, and wept and prayed,
With maniac laughter joined!
How fearful were these signs displayed
By pangs that killed the mind!

And when at length the drear and long
Time soothe thy fiercer woes,
How plaintively thy mournful song
Upon the still night rose!

I've heard it oft as if I dreamed,
Far distant, sweet and lone,
The funeral dirge it ever seemed
Of reason dead and gone.

To drink its strains I've stole away,
All stealthily and still,
Ere yet the rising god of day
Had streaked the eastern hill.

Air held her breath; trees with the spell
Seemed sorrowing angels round,
Whose swelling tears in dewdrops fell
Upon the listening ground.

But this is past, and naught remains
That raised thee o'er the brute;
They piercing shrieks and soothing strain
Are like, forever mute.

Now fare thee well! More thou the cause
Than subject now of woe.
All mental pangs by time's kind laws
Hast lost the power to know.

O death! thou awe-inspiring prince
That keepst the world in fear,
Why dost thou tear more blest ones hence,
And leave him lingering here?

If I should ever send another, the subject will be a 'Bear, Hunt.'

Yours as ever,

A. LINCOLN."

Writing from Springfield, Ill., on September 6, 1846, to his former Springfield neighbor, Lincoln refers to a promise once made Johnston to "bore" him with another "little canto of what I called poetry." The 1846 message to Johnston fulfilled this promise, the subject of the poem being Matthew Gentry, the insane son of the leading citizen of Gentryville, Ind., where Lincoln had lived for some thirteen years, during his young manhood. In 1844 Lincoln was campaigning in Southern Indiana, and it was at this time that the sad condition of his former schoolmate was revealed to him.

Later on, Lincoln wrote *The Bear Hunt*, and sent it to his friend.

And here is *An Unnamed Poem by Abraham Lincoln*:

My childhood's home I see again
And sadden with the view;
And still, as memory crowds my brain
There's pleasure in it too.

O Memory! thou midway world
'Twixt earth and paradise,
Where things decayed and loved ones lost
In dreamy shadows rise.

And, freed from all that's earthly vile,
Seen hallowed, pure, and bright,
Like scenes in some enchanted isle
All bathed in liquid light.

As dusky mountains please the eye
When twilight chases day;
As bugle-notes, that, passing by,
In distance die away;

As leaving some grand waterfall,
We, lingering, list its roar—
So memory will hallow all
We've known, but know no more.

Near twenty years have passed away
Since here I bid farewell
To woods and fields, and scenes of play,
And playmates loved so well.

Where many were, but few remain
Of old familiar things;
But seeing them to mind again
The lost and absent brings.

The friends I left that parting day,
How changed, as time has sped!
Young childhood grown, strong manhood gray,
And half of all are dead.

I hear the loved survivors tell
How naught from death could save,
Till every sound appears a knell,
And every spot a grave.

I range the fields with pensive tread,
And pace the hollow rooms,
And feel (companion of the dead)
I'm living in the tombs.

When John Holmes Goodenow, of Maine, was introduced to the President after he had been appointed Minister to Turkey, and Lincoln was informed that his visitor was a grandson of John Holmes, one of the first senators from Maine, he immediately began the recitation of a poetical quotation which must have been more than a hundred lines in length. Goodenow, never having met the President, was naturally astonished as the President went on and on with this long recitation; the suspicion crossed his mind that Lincoln had suddenly taken leave of his wits. But when he had concluded, he said: "There! that poem was quoted by your grandfather Holmes in a speech which he made in the United States Senate"—and he named the date and the occasion. As John Holmes' term in the Senate ended in 1833, and Lincoln probably was impressed by reading a copy of the speech, this feat of memory appears most remarkable.

The Gettysburg Address may be arranged, and has been printed, to read like a prose poem. The Second Inaugural, too, is so nearly blank verse of a high order, that it gives evidence of the poetry which was in his soul. Some of the high points in his epoch-making addresses and arguments for Liberty and Union are the impassioned utterances of the prophets and of the Milton school of poetry. For Lincoln, aroused by the great absorbing passion of

his life, an unbroken Union, is easily in the class of Isaiah defying the invader from the walls of Jerusalem, and in exorcising the evil—slavery—he is easily in the school of Milton hurling Lucifer from Heaven's high battlements. Isaiah, Milton and Lincoln—were all three cast in similar moulds, all the three, champions of liberty—liberator from the oppressor, champion of unlicensed printing, liberator and destroyer of trafficking in human beings. All three poets with a power of expression all their own, all similar in not finding appreciation in their own day, but all assured of immortality. The three altogether unlike in their opportunities, in their surroundings, but all three rising to lasting fame by reason of their message, which embraced all mankind.

Of the three, Lincoln is the last to obtain his rightful place. Of the three, he is the one whose fame is still disputed. Of the three, he is the one whose utterances are not all assembled. But like the others, his words have become the common property of mankind. They have found their way to the hearts of all. Hence the joy of Oliver Wendell Holmes that the President has expressed a liking for his poem; hence Knox is resurrected from the limbo of the forgotten by the appeal of his stanzas to the noblest American; hence the crude lines of Read remain unforgotten because of this modern Midas' golden touch embalming them among the choice expressions of that noble heart. The overburdened man had no time for a great many books, for a great number of poems. He remained true to these chosen few, and they are among the best in English literature. He did, indeed, hear some readings, see a number of plays, for he had to have some rest, and he found it in the theatre, at the few readings and in the few well-worn books: Burns, Shakespeare and especially the Bible—the book he knew better than any other, a book full of poetry—Job, The Song of Songs and The Psalms.

XXXV

FACE TO FACE WITH LINCOLN

THE modern biographer or historian who seeks a final estimate and a fair and definitive appraisal of the life work of Abraham Lincoln, especially of the transcendent significance of his term in the Presidential office, is met with many an impassé, many a blind alley, which simply cannot be explained or accounted for in a scholarly fashion.

The lack of many documents, of numerous letters, of a great number of writings of Lincoln—gaps in many cases extending over months or years—which would enable them to form such a final estimate and such a definite appraisal, are some of the reasons for all the fragmentary and incomplete efforts at the task. The documents available, or the greater portion of them, and upon which all present day estimates are based, were seen for the last time in 1895 by two of Lincoln's secretaries who wrote what is known as "Abraham Lincoln, a History," and subsequently published his collected works in two volumes as far as they had been collected up to that time, and they saw and examined more than any other will ever see, for a great many of those papers are no longer extant. They took particular pride in the title—especially in the fact that it was a history of the period, prefaced only by the merest sketch of Lincoln's early life—a far more extended history of the Kansas-Nebraska struggle—beginning with the ordinances of secession, of the organization of the Confederate States, a period filled and overshadowed by the glamor of battle, the movements of armies, the clash of ironclads, the demolition of fortresses, the defiance of torpedos, the conquest of a battlefront of a thousand miles and the blockade of a coast of three thousand miles—with the appearance of heroes and heroic deeds on both sides of the contending forces, with heroic leaders and protagonists such as have rarely, if ever, appeared in one era—makes it, indeed, not only the greatest period in our history, in the history of America, but up to that day in the history of the world as well.

Time, the great artist, the great developer of the ultimate historic photograph, operating in a dark chamber called the grave, the dark room in which the negative necessary to the perfect photograph is developed, has somewhat revised the estimates of Lincoln biographers and historians of the era which began in 1865 and which culminated, roughly speaking, in 1895. Would that the two war time secretaries had rather recorded all they remembered of those epoch-making four years! They were both young, impressionable, brilliant, alert, and one of them tremendously capable and highly cultured. Would that they had kept a diary as to what happened in the White House, in the reception rooms, in the conference room, in the living rooms, even as did Gideon Welles, of the events happening in the Cabinet room. That diary has never been equalled nor surpassed for accurate, invaluable and reliable facts and information of the events as they happened, recorded on the evening of the day when they happened, and of Lincoln as he lived and worked and controlled all of his co-workers in the Cabinet room—one of Lincoln's battlefields altogether neglected by student and historian alike, until the appearance of the Gideon Welles' diary.

Would that the voluminous memoranda taken by one of them—for his daughter tells of those envelopes filled with notes and memoranda which were stored away for future use—had been released and published in all their completeness; and I hope they will yet be, in order that when the historian who is to do for Lincoln what Boswell did for Dr. Johnson, Morley for Gladstone, Moneyppenny for Disraeli, Rowland for Jefferson Davis, might have all the facts which came within their knowledge. These facts are not available now. They are scattered in a thousand different directions. The majority of Lincoln's papers and documents are now safely lodged in the Library of Congress, and while it is true that Lincoln's writings are not complete in this collection, we have ample reason to be grateful that these, at least, are safely stored for the use of future generations.

These papers have been at rest since 1895, and in an age which knew no photostat and used the photograph in dealing with documents but little, who knows even whether they be correctly transcribed as they appear in print? Some of them may even have been

edited and corrected. Even some of his photographs have thus been "improved" and retouched.

The Lincoln legend has undergone some strange evolution from that day to this, and we begin to read his written word in the light of our new appreciation of him. No one for years saw anything out of the ordinary in Lincoln's written word. Then, and for years before, they who examined them found little or nothing out of the ordinary in those documents, in those letters, in those addresses. The few books written about him were all cast in the same mold. Dr. Holland created it quickly, even went to Springfield to look about and survey the Court House and the Lincoln home, and up the steps which led to his office. They all quote the same letters, the same excerpts and little, if any, interest became noticeable either then or until 1909, when an entire world had a strange awakening about this man—Abraham Lincoln.

A veritable storm, a flood of Lincoln eulogy, praise, hurried analysis, anecdote, poetry, biography, inundated every nook and corner of the land—and for that matter all over the world, and noticeably in and about our embassies where almost on all occasions during the year Americans are to be found, and especially in 1909—it was during Roosevelt's term in the Presidency—Roosevelt who studied and attempted to follow Lincoln and therefore had representative Americans in foreign lands—were a number of Americans attracted to these centers and hence were to be found on hand for this celebration which circled the world. Up to that time, aside from two or three organizations, and then not until 1887 when the then Republican Club of New York City inaugurated annual Lincoln Day celebrations, no one thought or dreamed of a Lincoln anniversary, of a Lincoln festival, of a Lincoln function when he—Lincoln—exclusively, was to be the subject of discussion.

Even at army reunions Lincoln's name was simply mentioned en passant, when a prominent soldier's eulogy was pronounced. Somehow, Grant and Sherman and Sheridan, and even Thomas, the great misunderstood and little appreciated, and Stanton, and Andrew Johnson, the great misunderstood and much maligned successor of the "foremost" American, came into their own, sooner than the giant intellect responsible for all of them, who gave them

their opportunity, who summoned them to fame and fortune and glory, and some few to his side and hence to immortality.

And even in 1909 it was more of a duty performed rather late, but always a duty which called forth the hurried study, the hectic research, the speedy preparation which an event of that nature always calls forth. There was great commotion among the private secretaries. Their employers were impatient. They were awaiting the specific paper on Lincoln—Lincoln the Lawyer, Lincoln the Statesman, Lincoln the President, Lincoln the Debater with Douglas, Lincoln and his Cabinet, Lincoln the American, Lincoln the Leader, and so on until every note, the whole gamut in that great life, was attempted to be sounded. But true biography is not written in a hurry nor in vicarious form, for historians and biographers are born, not improvised. The sum total of it brought forth but little genuine material. It was no more than a beginning.

And so the period after 1909 again became calm and drab and forgetful, nothing of importance by way of historic justice to Lincoln happened. The same annual Lincoln editorials followed, until at last they began to appear in syndicated form so that East and West received the same tabloid tribute to the Emancipator. And in this age of speed there seems to be a certain fatalistic logic that this should be so. At a time when a collection of Lincoln material should have been made, could have been made, all was done to make that impossible. Masses of Lincoln material were destroyed, great quantities were lost from official depositories where they should have been guarded against careless borrowers who forgot to return and replace. A great quantity was burnt and destroyed as the Lincoln family left Springfield, both at home and in the office. Strange, but the Lincoln papers suffered from a number of such destructive cleanings.

And although Mrs. Lincoln remained in the White House for eight weeks after the assassination, she was in no condition to look after records and papers and letters which would at some future time be required to round out the immortal figure of her life partner. She never was the same after April 14th, and can well be pardoned for this neglect. Her heart was with her martyred dead and her mind thereafter more or less beclouded.

Even the Lincoln collectors were limited up to within about five years ago. Scarce a half dozen, or rather four—the Big Four

so-called—Lambert at the head of them, a generous soul, and Wilson and Stewart and McLellan. They ruled in a rather un-Lincolnian spirit, against anyone who dared or attempted to break into their contracted and exclusive cult. Bibliographers, as well, did their utmost to confine the field of Lincoln literature and Lincolniana within the narrowest limits, and in the most autocratic manner proceeded to define what was and what was not a Lincoln item. Lincoln was ever irritated by half-baked and unfair political decisions of the highest court. So is it attempted at the present time to abridge and whittle away his name and fame, by assigning many a performance to another, or claiming that he was but led and controlled by those about him.

And then the ghouls, or rather the ignorant who collected Lincoln signatures and cut them from valuable documents which were promptly destroyed or thrown away after yielding the coveted signature. And in this holocaust he but shared the fate of a great many others. But all helped to limit and hamper the study and examination of Lincoln.

And then came a period when everyone had the mania of presenting the "real" Lincoln, as he knew him—or as he thought he knew him! Was ever a word tortured to such an unreal meaning? Everyone labored to say nothing which might be construed to favor Lincoln more than it should—all, alas, to the lasting damage of that great personality. Again, facts were suppressed and withheld for the benefit of this or that candidate for the honor, which of right belonged to Lincoln.

And so we see that what seemed a concerted effort was made from a score of different points to limit and abridge the light and the information needed for a complete understanding of the life of Lincoln. And there never was a similar condition where so many people claimed to know Lincoln, exclusively, to the exclusion of everyone else. Herndon, his partner, thought he knew him. Stuart certainly claimed that he knew him. Lamon the lawyer and the Marshal for the District of Columbia, thought he knew him. His secretaries certainly thought they knew him—all his secretaries, including Stoddard—and did not hesitate to record their impressions in various forms.

Carpenter tells us what he knew about him during his brief stay at the White House, painting the tired and overworked President.

Rankin certainly had claims that he knew him—every office boy claims to know his employer. Arnold, the lone friendly Congressman, certainly thought he knew him. Every lawyer on the Circuit claims that distinction—that he alone knew him. Schurz and McClellan and a host of others all claim exclusive and final information, and did not hesitate to characterize as inaccurate what others set down as final. Witness the battle between McClure and two of Lincoln's secretaries, on the single question as to whether Lincoln had aught to do with Johnson's nomination for the Vice Presidency. And then every member of his Cabinet rightfully claimed exclusive knowledge and information. The concerted effort of a great chorus from Southern detractors and hostile critics did a great deal of damage to the name and fame of Lincoln, in that it affected spineless Lincoln biographers and writers to heed this cold and chilling blast in order to demonstrate their impartiality and thus help to create the great sheaf of false impressions about Lincoln, his life and his performances thus being cramped and colored to please all. What a futile effort this turned out to be! One of the latest works from which so much was expected remained affected in this manner, and while fragmentary might have been valuable, but for the siren sounds of these detractors, which had their influence on the gifted author.

The South, as a whole, has never forgiven Lincoln and never understood him, with the possible exception of Stephens and Lee. A voice here and there may have phrased a brief eulogy, generally to a Northern audience as in the case of Henry W. Grady; but the South, as a whole, to this day remains silent, unconvinced and rather unwilling to be convinced. All the sins of the conquering armies, all the sufferings of Reconstruction, all the ruffianism of Carpet Bagger and adventurer are charged to the noble soul of Abraham Lincoln, who did all that was humanly possible to prevent just that lamentable situation, by urging his theory of reconstruction by the friends of the South, instead of the reconstruction by its enemies.

What a strange fate pursued this man—first while on earth when his most dangerous adversaries were in the North and under the guise of friendship undermining his every effort; and now, after death, the section he liberated, the section which became first cleansed and liberated, and then great and wealthy and powerful,

and from whom he removed the curse of slavery, is determined as much as ever to deny him his due and refuse to acknowledge the heritage which he left for his countrymen in North and South alike! What further proof is needed than the fact that the second generation hallows the anniversaries of the events which marked the beginnings of the great rebellion and periodically honors the chiefs who plotted and planned and fought for the undoing of our common country, and moves to expunge from official records what was said on the occasion of his assassination, and on motion of a former President's son moves to condemn Lincoln at this day, without a word of dissent from any one of those present.

Witness the literature which sprang up about the monument on Stone Mountain, which is to immortalize the Lost Cause and its leaders on the most gigantic scale attempted since the days of Rameses in Egypt, the day of royal tomb and sphynx and giant pyramid.

I cannot help quoting one of the last things Goethe said—that greatest mind in a great era:

“Contemporaries are too easily mistaken in their appraisal of the great men of their day: their extraordinary qualities irritate them; their logical and useful lives distort their views, prevent fair estimates and acknowledgment of their achievements. But dust, fog and clouds disappear, they settle down and then we see the vista before our eyes, clear and distinct; we see light and shade, we examine the achievements of these great men, with a spirit of calm, as we are in the habit of gazing upon the glorious orb of the full moon on a clear summer night.”

And so it seems that Lincoln will be coming into his own by sheer force of justice. The light which is daily being shed upon the principal actors of that great era, which commenced in 1858 and which terminated in 1865, constantly adds to his stature. The never-ending carping and criticising and fault-finding is giving way to a patient and concerted gathering of the facts in order to reveal the military leaders and statesmen of the time. About a half a hundred have now been evaluated and documented. The investigators may have been working along different lines in preparing these biographies and collections of lives, letters and speeches of each—Vice Presidents, Generals, Cabinet Officers, Senators, Governors, Justices, Reformers, Newspapermen, Preachers—but

all seem at last to desire the thorough study of Lincoln in order to show that their particular hero was with Lincoln, and indispensable to Lincoln; for that, after all, is what counts in each case. No Northern leader simply existed outside the Lincoln sphere of influence. What did Lincoln think of him? How far did Lincoln confide in him? Can it truly be said that he worked with Lincoln? These and like questions are asked and answered by all the biographers. And so some of the family records hitherto withheld begin to shed some light on Lincoln's associations with these men.

The great revival is not more than five or ten years old at the utmost. In those years appeared more important books and pamphlets and treatises about Lincoln and the great characters and events of his period than ever before. The Courts are beginning to give up their records completely; lawyers with whom he practiced and judges before whom he pleaded alike bring unimpeachable testimony as to his ability, his honesty, his fairness to clients, lawyers, opponents and jurors. The newspaper files are giving up their hidden Lincoln editorials and treasures, consisting of stories and of experiences of Lincoln and of those who came in contact with him in Springfield or in Washington. Bibliographers begin to rub their eyes at what is now considered, and rightfully so, a Lincoln item. The old definitions as to what is and what is not a Lincoln item have been cast to the winds. Everything which sheds light on some important phase of his many-sided life is a Lincoln item, and new ones are appearing daily—with the appearance of a new letter, of a new story, of a new reminiscence, of a new pardon or deed of mercy.

Whether a reference to Lincoln, or an interview with Lincoln, or a note from Lincoln, is imbedded in a diary, in an autobiography, in a history, in a biography, in a monograph, in a magazine article, in an address, in a newspaper of the time, in a Lincoln document, or in a letter of one of his contemporaries—every one of these things is a Lincoln item. Every photograph, every painting, every medal, every broadside—is a Lincoln item. "Pew 89" in Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, where he sat on February 26, 1860, and hearkened to Beecher, and in spirit communed with and thus took his mental measure—is a most eloquent Lincoln item, for it was there that he met the Beecher phalanx, there he

Let this boy be pardoned for any
supposed desertion, and discharged
from the service,

May, 28. 1864.

A. Lincoln

Going through a hospital prison Lincoln discovers a wounded lad on one of the cots. He goes over to him and listens to his story, is evidently convinced of its truthfulness, and lacking a piece of paper, takes a bit of hospital bandage and writes these words.

Mr. Kellogg does one great
justice to me in this strain—
He has had more favor than
any other Illinois member, not
excepting, I think, Judge Trimbur.
Is it really in his heart to answer
to my perplexities now?
A. Lincoln

Lincoln's Endorsement on Congressman Kellogg's Letter

A. L. Lincoln
Want to see you,
but will, call again if
you are able, —

Lincoln's Calling Card

saw the platform where Beecher acted the auctioneer of the slave girl "Pinky."

The opinions of contemporary men of affairs at home and abroad—how can we omit Russell's *Diary*, Dicey's and Freeman's and Laugel's opinions—are all Lincoln items and will remain Lincoln items until finally imbedded in the definitive series of volumes which will justly be called the *Life, Letters, Addresses, Debates, Messages, Legal Papers, Parables, Services*—the undying performances and prophetic utterances of Abraham Lincoln. The hundreds of new Lincoln students and collectors have thus overruled the old canons and discarded the old definitions, and have burst asunder the limitations of Lincoln study and how he should be historically treated and revealed—and we are now actually to gather and collect along these new lines.

Still another phenomenon has appeared in the constantly growing development of a true picture of our great President. We are now re-reading the very documents which have been before us these many years. For we are beginning to understand them better. We are naturally eliminating ourselves in our study of him—as his contemporaries could not do. Browning and Chase and Seward and a great many others remained convinced that they were better men than Lincoln. Even Ben Butler and Grant were suggested to displace him! Charles Francis Adams, a great scholar, statesman and diplomat by inheritance, the son of the sixth President and the grandson of the second President, one of the colossi of the Revolutionary and post-Revolutionary periods, and two of his brilliant sons, Henry Adams and Charles Francis Adams the Second, together with the pompous Sumner and eloquent Andrew, were never capable of judging him, for their own importance militated ever against the arrival at a fair and proper estimate of Abraham Lincoln—Lincoln without a local background, without the ægis of a college or university. Every one of them honestly believed that he could have done better at the task than Lincoln. Sumner and his fellow-statesmen, in their attitude as to Lincoln's policies immediately after the last notes of eulogy died away, showed definitely what they thought of Lincoln and his policies.

How can you expect the entire generation of military men, many of them not unmindful of their appearance on horseback, from Grant and Sherman and Sheridan to Farragut and Porter

and Foote—six leaders who were in accord with Lincoln—to give full credit to the civilian President, often with a shawl over his shoulders, hovering between the White House, ever crowded with petitioners of every hue, and the War Office, the hospital, and his “clerk” Stanton, as some of them called him? Halleck and Rosecrans and McClellan and Hooker and all the rest of the quarrelling generals thought they were doing all the work and Lincoln and Stanton were simply receiving their despatches of the doings of their representatives in the field.

But now that that entire generation is gone and their doings are analyzed and their stature appraised, and now that each one has climbed into the larger or smaller niche of fame, or obscurity, or oblivion, we can well afford to begin all over again with the work of completing the Lincoln portrait. Libel and slander and false report have long lost their sting. We can dismiss all that tribe of uniformed, self-styled, saviours of the Union who were forced to perform their appointed tasks by the unseen Hercules in the War Office, completely at one with, and in the hands of, his modest chieftain who became, under his benign control, even as clay in the hands of the potter, who was aware at all times of their petty jealousies and of their unworthy schemes to advance their own ends and fortunes. He worked with these as best he could; he had none other for the time being—he had to mold his own army, his own navy, his own commanders.

We can gather from these mountainous records which are being gathered—newspapers, reports of individuals and of commissions, what Lincoln really meant to the Union in her hour of agony. That none other could have accomplished what he accomplished is now proved out of their own mouths. We could construct a real Stone Mountain monument for Lincoln and his men, every atom of which is fact and truth and performance, and there would be no question about the position of Lincoln in the procession—he alone would lead as he led in life. No fame, no fiction, no imagination is necessary. All we need to do is to display the facts—tell the naked truth. We can well re-read those documents which his secretaries used for the purpose of writing the history of the time, and incorporate them as re-read into a history of Lincoln who overshadowed and dominated the entire period, from the moment of the first rays of hope which shone forth from his in-

augural, to the moment of universal sorrow when he stepped into immortality and became a figure for the ages. It is not a question as to whether he took the place of Lee or Davis or "Stonewall" Jackson or Johnston on the Union side. We only had one leader and he led all the rest—and all the world knows it now. Lincoln, and Lincoln alone, at all times, on every front, in every nook and corner of the loyal States—led, and his people followed, in spite of leaders who hesitated, in spite of leaders who cautioned against haste and desired a referendum on every act, in spite of Abolitionists who urged haste, in spite of enemies who advocated the breaking up of the government. The great mass followed Lincoln and his work of the preservation of the Union.

Yes, we are now coming face to face with the Lincoln of the Legislature as his outlines are depicted in the newspapers of the times and in the letters and editorials which he wrote—modestly withholding his name—and in the letters which his confreres in the Legislature wrote to him and about him, and in the many new letters of his own which are coming from their hiding places. We are now coming face to face with the Lincoln of the law office of Lincoln & Herndon. Oh! what a fascinating tale is unfolded in his relations with his partners, with his clients, with his friends, with his children who roamed at will in his office, as we examine all the old documents and files, both printed and written, and as we read the new letters to clients and from clients which are coming to the surface. And what a human and humane side of Lincoln they disclose! How even here his patience was taxed to the utmost, for he took his legal problems as seriously as he did his political problems.

Was ever a gentler father and kinder and more considerate husband to be found, patient with an irritable and proud and ambitious, but loyal and helpful and watchful wife? Mary Todd was certainly Lincoln's best friend and most loyal adviser. What a beautiful phase of Lincoln do we see in his domestic trials, as witnessed at the time when death and sorrow and loss of a dear one stalked through his home? Without Mary Todd, Lincoln might never have come into his own. Certainly not if he had gone to Oregon and awaited an election as first Senator from that State, when and if it came into the Union. It was Mary Todd who made that impossible.

We are now coming face to face with Lincoln, the fine type of politician, the thorough fighter and organizer, undisturbed by repeated failures, as we re-read his political letters and as we see the new political letters. They all disclose the generous, the honorable opponent, the conscientious politician with a heart and a soul, in spite of an absorbing ambition which for a long time seemed to meet with disappointment.

We are now coming face to face with Lincoln, the fine type of a statesman and a national leader, in a class by himself, who had never held important office up to the time when he spoke up so that an entire country listened. A man had to be a Governor of a great State, a prominent Senator, Cabinet officer or victorious General, to say the least, in order to get a nation-wide hearing. We now see him as he crosses the State lines and enters Ohio and Indiana and Kansas and Wisconsin—and finally emerges on the platform at Cooper Union, where for a moment he is almost dazzled by the gaze riveted upon him by an entire nation. We now see him as we re-read his political letters and speeches which are being discovered and released showing how he plodded and worked and planned to achieve political preeminence in order to put his ideas into practice in a sorely beset country. We see a far-seeing, fearless man, with a remedy for, and a solution of, our two-hundred-year-old calamity—who is unafraid, who tells both sides their faults and their sins, and summons all to perpetuate the Union and purge it in the fire of war if need be.

We are now face to face with Lincoln, the debater and vanquisher of Douglas, when we re-read his inspired utterances from the seven platforms which, not unlike Balaam's seven altars from which he was to curse Israel, became seven points or coigns of vantage from which the false doctrine was to have been preached, but which became the platforms from which Lincoln announced and defended the principle that a house divided against itself cannot stand, cannot endure; neither could the country endure half free and half slave. And we are also aided by the new letters and documents which shed much needed light on Lincoln's efforts to prevent the nomination of Douglas for the Presidency by the Republican party, a plan actually urged by Horace Greeley and his school of opportunist and self-important journalists, as well as render his defeat a certainty when nominated by a wing of a

divided democracy—which Lincoln helped to divide—first divide, and then defeat.

We are now face to face with him during his wait for a nomination, which might have been denied him—the calm country lawyer in his office and in the telegraph office—a nomination which seemed providential to some but which was prepared and planned by Lincoln and his Springfield friends in conjunction with Judge Davis and Judd and Swett. His quiet campaign—he needed no extended speech-making tour—the planks of his platform were well known and needed no repetition; all the world knew what Lincoln stood for—North as well as South; his election and his patient preparation and wait from election day to his inauguration; his conferences with Seward and Hamlin and Weed and the other leaders of his new party who came to aid and advise the man they thought inexperienced and unequal to the great task which they thought was unfortunately thrust upon him. How little they all knew or understood him!

We see the new light shed by new letters, new reports of conferences as to how he inspired his vacillating followers—the leaders in the North and in Congress—by advice, by counsel, by suggestion as how to keep the Union together until he reached his hazardous post. Surrender nothing now, he warns the panic-stricken leaders in Congress, bent on peace at any price, ready to make any sacrifice no matter how disgraceful, or the work would have to be done all over again.

We see him face to face on his journey from Springfield to Washington, a trying experience harshly commented on by most and understood by few. Every man had a cure or a shibboleth which Lincoln must adopt, and adopt without hesitation, or Lincoln is unfit for his job. And for the first time we now have a reliable account of how he came from Harrisburg to Washington overnight. The president of the railroad now at last tells the whole story for the first time—it has just been found written in his own hand—which finally settles and fully narrates another event hitherto incompletely told. We barely remember another name that stands out aside from Stephen A. Douglas who offered his help, and that was probably the best attended inauguration since Jackson's, and every man of any importance in the North

was there, as well as thousands of Southern spies and sponsors of secession.

He is at the helm. The hour has struck. Out goes the decrepit, insipid, helpless, pitiable administration, the laughing stock of the South, the contemptible, cowardly guardian of the Union who turned his back when the looting and dismembering of the Union began, who spent the remaining years of his life in an attempt to prove that he could not do otherwise, and there is ushered in the author of the First Inaugural, the one man commissioned by Him who guides the destinies of men and nations to save the Union.

We are again face to face with Lincoln as we re-read the old letters and reenforce them with the new—covering this period of fear, of uncertainty, of schemes, of jobbery, of cowardice in the councils of the North and treason ablaze in the South and in the crucially important border States, and especially Kentucky, Missouri and Tennessee. No one saw so clearly the importance of holding them in the Union as did Lincoln; he even helped to keep what is now West Virginia and Maryland. The others bleated with Greeley: "Let the erring sisters go in peace." We see the logic and consistency of this man of one idea. Like Jackson, he felt "the Union—she must be preserved." This in the final analysis was Lincoln's one idea. Everything else was of secondary importance.

How welcome indeed in the destiny of men is the man with one idea, provided the idea is genuine and great and just and elemental; such one idea as dominated Moses and Galileo and Columbus and Luther and Newton and Washington and Jackson—men of one idea all! This quiet melancholy man from Illinois was preeminently a man of one idea. But the idea was clearer to him and better understood by him than by any other living man. We see him in a new light when we read McDowell's statement that Lincoln was actually ready to proclaim that Bull Run was his and not McDowell's fault, prevented only by McDowell's sincere and patriotic appeal that such an utterance at such a time would be a grave menace to his leadership of the distracted Union. He ever took the blame and yielded praise to others. He knew no venom. He desired no praise.

We see the same characteristics in his dealings, in his plead-

ings, with McClellan and Hooker and Meade; the great man, fatherlike, bent down to these inferior men and reasoned with them and tried to guide them. But he found in Grant alone, the one soldier, raised to leadership, who tried to understand and work with him. We see him face to face in the great number of letters and diaries and pardons and appeals, which reveal the great military expert and strategist, the apt student of moving and mobilizing and munitioning armies as though he had been a graduate of a military school and had been doing nothing else all his life.

While his countrymen were asleep, he spent sleepless nights reading military tactics and studying the war map, and all the time constantly praying for guidance and Divine help. Let foreign military experts testify as to his great understanding and his great deserts as a military tactician, if his own refrain from doing him justice. For none of them relished the thought that he knew more about their calling than they did. Years later, one or two became conscious of what he meant to them and actually acknowledged the worth of his military advice. But altogether too late. The data are here, the requests and orders are here, his decisions and recommendations are here, and they are all sound. The man of one idea was ever right—right as against dissenting Legislator and obdurate General. The *Monitor* was certainly made possible by Lincoln's far-seeing mind alone. Others scoffed at Ericsson's invention. Years of bloodshed might have been saved had his advice been more frequently heeded. Especially after Gettysburg, when a frightened commander hesitated to follow a crushed and defeated antagonist who had lost his best legions, suffered a great defeat, and literally crept back to safety while his Union vanquisher remained undecided and unconscious of his great military victory.

We see him face to face as he plays the great game of diplomacy with Palmerston and Russell and Gladstone and Louis Napoleon, and completely overmatched them with his insight and foresight and almost inspired judgment. He convinces Cobden and Bright and the Queen, but not the hostile press. Palmerston, the greatest of English Prime Ministers shrinks in stature before Lincoln. He fails to understand him. Gladstone, too, sins against the light, but does penance years after for his unpardonable haste

in attempting to bring about recognition of the slave power and for seriously advocating intervention. Disraeli, alone among the Cabinet class of statesmen—England's empire-builder—pays homage to this great universal man. Abraham Lincoln and Palmerston—what a contrast!

This Goliath went down before the American David whose missile was the Emancipation Proclamation and of which Christian England heard within a dreadfully short and fatal week before the fatal Cabinet meeting was to have been held, when recognition, if not intervention outright, was to have been decided upon. Yes, the entire generation of European Chancellors and foreign ministers fell before this man who had been chosen after Seward and Chase and Bates and Cameron had been rejected, without ever confronting him or seeing him, but ever underestimating him. Palmerston—Lincoln—it was unthinkable in the minds of the hostile English Cabinet or Parliament, to compare the English aristocrat and the American hewer of wood. Every workingman in England, however, by some unknown necromancy which draws together and unites human hearts, would have sided with Lincoln against Palmerston if the test ever came. The workingmen knew him and he them. He was one of them. In fact, for the remaining years of his life he was an honorary member of theirs after he rose to fame and to heights undreamed of by him or them.

We again see him face to face as his great heart and noble soul respond to the innumerable calls of mercy, of kindness, of forgiveness to those who have fallen from grace, to those who have gone afoul of military law, to those who have been condemned by tribunals actuated by that form of justice which prevails when a country fights for life, and known as military law—speedy, inexorable and a law which, alas, knows no mercy and never did know what it means to forgive and overlook faults and failings which are human! This phase of his life can never be fully chronicled, for it was so many-sided. He did so much that no full record could be kept. But the fragmentary record will suffice to give us an indication to what heights this humble rustic rose.

What an Iliad of woe is part of every civil war! The people suffer, the best of youth is sacrificed in increasing numbers, and

the firing squad and the gallows are kept going at all times, on both sides, not forgetting the military prisons where a more lingering death by starvation and disease is decreed. It is here, where we see him face to face in revolt against the usual order, when men like Stanton and Dix and Grant and Sherman call for execution and threaten to act before Lincoln can review their decisions, Lincoln whispers mercy and forgiveness and repeatedly cheats the gallows and the firing squad. The records of these acts of mercy are coming out one by one, until Lincoln is shown to be the most merciful of all his predecessors, the most merciful of all rulers. This heart-rending story could never be suppressed. His deeds of mercy have become the common property of all mankind although the calendar is far from complete. But it is constantly growing. No one has attempted to abridge this phase of the great War President, because it was a weapon used by his enemies to show how he demoralized his armies and hampered his commanders in the field. When Chase is finally elevated to Taney's place, we may well ask ourselves what other President would have acted in like manner and forgotten and forgiven repeated insult and insubordination? "I suppose," said he, "the Judge did behave pretty ugly; but that would not make him any less fit for his place, and I have a Scriptural authority for appointing him. You recollect that while the Lord on Mount Sinai was getting out a commission for Aaron, that same Aaron was at the foot of the mountain making a false god, a golden calf, for the people to worship; yet Aaron got his commission, you know."

Even Buchanan speaks up from obscurity and praises the unselfishness, the patience and forgiveness of the President. Who, but Lincoln, would have rewarded Chase with a position which could have been bestowed upon closer and more loyal friends of Lincoln and men who measured up in ability to requirements of that exalted position—Bates and Blair and Curtis and Evarts and Reverdy Johnson, to mention but a few—all abler men and better lawyers? And what is true of Chase is true of all the others with whom he came in contact. When any criticism or fault-finding was in order, the whole world knew about it. The insolence of some of these we of today cannot understand. When Lincoln came back with explanation and gentle reproof the document is hidden, suppressed, and only a miracle unearths

his side of the controversy. Instead of dismissal, annihilation, removal, he was kind and forgiving and long-suffering. These opponents of his, these associates with whom he worked, were all bad losers. They did not appreciate the age in which they were living. To them the dissolution of the Union meant more jobs to be filled, two Presidents, two Cabinets, and then, who knows, perhaps the West may determine to go it alone. They failed to grasp what was happening around them or they would not have attempted to foil his efforts, to thwart his plans as they did. The great events which were shaping the destiny of our country were unnoticed by these local politicians, by these tinsel statesmen—all proclaiming their patriotism and their loyalty to the Constitution. They saw him, heard him, but knew him not!

They utterly failed to comprehend his purposes. He was above and beyond their ken. There was at least one honorable exception—Andrew Johnson. He knew Lincoln, he understood him and was ever ready to carry out his purposes, staking his life during his military Governorship and his political reputation after his accession to the Presidency. And no man in our history was more sorely tempted or maligned for so doing.

We begin to see him face to face as the archives of the members of his Cabinet have become revealed. Time was when a great many of these documents were hidden and suppressed because of some gentle reproof administered by the great soul—when the member of his official family provoked it. For with one or two exceptions they all, at one time or another, attempted to thwart him, to out-vote him or to sway him, until at last they found themselves utterly confounded by that eternal truth and honor that actuated all his motives. Most of these documents are gone—destroyed by a member of Lincoln's own family and kept out of the compilation of Nicolay & Hay by that same member in order that no one surviving be hurt or harmed in the estimation of the world reading, as it does, all about Lincoln. Here is Lincoln's heart acting, so to say, through his own flesh and blood, even after he had gone to his eternal rest. He, as well as his kin, would plant a rose where a thorn had grown.

And now all, one by one, testify to his primacy, to his leadership, to his greatness. Just why it has taken all this time for the dawning of the sunrise remains a puzzle. The same phenomenon

is repeated in his relation to the governors—the War Governors of the North and the West—some hostile outright, some few loyal, all exasperating both in advice and in the manner of their responding to the appeals for help constantly directed to them. The leading Senators of those troublesome times, as well as the leaders in the House, played the same game, always jealous of the prerogatives which they did not use and did not know how to apply to the saving of the Union. Here, too, there was but one exception. Andrew Johnson, who at the risk of assault and assassination and impeachment and degradation, stood by Lincoln at all times with all his might until death sealed his lips which, to the very last address, ever moved and gave utterance to Lincoln's voice and words as though they had been touched by the same burning coals from the national altar whereon were sacrificed the youth of the Nation, in order that it may emerge reunited and eternal.

We see him face to face as he literally tears down the masks of the enemies of the Union, and how he struggles with those who stop to argue the propriety of his measures and the constitutionality of his acts, while the Union is trembling in the balance and is going through a war and a rebellion such as has never before taxed the resources and the strength of a free people.

"Submit the draft to a popular vote," says Seymour, while the mob, "my friends" as he called them, were burning and pillaging and hanging negroes and burning orphan homes in the streets of New York City until Federal regiments, and not Seymour's militia or Fernando Wood's police force reestablished order. And yet McClellan carried New York City by an overwhelming vote against Lincoln in 1864. And Robert C. Winthrop—New England's scholarly statesman—helped and advised Lincoln's defeat and McClellan's election. But he, too, made amends after Lincoln's death.

We are only now beginning to comprehend what was his task as these figures, great and small, have been revealed to us in life and biography and posthumous works, released by a new generation which finds no need to guard the secrets of their forefathers, for there was, indeed, glory in it for all without depriving Lincoln of a dot or tittle of credit. They were fortunate, indeed, in having been his messengers, his aides, his spokesmen in the great

drama of the period. They remain known to posterity simply because they were his aides, his associates. What would Grant have been had not Lincoln been adamant to those who demanded his removal? What would Stanton have been had Lincoln not tolerated his manners and his outbursts? What was he, indeed, during the period immediately following Lincoln's death, without Lincoln's constant guiding spirit?

What would Seward have been had he not been bent to Lincoln's purposes? Had not Lincoln literally held his hand as he wrote his diplomatic papers? What would have become of the entire North had not Lincoln silenced Greeley, converted Beecher, humored Sumner and mollified Andrew, leashed Butler, encouraged Curtin and overpowered Morton and cajoled Yates and defended Andrew Johnson against attack and vilification second only to what he himself endured? "Show me a man who sacrificed more for the Union than Johnson?" he repeatedly asked when these gravediggers came howling for their victim. "Follow Lee," he pleaded with Meade after Gettysburg; "if you succeed the glory is yours, if you fail I'll assume the responsibility." Has ever king or emperor or head of a nation spoken this or similar language? They generally occupy their time in planning their position in the procession incident to the return of their victorious army. They are generally concerned about their place in history, and yearn for the plaudits of the multitudes which go to victorious leaders of a conquering army.

And the Abolitionists, the intelligentsia of those days—their attitude to Lincoln was indeed intolerant and indefensible! And as we read the cold type today it seems well nigh treasonable. For fully four years, with one or two exceptions, they were consistent in their hostility, in their underestimation and wilful misinterpretation of all he said and all he did. All of them condemned and vilified Lincoln to the last moment. And as one of them said within a month of his assassination:

"A. Lincoln is acclaimed as a glorious warrior because every one of his efforts failed, and the conclusion is irresistible that he is an incapable Commander-in-Chief.

"A. Lincoln is acclaimed as a great man because he was compelled to do against his will what he never intended to do.

"A. Lincoln is acclaimed a wise statesman because he never

foresaw as to what he had to do and never could accomplish what he did foresee.

"A. Lincoln is acclaimed as the representative of unselfishness because he did what no other President did before him—because unlike any President before him he abused the whole might of a people struggling for its existence in order to maintain his position.

"A. Lincoln is acclaimed as the hero of freedom because in spite of all his efforts he could not save slavery.

"A. Lincoln is acclaimed as the Saviour of the Republic because he did not succeed in becoming its traitor in spite of his un-Republican politics.

"A. Lincoln is even claimed as a radical because he exhausted every power of conservatism in vain. What good happened in spite of Abraham Lincoln, or in spite of him what evil was prevented—with that he is credited. What evil came through him or what good remained undone on account of him, that is stricken from his account. His opposition is turned into support; his inability is turned into ability; his wrongdoing is translated into accomplishment, what fate accomplished in spite of his will or by means of his enemies—that is credited to his glory, for his mistakes, yea, his crimes, are not only treated with consideration but are praised, and he is endowed with virtues which he never possessed. This man who, on both sides, was the medium to destroy everything which we call Justice, is Abraham Lincoln. A. Lincoln is the most outstanding exemplar of those people who work against Justice while they have neither power nor courage to do Justice to others.

"In front of that throne of Justice before which A. Lincoln ought to receive judgment, there is yet no room, either in this country and perhaps not even in any other country. In Europe, through ignorance or through lack of interest; here, however, his own party upholds him at all hazards, for business reasons and for governmental interests, whereas the Democratic party being the adjudged criminal, is not in a position to be called in for judging him on account of his main crimes, and therefore cannot condemn him. And even those who are radicals, the scales of Themis have been hung away as though they themselves were terrorized by them.

"If, however, out of the thousand millions of people which this earth carries—999,999,999 acclaim and agree in the praise of A. Lincoln, then I, alone, will call to all humanity—'You lie, you lie, you lie!'" *

And this was from a close friend of Wendell Phillips who was highly regarded and nobly eulogized by Wendell Phillips. Eulogy for the dead was ever a great forte with Abolitionists. The dead never retort and never remind nor recall former inconsistency or hypocrisy.

All of these have at last come back to us to testify with one accord—true it has taken time—that Lincoln moved in an orbit all his own; that he had, indeed, no predecessors; that he certainly had no successors; if we are to judge by reconstruction under the leadership of Thad Stevens and Ben Butler; by the impeachment of Andrew Johnson—easily the greatest political crime in the history of republics; by the scandals which followed his golden era, including the *Crédit Mobilier* statesmen, the inauguration of the black night of carpet bag rule in the Southern States, the attempt to intimidate the Supreme Court and to destroy the Executive.

* Carl Heinzen "Radicalismus."

XXXVI

THE MANY-SIDED LINCOLN—WHAT WOULD HE DO WERE HE HERE TODAY?

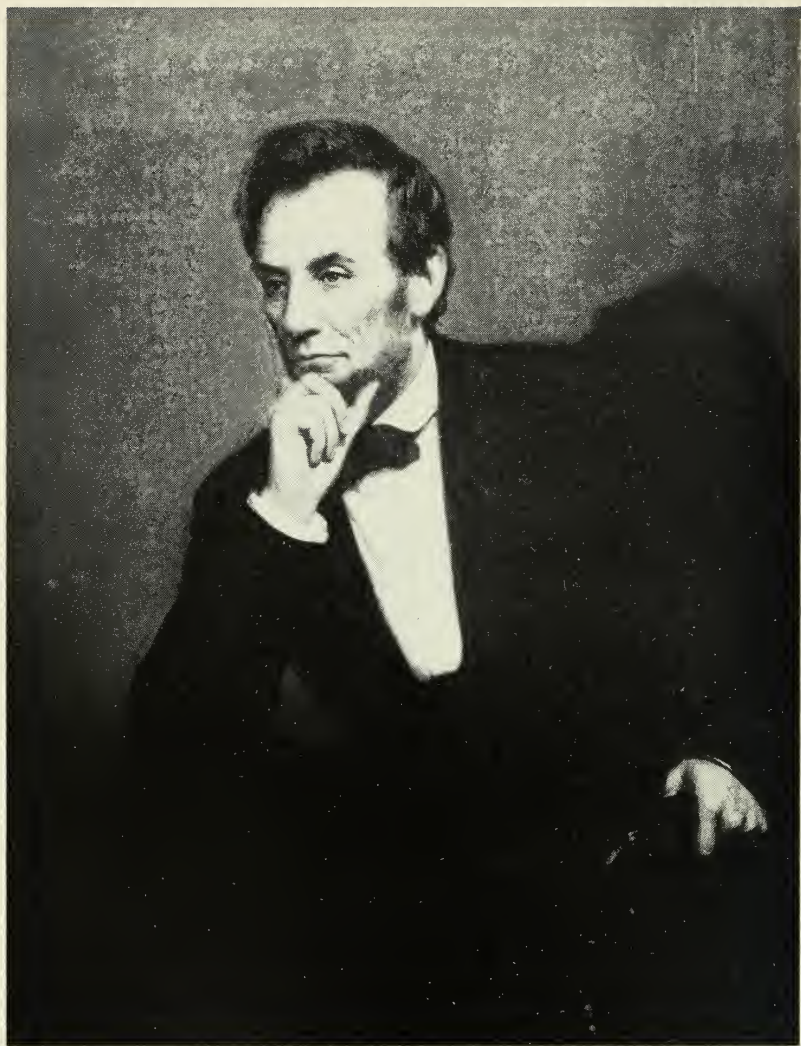
THE whimsical caricaturist who draws an array of studies of possible portraits of Abraham Lincoln by Murillo, Van Dyke, Velásquez, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Hals, Whistler, Millet and Rembrandt, each one after the manner of his age and after the mode then prevalent in his country—if these masters had indeed painted Lincoln—has but exemplified what is happening to the great War President at the hands of novelist-historians, and biographer-poets.

They summon up before our gaze an Abraham Lincoln who never lived and who, had he read some of these effusions, would have been puzzled as to who was really the subject of these biographical phantasmagorias. On the theory of producing something new, we have these later-day biographers rhapsodize about Lincoln's extremely prosaic childhood and reenact an Iliad of woe through which he forged his weary way. This array of authors has drawn out the history of his family for seven generations with a meticulous minuteness rarely lavished upon the scion of an imperial family—while Lincoln himself spoke of his family's life story as "The short and simple annals of the poor." But the spirit of piling Ossa on Pelion will not down, and by sheer force of volume of research Lincoln is forced into a heraldic Almanac de Gotha of his own. But this wise man of the Civil War era has left an effective antidote to all such futile effort—to make him appear other than he really was. He wrote and he spoke his philosophy of life, his ideals and theory of government, his ideas of right and wrong, his views of the duty of the citizen to his country, and the relationships of man to man, of employer to employee, of commander to common soldier, of President to his Cabinet, to his Congress, to his War Governors—he wrote these thoughts and reflections and duties and rights into his addresses, into his messages and into his lectures and into his letters.

Examine an index to his collected works—to those which have appeared in print, and you will see lucid expressions of opinion on a multiplicity of subjects. Read the speech or the letter or the message covering any particular subject, and you will find a gem—a nugget of pure gold direct from the heart of Abraham Lincoln. And but for the lamentable lack of study of those precious works, we have seen grow up in the minds of many a cadaverous-looking charcoal sketch of the great American—with one or two fables or events tacked on to the caricature of what was as noble an apparition when seen in all its remarkable manifestations as is the impression made upon our minds by the undimmed splendors of the rising sun.

Close upon those romancers who persist in having the babbling brook, the song of the birds, the whistling of the wind, the glimmer of moonlight on the waves of the rivulet as indispensable parts of the landscape traversed by the youthful Lincoln, are those who profess to find that he has excelled in one, and in only one, field of endeavor. These now profess and proceed to demonstrate that this or that particular specialty in which Lincoln excelled, enabled him in after life to solve the problems which he was called upon to cope with. The ignorance and arrogance of this class of biographers and romancers has actually diverted the gaze of the multitude from the real character of Lincoln. The homage paid to the printed word simply because it is printed, merely helps along these multitudes of inventions. Every season brings its five-foot bookshelf of Lincoln books and addresses, and they all look distressingly alike in workmanship.

Why not, in justice to him and all those who ought to know him as he was, go back to the source, the only source of all our reliable information? Let us study Abraham Lincoln as he was. Let us hold him up to our children in his real habiliments of body and of mind. Let us start with the young Lincoln in the Illinois Assembly; let us follow him through five years of legislative life at his desk in the legislature. Let us read the letters, the speeches and the Lyceum addresses of that period. Let us follow him as he studied law from the moment he found a copy of Blackstone at the bottom of the old barrel. Let us follow him as he practiced law for many years, and come to know Lincoln the lawyer. Oh, what a wonderful tale—truthful to the letter, can



Portrait by G. P. A. Healy

be told about this young champion of deserving causes—this champion of the widow and guardian angel of the orphan—this great and good man who strove for justice, with truth as his lodestone. He would right a wrong, he would struggle for an unfortunate client—always provided that he was convinced of his honesty and of the justice of his cause. He could not last as the advocate of evil. He withdrew and cleansed himself of the contact with evil. He became the jury lawyer of his day in the State of Illinois. And yet no man ever lived who would have made a better Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. President Taft—who picked and appointed more Judges than any other President save only Washington—is authority for this claim, and Senator Beveridge in his life of the great Chief Justice pictures Lincoln as a colleague and companion, one very much like the other. But all of this does not demonstrate that Lincoln was a great lawyer only—a lawyer to the exclusion of all else. It was one of the many occupations thrust upon him by a Divine Providence, preparing him for the greater tasks, for the more exacting ordeals, yet to come. We find another student of the great Commoner studying Lincoln's political activities from his appearance on the platform during his first candidacy for office down to his re-election for the Presidency in 1864. He will examine the newspapers of a quarter of a century in a score of States in order to demonstrate that it was not Lincoln the lawyer, but Lincoln the political leader or statesman who really made the great impression on his times.

An old veteran of the Civil War attempts to demonstrate that the great joint debate was really the climax of his career and he digests the opinions of his contemporaries and of contemporary journals to show that his thesis is the only one that fits the great debater, the great tribune of the common people.

There are others who were slow to recognize his great worth and who began to see him and know him under the great storm and stress of the Civil War in that beleaguered city—Washington. His dealings with a refractory Congress, his troubles with Northern States, loyal, but slow in responding to the call of the Union. His countering the assaults of the disloyal in his own ranks, his warding off blows from misguided friends, his educating of an entire country—that the Union must be preserved—presents an en-

tirely new theory to the historian of the Civil War. He discovers a figure towering over and above all others around him—a sublime figure under every phase of the cataclysm—a figure heroic, majestic, holding to the steering wheel of the Union and steering for safety and victory. This man is reaching the conclusion Seward reached—"We must revise our opinion of this man." We knew him not. We have a great War President—uncanny in his knowledge and ability to cope with so many distracting problems at the same time—there is something superhuman about it all. Stanton, the imperious, is subdued; Seward, the all-wise, is awed; Welles, the faithful, is beginning to see a great light. Senators, congressmen, governors, generals, unwilling but inevitably, are drawn by the giant magnet of common sense, of thoroughness, of human sympathy—all are drawn on for help, for guidance, for information, for strength, for faith in the ultimate victory of the Union under its great pilot. Hence the evolution of Lincoln, the statesman, the great War President, the master of men.

The leaders of religion are now turning their gaze upon the lonely spokesman of the Union—who speaks in the language of the Prophets, who seems to have sprung from between the pages of the Bible—for does he not use Bible phrases, parables, nuggets of wisdom like the Lawgiver of old? Did he not see the Union on fire but not destroyed—the bush burning but not destroyed by the fire? Did he not hear the call from amid the flames of the embers which made up the toppling Union—"Go and save the Union"? And did he not answer joyfully, anxiously: "Here am I"? Preacher and teacher, priest and religious leader recognize a kinship between his President and his Prophets and his saints and his martyrs, those who made up the list of those who strove to make man free and independent and enlightened. They begin to recognize a kinship to Abraham, to Moses, to Paul, to Savonarola (what a striking likeness to that emaciated profile!), to Wyclif, to Cromwell, to Calvin, to William the Silent, whose taking off the little children bewailed as did an entire grief-stricken country bewail the untimely death of his modern replica; and when he was consigned as belonging to the ages—every teacher and preacher of God's Word paid his share in a universal requiem rendered to the martyred hero of the epic called America.

The stylist and scholar, the student of language who is freer from charlatanism than most people, begins to study the text. He reads Lincoln's addresses, his messages and his letters. He asks himself where did this man derive his pure English style? How is it that he is so free from the baneful style of political speaker and writer? How brief, how simple, how pure, how clear his thought and his style and his mode of expression! He now tries to find a prototype and he goes far back to ancient Greece and finds in Pericles the only man to whose oration he can compare this novel style, and Æsop, the only one whose tales resemble Honest Abe's. Few spirits have spoken thus—two or three in all the intervening ages. This man is a great exemplar of English prose style; but hold, some of it reads like blank verse. What a wonderful man is this who in the short space of time mastered the English language within which to clothe these undying ideas and ideals! The literary critic now reads his letters and begins to understand why the newspapermen of his day, and there were giants in that profession in those days, demanded letters from Lincoln on all the many questions and problems of the day—because all read them, all quoted them. He hardly opened his lips but he said something which will not die. Was there ever such another letter-writer? Letters in which sentiments ran the gamut of all the emotions of a bleeding, embattled nation struggling through the darkness to light, through rebellion and treason to victory and union. The Epistles of Lincoln—what an alluring title to some new novelist-historian of a great national hero and martyr!

And now come the mothers, the heartbroken mothers, the grief-stricken mothers, the tear-blinded mothers, the pale, emaciated, half-crazed mothers, they came to Lincoln, to Mr. Lincoln, to the President—tired, sleepless, exhausted, red-lidded, hollow-cheeked, the burden-bearer of humanity. Literally dropping under his great burden Lincoln faces these mothers, and hears their heart-breaking appeals of impending executions of their boys—the victims of army discipline through the ages! Then Father Abraham, but lately bereft of his own child, melts in sympathy as he hears these anguished mothers of the Union plead for their offspring, and he pardons and he pardons and he pardons, until we behold in him the Angel of Mercy at the throne of the Most High plead-

ing for pardon for all. He pardons, while the generals threaten to resign, while Stanton growls over the undermined morale of the army and over shattered discipline. "Stanton, is not this boy of more use to the Union on earth than under earth?"—and so we behold the sublime outline of Lincoln, the Pardoner—eclipsing that of the lawyer, of the politician, of the debater, of the legislator, of the statesman, of the executive, of the stylist, of the letter-writer, and for a moment we behold in juxtaposition the two great solemn pictures—Lincoln the Comforter of the mother of the pardoned boy, and Napoleon standing rigid over the sleeping sentinel who awakes and beholds his emperor on guard—and his irrevocable doom pictured in the inexorable features of his emperor!

And so, step by step, we find the pardoner of the young soldier becomes the pardoner of the entire South—a friend of Jefferson Davis and of Lee, and of Stephens, whenever they are ready to utter the word—"Union." And then his task is done—the task for which he lingered an entire lifetime—the task for which he prepared in the country store, in the post office, in the legislature, in the surveyor's office, in the courts, on the hustings, in Congress, in the debate with Douglas, in Cooper Institute—the task of grasping the wheel of the Ship of State beset by rocks, by wreckers, by lightning—steering clear through the Scylla of secession and the Charybdis of disloyalty in the North—this task done—completely done, and he was no more, for like Enoch, God took him. This many-sided messenger of God sent to right the wrongs of a race—held in subjugation, in defiance of all that was right and of all that was just—in defiance of a higher law that was becoming dominant in the land, although it required a repetition of the ancient plague—that all the first-born of the oppressors would have to be slain before the children of bondage would be let go.

Let us all repair to the great quarry, his recorded words, his preachments, his maxims, and let us complete the great structure; let us gather from all the corners of the globe his written words and complete the task so well begun. Let us classify all he said and all he preached—and what will result? We will erect a structure to which all the people of the earth can come for guidance and inspiration. Would a political leader seek light and leading, let him study the political utterances of our many-sided Lincoln.

Would an executive not merely ask himself perfunctorily, "What would Lincoln do today?" let him read and have his answer. Would you have patent for loyalty and patriotism, read Lincoln, who declared that he would be the last man to defy the enemies of his country when all others had given up. Would you desire to find a method of exposing a false prophet of a wicked cause, study his joint debate with Douglas. Would you know how to immortalize those who gave up their lives that the Union might live, go with me to Gettysburg—and in solemn silence meditate what he there spoke for eternity. Would you know how to cleanse the Augean stables of a putrid and treasonable administration—see what he did when he displaced the infirm and petulant Buchanan, on the point of surrendering all to the enemies of his country. Would you learn how to manage an administration open to assault from without and from within with those closest to you trying to embroil you in universal war—see what Lincoln did from the moment he came to Washington and follow him through the long and weary years of the nerve-racking and heart-breaking war.

Lincoln, the Diplomat! How they would have smiled had someone called him that ten years earlier! Lincoln divined what the rascally Napoleon was doing with the agents of the Confederacy. Lincoln, the diplomat, solved and disposed of the Trent Affair and confounded the conspiracy of Gladstone, Palmerston and Russell to recognize the Confederacy by timing the issuing of his Emancipation Proclamation, not to please Wendell Phillips or Beecher or Greeley, but to prevent action by an English Cabinet called for the purpose of recognizing the Confederacy. He made it clear that taking such action would place Christian England in the position of the advocate and champion of the whipping post, of the auction block and of the Moloch of slavery. Diplomat, indeed, was Lincoln, who picked Dayton for Paris and Sanford for Brussels; who gathered all the munitions available on the Continent and sent Adams to England in time to tell Britain that releasing the *Alabama* was war! And on the 117th Anniversary of his birth, Sir Frederick Maurice, one who judged the military events of the World War with knowledge and keen discernment, finds a great military authority in our great War President who learned the lesson of war and of warfare in an amazingly short time, so that

from a military standpoint he knew more and understood more than all his civil and military advisors; one who followed understandingly every battle from Antietam and Chancellorsville, through Gettysburg and Vicksburg, down to Appomattox. Lincoln knew the war map better than his generals, and had his advice been followed on a number of occasions the war would have been shortened by years.

But in no capacity does he appear to greater advantage than he does in the White House—the Mecca for every human being, either singly or in droves, seeking advice, having a request, an idea, a petition, or a message. What a motley number they were!—foreign ministers, war correspondents, governors, Southern sympathizers, generals, soldiers, preachers, teachers, journalists, financiers, the entire army personnel, cabinet officers, senators, political leaders—all came early and often to advise, cajole, petition, harass and annoy the man of many sorrows, the man of many pardons, who was trying in spite of them all to do the work he was called upon to perform. All of these came and saw and heard for themselves what this many-sided man said and did and accomplished. A great many of these have in one form or another recorded their impressions of the man, recorded their recollections of how he acquitted himself under the most trying ordeals, and all seem to agree that this was no ordinary man. This man, who saw all, who heard all, who endured slander and abuse such as has never been levelled against any one human being—and finally convinced even those of their iniquity—this man who was never found wanting, who was never unprepared—this was indeed no ordinary man.

And now what would this many-sided Lincoln have done with the problems of the day? is a question which every now and then one of our Lincoln Day orators, one of our statesmen in responsible position, asks. An answer to that question has been attempted a great many times but very few answers have been given in the light of Lincoln's performances. The sad and distressing phase about the whole thing seems to be that all those who ask the question, not unlike his biographers, studiously refrain from reading Lincoln's speeches and letters. They refrain from studying his political acts and performances. In the light of these we can truthfully state that Lincoln certainly would not

divide his followers into patricians and plebeians. Lincoln certainly would not have divided the voters of this country into a fighting organization and into an office-holding organization. The man who would fight the battles of the Republic; the man who would preach Lincoln's doctrine would not be disqualified by his preachment from carrying out Lincoln's policies in office.

And when the political leader nowadays asks: "What would Lincoln do if he were here today?" we can tell him that Lincoln would do just that—reward the deserving political worker with political preferment after he had participated and made possible the victory of the party.

Different panaceas for eliminating corruption in high places received but scant consideration from that direct political descendant of old Samuel Adams who said: "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." And if Lincoln could busy himself with politics every day of the year he could see no reason why others should not do the same thing. Lincoln believed in a trained political party—lieutenants who would not only appreciate the principles the party stood for, but who were trained and prepared to carry out those party principles in such a manner as would result in strengthening the Union. Political volunteers to him were as good and as bad as volunteers in the army who came for thirty or sixty days and whose one thought during their period for which they volunteered was the anxiety to return home. It was only after the army was drilled and trained and made permanent that victories were made possible.

And if Lincoln were here today he would preach and practice that only trained political leaders are worth anything in our body politic, and that the volunteers of a week or ten days before election, for the purpose of filling office, if successful, would make no impression upon that master politician today any more than they would have in his own time.

The questioner as to what Lincoln would do on different occasions might well be answered by referring him to what Lincoln said and did. His tariff policy was clear and made clear by the tersest and clearest statement—which once more shows the cloudless lucidity of his mind. What would Lincoln have done about National Defence and national participation in international affairs? The answer to the first question when tested by his actual

words and deeds can be found in the fact that he organized the greatest army and navy any country ever had up to his day. And the other question, which so many have attempted to answer for him, can easily be answered by anyone who knows what a firm believer Lincoln was in the Declaration of Independence, in the policies of Washington and Jefferson and Marshall as to the duties and as to the functions of our country among the nations of the world. It is little less than sacrilege to say that Lincoln would have advocated entry of our country into the League of Nations, and thus become subordinated and lost in the Babel of voices and vortex of selfish passions which dominate and rule that incongruous institution.

For anyone to say that Father Abraham would have consented to have his country, his United States, have one voice among fifty-two others, one voice against fifty-two others in a league which is represented by an overwhelming majority of peoples—primitive, selfish, under-educated and unprincipled and unscrupulous in their diplomacy—for any man to imagine that Abraham Lincoln would have ever exposed the country for which he fought and died to the *ipse dixit* of an institution of this kind, sprung into being in the last moments of the expiring Versailles Conference, which met in a spirit of revenge, which acted in the spirit of a conqueror over the vanquished, which extracted from a conquered foe the penalties of wars and of differences of centuries, has not read and has not understood the words of Abraham Lincoln. Abraham Lincoln, with his immeasurable sympathy, never believed in the principle of *væ victis*—woe to the conquered—and it was from that atmosphere that the League of Nations sprang. That alone would have made it impossible for a man of the mighty toleration, of the great love, of the great heart of Abraham Lincoln, to participate in any such conference or become a member of the offspring of such a conference.

To anyone who has read his letters and his addresses on reconstruction of the conquered South, to anyone who knows that he had nothing but the hand of fellowship for Lee, for Jefferson Davis, for Benjamin and for Johnston, if they but subscribed to the oath of fealty, it is unthinkable to believe that Lincoln would have become a partner in the bloody military cabals of the Balkan

States and their European co-conspirators among the great powers who control them.

If Lincoln were alive today and in a position of power, he would prevent the contamination of the United States by union with people who thrive on war, who believe in war, who prepare for war, who pray for war, and whose business is war. "Let us beware of military glory," said Lincoln. "It is a rainbow made of drops of blood. Like the fascination of the serpent, it charms only to destroy."

He would not have permitted the union of his country with people who do not believe in religious toleration and in the equality of man. Lincoln, this bewilderingly original genius, had a peculiar method of minding his own affairs and of having the United States mind its own affairs; he would have actually advocated the principle of educating America first and enlightening America first, of saving America first, and of making the people of America respected by being tolerant to the stranger in their midst, before he would move to participate in the business of any other country or any other nation. He would have been adamant on the question of the Monroe Doctrine, and would not have thrown it into the ever-boiling cauldron of European politics.

This statesman of the masses would have been a mighty helper in the struggle between capital and labor; he would have been a tower of strength for the oppressed of every nationality. He would have laughed out of existence secret organizations as inimical to our form of government, and would have led them all into the temple of the Union where all are equal, where all have equal opportunity, and he would have pointed to himself as he often did when he said: "I happen temporarily to occupy the White House. I am a living witness that any one of your children may look to come here as my father's child has." It might have been his life's work had he been spared from the bullet of the assassin to give every child of this broad land just that opportunity. He would not have made a mockery of the majesty of the law by enforcing one law and neglecting others. He would have continued to act with malice toward none and charity to all. Justice, justice shalt thou pursue—would have been Lincoln's policy. Not one-sided justice—not justice directed at one single commandment—enforce all the laws impartially and do not prefer

one to the other—for you would then be partial to one class of criminal, more lenient with one than with the other—a policy which ultimately leads to injustice. Practice justice for the sake of justice, and not because of popular acclaim! “Let us have faith that right makes might and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.”

If Lincoln were here today he would not require the consent of an ecumenical conference to give him permission to criticize an unfair law, or a law unfairly enacted. He did not hesitate to criticize the Dred Scott decision in the most rigorous way—he went further; he charged an understanding between the *dramatis personæ*, in no unmistakable manner.

If for no other reason, his presence in these days would have been a dispensation, for he would have demonstrated the fallacy which has become a great shibboleth of good citizenship—that a bad law, known to be bad, must be enforced *ad nauseam* in order to educate a community and then bring about its repeal. He did not belong to the class who said: “My country, right or wrong—nevertheless my country.” He said: “My country must ever be right, and when wrong, must acknowledge that it is wrong and must be set right”—as he did with the Trent Affair, when the entire North fairly howled approval of the Captain’s conduct when he seized the Southern commissioners. We cannot imagine Lincoln standing by and knowing that an idea or an enactment or a bill or a law was wrong and stand idly by and be cowed into worshipping that law. And yet no human being ever breathed who had a greater respect for law. We all know his stand on immigration, how he had not the heart to do aught which would prevent anyone, who fled from persecution or who came here to better his lot, from coming here. He knew nothing of Nordic or South European—all he knew was that one God made us all. Now, some of us have discovered what he said, and how farseeing his immigration policy was may be seen from the united North which fought the Civil War, and in our day when a United Nation fought in the World War. The roar of cannon knows no distinction between Dutch, English, French or German descendants of our early immigrants! Some of us still recall the inspired war cartoon showing the fusion of all nationalities in the defense of our country—the young men with those unpronounceable names

who fought so nobly and so well. Would he look with favor upon an alien registration law? He certainly would not; he would write another letter to Speed, which would read as follows:

“ . . . Our progress in degeneracy appears to be pretty rapid. As a Nation we began by declaring that ‘All men are created free and equal.’ We now practically read it: ‘All men are created equal, except negroes.’ When Know-Nothings get control—‘All men are created equal except negroes, foreigners and Catholics!’ When it comes to this, I shall prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretence of loving liberty—to Russia, for instance, where despotism can be taken pure, and without even the base alloy of hypocrisy.”

He would have stamped out religious persecution in every shape as he stamped out sedition and secession. He would have ended the cowardly attack of sects levelled against their neighbors simply because of religious differences or because of the differences in time of their arrival on these shores. He would have spoken directly and clearly as he did when he delivered his “House Divided” speech, in spite of the advice of his entire party of advisors and managers who wailed that defeat was certain should he utter those fatal words—which he did utter—and which were heard by an aroused people from coast to coast. His living words about our attitude towards negroes and Catholics just quoted are ample proof of this claim as to what he would have done on the underlying problem of toleration were he in office today.

He would have been for arbitration, universal in its application; not arbitration with loaded dice; arbitration such as would insure not only all people of the earth an honest verdict, but which would protect the United States from envious and rapacious claims and plots and schemes of the war-impoorished peoples of the world, whose sole aim in life seems to be the unloading of all the troubles of the world upon our heads. He would have seen that; he would have understood that; and he, with his amazing personality would have accomplished what seems to be so hard for us to understand and cope with.

He would not have permitted the Civil Service to become the Frankenstein which it has become. “Appoint that man Colonel of the regiment regardless of whether he knows the color of Cæsar’s hair”—is so eloquent a commentary as to what he would have

done with the entire breed of the reformers of our service—who have reformed and improved it to such a point that they have driven out of political life every upstanding and unbendable mind, so many of whom we met in office in Lincoln's day. He would not have tolerated in our service the introduction of the principle based upon the legend of the visitor's bed in Sodom and Gomorrah—a bed of one given size—prepared for the unfortunate guest who would sojourn in those then up-to-date municipalities. The Civil Service cuts off his legs if he is too long or stretches his limbs if he is too short. He must fit in this Civil Service bed of Sodom and Gomorrah; for the Civil Service man has measured the bed and the berth and there is the end. Lincoln would never have subscribed to such a theory. "See and speak to this man"—read many of his comments on petitions for all manner of requests to the government. Nowadays we don't see and we don't speak to anyone—the examination paper as marked and appraised by an omniscient examiner in the absence of the victim is decisive and final and unappealable.

Foreign debts? Did we pay our debts of 1776 to France and to the others? Bring forth the records! Lincoln never would have heeded such much-prayed-for international disavowal of debts; Lincoln himself paid every dollar of the debts incurred by his drunken partner, although it took him twelve years to do it; such anxious and premeditated voluntary bankruptcies of debtors for loans which were borrowed in the name of liberty and for the purpose of achieving freedom from the oppressor, and which were promised to be repaid with great solemnity by these countries with interest and with gratitude. So-called gratitude we get, but neither principal nor interest seems to be forthcoming from any of them, excepting from England. But all of them are even now trying to bring us into their League in order not only not to pay what is due to us, but use us as the general messenger and the general utility man, as their overwhelming majority therein might direct.

We can sum up Lincoln's attitude on all these questions by a single quotation—a complete philosophy of life—his chief concern in life:

"A struggle for maintaining in the world that form and substance of government whose leading object is to elevate the con-

dition of men, to lift artificial weights from all shoulders, to clear the paths of laudable pursuits for all, to afford all an unfettered start and a fair chance in the race of life."

And to those who are discontented with limiting the sphere of action of our great Emancipator and are bound to make him a citizen of the world, I have but to say that his resplendent example alone will suffice for those other nations of the world who would have some of his glory and who would have a share in his great heritage which he left to all the children of men.

XXXVII

LINCOLN OF ILLINOIS: THE TESTIMONY OF THE NATIONS

AMONG the many neglected phases in the life of Abraham Lincoln which, for some reason or other, have escaped both biographer and historian, the many-sided activities of Lincoln in Illinois have never been assembled between the covers of one book or series of books. Before Illinois gave him to the nation, almost all his important activities were confined within State lines, and therefore should have the attention of all those who knew him, and all those whom he came to know.

For many years I desired to hear a good rendition of Mascagni's *Hymn to the Sun*. Knowing something of the composition, I wanted to hear the best performance or none at all; so some years ago, when in the city of Rome, I found that the Maestro himself would conduct a concert of his own compositions on one of Rome's seven hills, crowned by a park, the Pincio. I attended, not knowing until I saw the program, that the much sought for Hymn was to be given that evening. Six hundred male and female voices in the chorus, and about three hundred musicians, took up the task of rendering "Il Sonno" at the conclusion of the program, where every one of the participants—from conductor to the drum major, from violinist to cellist and tympanist—exerted every effort, and strained every nerve, where every singer sang to the utmost exertion of voice in order to do full justice to that almost superhuman task, and which in consequence resulted in a revelation of magnificent melody and song. Instead of the six hundred voices there could have been six thousand, or sixty thousand, as the great pæan to the sun adapts itself to being rendered by a great multitude. The more participants, the greater the beauty, the glory, the magnificence of the *Hymn to the Sun*. It was a never-to-be-forgotten experience which I lived through under the starry firmament of that July evening in the Eternal City, where all the forces under the direction of the baton

of that inspired musician exerted every human effort to produce a perfect rendition of that masterpiece.

Whenever a task of similar magnitude is mooted, I ever think of that unique performance. And if I might be permitted to suggest to the imperial Commonwealth of Illinois and its seven and a half million inhabitants, a similar task awaits Illinois in properly composing, if not a hymn or an epic, at least a biography and a complete collection of Lincoln's achievements, based upon the life and works of her greatest son while in Illinois. Illinois received him from Indiana, even as Indiana took him from Kentucky. Illinois maintained him, trained him, guarded him, honored him, promoted him, nominated him for both Houses of Congress, heard him, campaigned with him, and literally suffered with him; helped to immortalize him by nominating him for the Presidency, and then helped to elect him. All the elements of the epic are present: the poor farm hand became the poor man's candidate for the Presidency of the nation; the poor man's legislator in Illinois became the poorest in earthly wealth, of all the Presidents. The unsuccessful candidate for the Senate became the successful candidate for the first place among America's sons and for immortality.

Illinois should gather from all sources every item of evidence required to make up the whole portrait. *New Salem* should take the lead, for it was here that Lincoln began the climb up the long lane which led him to fame, which led him to the service of the nation and to the betterment of mankind, by his life of unexampled service and sacrifice. It was to New Salem he came with his scant belongings in a bundle tied to a stick over his shoulder, and it was here he entered politics, as they told him that an election clerk was wanted who could write. It was here he secured his first job in Offut's store. It was here he met the Clary Grove Boys. It was here that he came into the disastrous Berry & Lincoln grocery venture. It was here he purchased the old barrel, with the Blackstone at the bottom. It was here he met and wooed, and lost and mourned, the eighteen-year-old Ann Rutledge.

Vandalia should then take up the theme and contribute the complete legislative career of Lincoln, for it was here that he became initiated in legislation, and brought about his first political achievement in the removal of the capital of the state to

Springfield. It was here he and Stone signed the protest against the spread of slavery into the District of Columbia. It was here that he was one of the "Long Nine"—every one of whom became a leader. It was here we can see the Lincoln of later days, when asked to support an unworthy measure, to which he replied: "You may burn my body to ashes, and scatter them to the winds of heaven; you may drag my soul down to the regions of darkness and despair to be tormented forever; but you will never get me to support a measure which I believe to be wrong, although by doing so I may accomplish that which I believe to be right."

It was from Vandalia he courted and was refused by Mary Owens.

Springfield should then take up the story of her noblest citizen—the third spot, the most important of all, for to Springfield he came to live. Here he met the wife of his bosom. Here his children were born. Here he practiced law with his partners until he was called to greater duties. Here he was elected to Congress, and when he returned somewhat disappointed at the gloomy political prospects he continued to practice his profession. Here he was offered the appointment as Governor of the Territory of Oregon, which, though tempted to accept because of the prospect of being the first Senator when Oregon became a state, by the definite advice of his wife he declined to accept. Here he awaited the nomination for the Senate; which brought the great joint debate in its train. Here he became the leader and one of the founders of the Republican party. Here he prepared his joint debates. Here he prepared his Cooper Institute Address. Here he received his nomination and election to the Presidency. Here he prepared the First Inaugural, here he delivered one of his outstanding short addresses—the one to his neighbors, as he was about to leave on his journey to Washington.

Here, by all odds, he had acquired most of the preparation and experience and education which he required and which came in good stead during his great adventure at the helm of state in Washington. Yes, Springfield broadened and enlarged Lincoln's horizons.

Springfield—every corner of it is full of recollections: his home, his office, the church, and last of all the Old State House, where so many of the great moments and great occasions of his life in



Lincoln Receives Congratulations on His Nomination
(Painting by Clyde O. Deland, In the Library of Congress)

Springfield transpired. "A jewel box of memories is this Old State House, over which we might linger indefinitely; and chief among its treasures is the recollection of that glorious day when a strong man arose, and in defiance of advice, uttered the immortal words that presaged the end of slavery."

Springfield, in which every printer declined to publish the immortal speeches he delivered during the contest with Douglas for the reason that "there would be no demand for such a book." Seventeen months later, he was the Republican nominee for the Presidency by reason of these speeches! Hundreds of thousands heard them, hundreds of thousands read them, and began to discern the outlines of the deliverer in the impending crisis. For once the representatives of Gutenberg lagged behind.

Peoria might well take up the marvelous tale next—for it was at Peoria on the night of October 16, 1854, when Lincoln, from the steps of the old Peoria County Court House, addressed thousands of hearers, a spot which he had visited many times before in his travels on the Circuit, arousing his auditors on that occasion to the immensity of the crime against the negro race, to the sacrilegious distortion of the Constitution, and to the great conspiracy of the South, and of the Northern sympathizers, to debauch the new states carved out of territories which, by law, had been declared to be safe against the incursions of the Slave Power. Peoria might well be proud that Lincoln delivered the speech which is considered by many the turning point in his career—"The speech of 1854," says Horace Greeley, "which made so profound an impression on me that I feel under its spell to this day. It is known in history as Mr. Lincoln's Peoria Speech . . . Mr. Lincoln did not use a scrap of paper . . . at the request of friends he wrote it out afterwards . . . In this way has been preserved for us the most masterly forensic utterance of the whole Slavery controversy."

Bloomington comes next, and may well be proud that it was at the Convention in that city that Lincoln delivered his greatest address up to that time. "Never did a man change as Lincoln did from that hour. No sooner had he planted himself right on the Slavery question than his whole soul seemed burning," says Hurd. Every person who attended that Convention went home with the conviction that Lincoln was the greatest man in the State—

that he spoke as no one up to that day had spoken in Illinois before, and that Lincoln was the man of the hour, the man to lead the party in Illinois. It was at Bloomington, too, that Lincoln first began to feel that he was a leader, with a following, and that it was his duty to return to active leadership of his party if Slavery was to be stemmed in its expansion, and if the doctrines of Douglas were to be checkmated before the country was disrupted and the Union destroyed. John Locke Scripps, who was present, said: "Never was an audience more completely electrified by human eloquence. Again and again during its delivery they sprang to their feet and upon the benches, and testified by long-continued shouts and the waving of hats how deeply the speaker had wrought upon their minds and hearts. It fused the mass of hitherto incongruous elements into perfect homogeneity; and from that day to the present they have worked together in harmonious and fraternal Union."

Chicago, the city where he spoke repeatedly, both before and after Douglas. Here he heard Douglas on a number of occasions, and here he replied to Douglas. Here he won his lawsuit for his fee against the railroad of which George B. McClellan was superintendent. Here he had many important conferences and meetings, leading to his nomination and election to the Presidency. Here the Convention of 1860 met, bringing together the leading men of the North. Here the platform was framed, and after the most epoch-making contest there followed the supreme moment, when at the Wigwam, Leonard Swett, always Lincoln's chief adviser and staunchest supporter—Leonard Swett, the bosom friend—rallied the forces that placed in nomination for President the immortal rail splitter of Illinois, the nation's ideal of manhood, and dashed the hopes of Governor William H. Seward of New York, who was at home awaiting news of his nomination. Chicago was the rallying ground for all the loyal people of the Northwest and Middle West, and one of the main supports of Lincoln during his term of office.

The *Seven Cities*, where the great Joint Debate was enacted, like the seven cities which became the rivals for the birthplace of Homer, deserve a treatise all by themselves. Very nearly half a million people heard the two champions during the debates and in between, for the champions worked in season and out of season

for the great prize which was at stake. Never was Lincoln in better mental and physical trim than during the campaign through these seven strategic centers of Illinois: Ottawa, Freeport, Jonesboro, Charleston, Quincy, Galesburg and Alton. They will be remembered as long as the history of the nation is read and studied. The Lincoln-Douglas Debates argued in these seven points of vantage were read and discussed in every corner of our land, and Lincoln emerged the great leader of the Union.

The *Jurors*—and there must have been many hundreds of them, in all the causes he pleaded, and in all the cases he tried—should and could tell a wonderful story. They were plain people: pioneers, workingmen, artisans, farmers, grocers and planters. They all heard this fellow-townsmen, this traveling lawyer on the Circuit—the only one of his day who covered the whole Eighth Circuit, and the only one who knew practically every juror before whom he appeared, and who was respected by almost every juror he appealed to. These men saw him under all the conditions and under all the exigencies of a trial lawyer. He appeared before them again and again, and the oftener he appeared before them the more they respected him, for the man grew in stature, in influence, from day to day. Why has their story been ignored to this day? Why not gather their impressions? There is not a juror living who cannot tell an interesting experience; and what could have been more wonderful than to listen from the jury box to “Honest Abraham Lincoln” fighting for a righteous cause!

The *judges* before whom he practiced have almost all spoken at one time or another of the practicing lawyer who appeared before them, and many of these precious appraisals and opinions are preserved. Even in those days were not only the judgments and orders of the Bench respected, but their obiter opinions as well. And they certainly did not hesitate nor delay their generous, though just, estimates of Illinois' great lawyer who practiced before them. Judge David Davis, the foremost man of his day in Illinois, after Lincoln, spoke up, and his just estimate and genuine tribute are easily the best and the most comprehensive which have fallen from the lips of any of Lincoln's contemporaries. He was followed by the others: Judge John D. Caton, Judge Sidney Breese, Judge Thomas Drummond and others—judges, great

judges—speak in measured terms. They give heed to what they say, for their judgments are rendered for all time.

All—all spoke Lincoln's praise in conformity with his great achievements.

The *lawyers* with whom he practiced are almost unanimous in their final estimates of Lincoln. No greater honor or tribute can come to any member of the legal profession than to possess the unanimous good will and good opinion of all the lawyers with whom he came in contact. No rancor, no hatred, no jealousy, or any trace of these—can be found in the utterances of his co-practitioners at the bar—certainly a wonderful achievement. And yet opinion has been canvassed, and as far as the records disclose there is not an unkind word nor a hostile commentary, on the part of the great host of lawyers with whom Lincoln practiced—and there were great lawyers in the Eighth Circuit. And when he crossed the state lines he met other lawyers, and all—all in Illinois and at the Federal Bar—are agreed that Lincoln was a great, good man, the best lawyer of them all.

The *clients* for whom he practiced brought him a most complex class of cases. Problems of every nature and description were involved. In every field of the practice of law was he called upon to participate. In all Courts—Local, State and Federal—were his services required. And while he may have lost patience with a client here and there, and while he may have refused to take up certain causes, one thing stands unchallenged and is true: that the clients who came to him and whose causes he undertook to defend were satisfied with their lawyer and content with his services, for they were genuine, honest and the best of which Lincoln was capable. There is no record of a just complaint that has ever been successfully levelled at the firm of Lincoln & Herndon, or at Abraham Lincoln, the senior partner.

The *four partners* with whom he was associated: Stuart, Logan, Herndon and the "rehabilitated" Lamon, are unanimous in their judgment of their partner—Stuart and Logan, senior partners, and Herndon and Lamon, junior partners; and so are all the local partners in special cases throughout the Eighth Circuit. Partners came to him and partners left him, with no rancor in their hearts and no complaint against Lincoln, save only for his peculiar habit of undervaluing his services almost to the very

end—to within a year or two of his election to the Presidency. But as far as all other partnership relations were concerned there simply was no other partner like him. He subsequently appeared in causes with his former partners, Logan and Stuart, and also appeared against them, but it was ever the same—he was the same kindly, honorable, obliging man, beloved by all, trusted by all, and had the respect and confidence of all.

The many special partners in the different localities and County seats of the Eighth Circuit, simply awaited his appearance with Judge Davis, and then the business was brought to him and the fees divided, ever to the satisfaction of both sides. And when the trial work was completed, Judge and lawyers and litigants and witnesses would gather about the life of the party, Lincoln, and hear him talk and listen to his yarns and his stories, and there never lived in those parts a greater storyteller and humorist than Abraham Lincoln.

And then, when the times became more tense, a great many came to him and listened to a discussion and analysis of the problems of the hour; and his keen analytical mind, and his power of lucid expression, almost always made him the most sought for speaker and exhorter of the people.

The *newspapers* which supported him, to which he contributed, and those which opposed him, could and should be ransacked in order to gather his writings, his editorials, his letters, on practically every important subject of the period. The accommodating editors whom he thus served, and his help was most welcome for he clarified everything of which he spoke or wrote, might well be called upon to recognize, as they undoubtedly did, the great services Lincoln rendered to city, county, state and nation, in this indirect manner, a most effective way of reaching every home and every fireside. And the newspapers of Illinois are still available and can shed these treasures of Lincoln lore, of Lincoln story, of Lincoln speeches, of his anecdotes and of his genuine service to his neighbors and to his fellow-townsmen—to all the people far and near.

The *neighbors* in Springfield to whom he left the immortal address on leaving for Washington, and all other neighbors in the state who awoke one morning to find their modest neighbor famous, to find him summoned to great tasks and noble achieve-

ments, to distinguished service to state and nation—these neighbors had a better understanding of him than many of his later friends and co-workers. For here he was one of them; here they saw him from day to day. They spoke to him and he to them. They were the first to whom he turned for approval and for help. It was they who launched him on his great career. They certainly spoke of him during those fateful years; and especially when he was brought back to them in 1865. Where then, are these memorabilia of his nearest friends and neighbors in whose midst he lived and labored for a quarter of a century?

The *soldiers* and *sailors*, the *generals* and *admirals* with whom he lived and worked, with whom he labored and with whom he strove—certainly they have in their hearts a portrait such as we of today most desire to know. He was certainly the soldiers' best friend under all conditions. He certainly loved the navy—his favorite department of the government. He spoke to hundreds of regiments; he spoke to tens of thousands of soldiers; he met practically all the prominent generals and commanders, all the naval officers in the service. Why not have a complete collection of these estimates and experiences in order to complete the great portrait, the immortal outlines of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, the most beloved man in the army and navy, as was demonstrated by the vote in 1864?

The *negroes*, from Frederick Douglass down to the day of Booker T. Washington and the millions in between these two great leaders of the race, certainly have a message for their liberator. Their poets, their journalists, their teachers, their preachers, their school children—all have a message. How can a complete outline of that great life be prepared without the contributions of the race he freed? The few outstanding contributions from this quarter augur well of what their followers have to say, or had to say. These phases must not be omitted in their final estimate, in the final monument that is to be erected to the life of the Emancipator. The joint heart-throbs of four millions who received at his hands the greatest of earthly boons and blessings—freedom—should and can entune a song of thanksgiving and gratitude such as no human ear has heard, such as no human voice has sung. Where are the poets of that people and

why have they tarried so long with their hymn of glory to their liberator?

He had so much in common with these—his wards. He had a sweetness of disposition, great patience when wronged. He was forgiving, had no memory for injustice, was ready to wait for the slow processes by which God accomplished great and permanent blessings for mankind. He had a deep sense of humor, was exceedingly wise and circumspect, and mingled with his shrewd common sense and a deeply religious nature an imagination which sometimes seemed to be impressionable and excitable to the verge of superstition. He never could resist the appeal of sorrow and suffering.

And then the *common people* he loved so well, if for no other reason than that he was one of them, have never really been heard from. There must be innumerable diaries, appreciations without number, available for the purpose of forming a definitive opinion of the reaction and impression produced by that great life upon the common people. He had no Boswell, it is true, but he would have needed a score of Boswells to make a complete work of it. But if those multitudes were permitted to come in and place their contributions at the service of those whose purpose it ought to be to draw the final portrait, more than sufficient exists at this time in Illinois alone, to supply every deficiency, and fill up every hiatus, to explain every act, to account for every step Lincoln ever took, until the moment he left Springfield for the last time, and explain all in the most satisfactory manner to his everlasting credit.

The *legislators* from Illinois, both in the State House and in Congress, the Governors of Illinois who knew him—they alone would suffice to supply all that is needed to portray that great life. From the few papers that have appeared, from the few letters which have been produced, it can be definitely asserted that if all the diaries and letters could be had, if the descendants would produce all the documents about Lincoln, nothing more would be needed about the legislative phase of his career. They knew him and he them, and he did not hesitate to consult them and their advice in spoken and written word. If records of the spoken word were produced—and that was an age when many kept records and diaries—and if all the letters were produced, then,

indeed, could the students of Lincoln rejoice and be content.

The *preachers* of Illinois, from the Rev. James Smith of the First Presbyterian Church of Springfield to Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch, have all taken their measure of their great contemporary, and have handed down the tradition to those of the next generation, which began in the '90s of the last century. The judgments of these men, of the entire class, is important. These men of God try to be fair and just in their estimates of the leaders of their time. They are not swayed by personal interest. They had ample opportunity to study him, for it was to them he turned in his great trials. It was to them he delegated the task of reaching the host of good men and women through their churches and from their pulpits, in his great struggle for the right. These men, who transmitted his messages and his request for cooperation, certainly kept their records and their memoranda of his work and of his achievements. They perhaps, more than others, were called upon during his life and upon his death to make true appraisals of this man's life, of his services to the Republic and to mankind. Where, then, are these notes, these records, these memoranda, these investigations, which formed the basis of the two thousand funeral sermons?

The *College Presidents* and their faculties and alumni, who became associated with Lincoln's work, and whose task it was to teach the young—the next generation who were to take the vacant places of the hundreds of thousands who fell in the war—these men certainly correctly studied the problems which Lincoln was called upon to solve.

Beginning with President Julian M. Sturtevant of Illinois College to whom Lincoln wrote: "I am willing to make any personal sacrifice, but I am not willing to do, what in my own judgment is a sacrifice of the cause itself,"—down to the Presidents and Head Masters of all other colleges and High Schools in Illinois—they quickly comprehended Lincoln's message. The issues were clearly understood and were kept by Lincoln before the enlightened public. He certainly needed the teachers of the nation if he would succeed. The children then, just as the children now or at any time, were not only the backbone of the nation, but they are the best hope of the nation. These men studied and prepared their message to the young, to the adolescent, who, as a result

of these teachings, were deserting their class and lecture rooms, and were filling the ranks of the decimated regiments, of the deserted regiments. Where, then, is the story of the teacher, of the College President?

The few remaining *survivors*, their ever-thinning ranks soon to join their elders in the Great Beyond, can still be induced to speak their part—the part they played in the varied ranks or stations to which they were called. Most of them have spoken, and have spoken repeatedly, without permanent records being made. But we need all these data, all these facts, if our great and final record is to be complete. We can spare no portion of that class of reminiscence or actual experience with the great actor of his age. All of these not yet garnered or gathered must be quickly obtained or it may be too late. Some of it is lost beyond recovery, even as some of the written word is lost or destroyed by the elements.

All his life he begged for bread, for sustenance, and with very few exceptions he received a stone. Now the glory of his life, the lesson for the ages to be drawn from his life, seems mental food; the world seeks his words, his deeds, his recollections, his influence on his neighbors and on his friends, and up to the present moment it has received nothing permanent but a boulder, a rock, a stone monument, a statue, a memorial of stone, upon which the only thing valuable is the quotation of his deathless word, when properly quoted. We ask for bread—we cannot be satisfied permanently with a stone. We want a complete Lincoln in the life and not a Lincoln in stone or in bronze—a Brady or a Heisler photograph or a St. Gaudens or French bronze will satisfy us as to his appearance, but his heart and mind and soul we want complete and unabridged—as revealed in his spoken and written word.

The modest man would probably stand aghast at all this prospective work, at all this longed-for documentation and research into his doings, his utterances, his performances. He would probably exclaim: "What have I done to deserve all this?" And he would modestly add: "Another man in my place would have done just as well and perhaps better. I want nothing but to conclude my task and return to my home in Springfield, there to spend the remaining days of my life and perhaps to travel, to

go to Palestine where the great characters of the Bible lived and labored and prayed and preached. Yes, Mary, we have had no time for all these—these have been years of toil, of trouble and of trial. We must have a rest when this work is completed.” And so he dreamed of rest, of contemplation, of retrospect, of peace of mind—this human being so soon to face his Maker!

From Europe the trail of Lincoln leaps to the Oriental world. While there are abroad few monuments of bronze or stone erected to Lincoln, there is something vastly more enduring. The political ideals of Lincoln have somehow reached the souls of the Orientals. In Korea, American-educated Korean leaders will tell you: “He is our Leen-Konn as well as yours.” The Filipinos, too, use the sayings of Lincoln in their struggle and hope for independence. From far-off China come the tidings that from the celestial, who has evidently taken up the pleasant task, comes the message of gratitude and thanksgiving that Lincoln’s life and Lincoln’s example have reached and influenced his, the oldest people on the globe. What Lincoln means to them, what his influence has achieved, what his example means, let Professor William Hung tell in his inimitable way:

“Dr. Sun Yat Sen carried back to China in his mind the Gettysburg speech, and the Manchu monarchy crumbled away, as if shattered by dynamite. Political China today, under the tutelage of Dr. Sen’s Kuo-mingtang had but one political creed, ‘San min chu-yi,’ literally ‘Three People Principle.’ What is meant by ‘Three People’? It is nothing short of ‘Of the people, by the people, and for the people.’ ‘Of the people’, because China’s millions must be taught to realize that China is theirs, and that the government is theirs. It is up to them to love China, it is up to them to redeem China’s losses, and it is up to them to atone for China’s faults. ‘By the people’, because China’s millions must be trained to participate fully in the task of making China a helpful and respected member in the family of nations. ‘For the people’, because the new government of New China must be washed clean of the corrupt practices of the past and must dedicate itself to betterment of the livelihood of the people, which, if I may borrow another phrase from Lincoln, is ‘to secure to each laborer the whole of the products of his labor as nearly as possible.’

“A pebble dropped from the shore of one side of the Pacific might send the effect of its wave clear across to the other. A gigantic pebble dropped by Lincoln has created waves of human aspiration which

have reached even to China. . . . Thanks to Lincoln, you have a Republic here, now conscious of republican world leadership. Thanks to Lincoln, we have over there in China the beginnings of a Republic, struggling to follow some of your footsteps. Teach us and guide us."

China has, indeed, learnt the lesson taught by Lincoln, judging by the spokesman of New China, who speaks so eloquently about the aims and ambitions of his countrymen—who epitomizes in this brief space the essentials of Lincoln's greatness.

The boys and girls in Japan annually compete in a contest which is reported in essays about the great American. The young mind in the land of the Rising Sun has turned from the legends of their national heroes, the mythology of the Samurai, the heroes of Nippon—to the young lad of Kentucky, and follows with remarkable acumen his struggles on the path of life, through Indiana and Illinois, and thence to Washington. Who knows but that the youth of China and Japan will some day conquer and make their own the remarkable achievements of our typical American? Who knows but that they, after comparing his simple standards, his plain tastes, his honest maxims, his clear faith, will follow him and will banish their household gods of stone and bronze and porcelain, and will install as their leader, him who led an entire people from slavery to freedom, from darkness to light, from wrong to right, from despondency and defeat to victory and triumphant reassertion of the tenets of Jefferson's immortal declaration.

England has appropriated him as one of her own, and with her empire builders, her victorious generals, her conquering admirals, her Prime Ministers, her Viceroy—he is grouped in front of the Abbey—the Abbey which makes the English-speaking world one.

England sees and recognizes that he sprung from her loins.

From Beaconsfield and Gray, to Bryce and Curzon and Lloyd George—and these certainly represent England at her best—they are all agreed that from the days of her own Alfred the Great, no English-speaking inhabitant of her vast Empire, the immortal Shakespeare and the glorious Milton alone excluded, this son, who seven generations back had his roots in Hingham, was the best, most perfect representative of the English-speaking world. The one man who was at home in the Council Chamber of the

great and at the hearthstone of the humble, in all the vicissitudes of life, was first and foremost a leader and a guide, a companion and a friend whose heart beat in sympathy with every human effort to free his fellows from slavery in all its sordid manifestations.

"... In Nijni I met Sartov," says Albert Rhys Williams, "a mechanic who invited me to his home. A long rifle stood in the corner of the main room. . . . In another corner hung an *ikon* of Saint Nicholas, a tiny flame burning before it. . . .

"... In this room I found another American. In the soft gleam of the ikon-light his face looked down at me from the wall; the great, homely, rugged face of Abraham Lincoln. From that pioneer's hut in the woods of Illinois he had made his way to this workingman's hut here upon the Volga. Across half a century, and half a world, the fire in Lincoln's heart had leaped to touch the heart of a Russian workman groping for the light.

"As his wife paid her devotion to Saint Nicholas, the great Wonder-Worker, so he paid his devotion to Lincoln, the great Emancipator. He had given Lincoln's picture the place of honor in his home. And then he had done a startling thing. On the lapel of Lincoln's coat he had fixed a button, a large red button bearing on it the word, B-o-l-s-h-e-v-i-k.

"Of Lincoln's life Sartov knew little. He knew only that he strove against injustice, freed the slaves, that he was reviled and persecuted. To Sartov, that was the earnest of his kinship with the Bolsheviks. As an act of highest tribute he had decorated Lincoln with this emblem of red."

That voice in the wilderness on the estate of Yasnaya Polyana, Tolstoy groups him with the Nazarene in accents that have awakened many in that unhappy country. Even the Bolshevik, then with his latest experiment in government, has room for Lincoln in his heart. The serf, the poorest of the poor in his hovel, finds room next to his Ikon for the small reproduction of the portrait of the Emancipator of a race—this crude brain, the slow-thinking, ignorant, unimportant piece of humanity prays to the features of Lincoln and hopes that perhaps he, too, will be freed from his endless miseries and woe which is the inheritance of the vast majority, of almost all the inhabitants of darkest Russia. And when Russia's one hundred and fifty millions awaken and proclaim Lincoln as their own, what remains with the re-enforce-

ment of China's and Japan's and perhaps India's hundreds of millions who may be persuaded to turn from Gandhi to Lincoln but to proclaim a new faith, a new and simple philosophy of life: that of Abraham Lincoln.

Twenty thousand trade unionists in India paid tribute to the memory of Abraham Lincoln some years ago, and their leader, Bahman Pestonju Wadia, exclaimed: "What wonderful words are those: 'of the people, for the people and by the people,'" as he deposits the floral tribute at the foot of the statue of the great Emancipator. "Lincoln was one of the greatest men the world will ever know. Lincoln is greatly admired in India by all of our people. It was he who inspired me to take up the work for my people."

Poland, in her struggle for freedom and independence—Poland, which was debased and destroyed and distributed among the three autocrats around her, where for centuries all education was denied to her people—and which still shows the rude effects of her servitude—may well turn to our Emancipator for guidance and for help, and may inaugurate a régime truly democratic, where all her people may live on terms of equality. Not till then will she regain the glory which was hers in the days of Sobieski, when her brave soldiers fought the inroads of the Barbarians, and before the walls of Vienna saved civilization itself from the torch and the sword of the Janissary and the Turk. The gentle and the loving nature of Lincoln is what she needs, if she is to be counted among the forward-looking people of the earth.

Czechoslovakia was founded by a disciple and devotee of Lincoln, President Mazaryk, who springs from the scholars and reformers of the Middle Ages, who suffered martyrdom for truth and for the emancipation of mankind, drank deep of the philosophy of our great War President, and successfully modeled his Republic upon many salient features of our own. He preaches Lincoln to his people and his domain will continue to prosper as it has, by reason of his efforts to live and govern in Lincoln's spirit and see that freedom becomes the heritage of all.

Hungary's great statesman, Kossuth, who thrilled the American people as did no other visitor to these shores since Lafayette, lived long enough to become a student of Lincoln's life, and while in foreign lands, an exile from his own, was one of the most loyal

admirers and supporters of Lincoln in all he preached and in all he did; like that other exile, Mazzini, his heart and voice and pen were with Lincoln.

The little boy in benighted Roumania reads in the Hebrew and Yiddish press of the doings of Abraham Lincoln, and becomes a lifelong student of Lincoln, the mystic. Forty years thereafter, when an entire world celebrates the centenary of the Emancipator's birth, the little fellow, advanced in years and in scholarship—Prof. Solomon Schechter—repeats a message which American students of Lincoln to this day read and re-read in admiration. And the democratic leader of that land today, Dr. Julio Maniu, is a student and follower of the foremost American. He could give his youth nothing better than the example of the youth of Abraham Lincoln as an incentive to liberal, magnanimous treatment of all the people in his country. The spirit of Lincoln alone can work the change in the backwardness of his people, for slavery, as Lincoln so oft repeated, not only oppresses the slave but enslaves the master as well; freedom and equality make all men free.

The Italy which gave Mazzini to the world has taken Lincoln to her heart, and he is as much a hero of the young in Italy as are the other heroes and benefactors in that oldest country in Europe. The spirit of Mazzini which dwells in the hearts of all lovers of that beautiful country is the spirit of Lincoln, and the nearer the people are to Mazzini the nearer they are to Lincoln.

The France of Victor Hugo needs no introduction to Lincoln. When the assassin did his fell deed, the common people in France, as well as the élite, showed their feelings in an unmistakable way. Immediately upon his assassination France opened a subscription, truly national in its nature, no one to contribute more than two cents for the medal to be struck for Mrs. Lincoln, which bore the memorable words: "Dedicated by the French democracy to Lincoln, honest man, who abolished slavery, re-established the Union, saved the Republic, without veiling the Statue of Liberty." France came to know the spirit of Lincoln in the hour of her agony, when two million fellow-countrymen came to her assistance in order to pay an old outlawed debt, and in order to help to plant the spirit of Lincoln in a war-weary and stricken land, and thus demon-

strated that Lincoln did not live for his country alone, as he left to everyone the world over to whom liberty and justice are dear, a great remembrance and a pure example.

Emilio Castelar in Spain, and for the whole Spanish-Latin speaking world, sent forth the message throughout two continents, a message eloquent and repeated by the young in every clime. It is to this day one of the few expressions of sympathy, voiced by an entire nation through one of her gifted sons. With a few strokes he paints Lincoln to his countrymen, as one of those marvels in history that the centuries rarely bring forth.

“. . . Born in a cabin of Kentucky, of parents who could hardly read; born a new Moses in the solitude of the desert, where are forged all great and obstinate thoughts, monotonous like the desert, and, like the desert, sublime; growing up among those primeval forests, which, with their fragrance, send a cloud of incense, and, with their murmurs, a cloud of prayers to Heaven; a boatman at eight years in the impetuous current of the Ohio, and at seventeen in the vast and tranquil waters of the Mississippi; later a woodman, with axe and arm felling the immemorial trees, to open a way to unexplored regions for his tribe of wandering workers; reading no other book than the Bible,* the book of great sorrows and great hopes, dictated often by prophets to the sound of fetters they dragged through Nineveh and Babylon; a child of Nature, in a word, by one of those miracles only comprehensible among free peoples he fought for the country and was raised by his fellow-citizens to the Congress at Washington, and by the nation to the Presidency of the Republic; and when the evil grew more virulent, when those States were dissolved, when the slaveholders uttered their war-cry, and the slaves their groans of despair—the woodcutter, the boatman, the son of the great West, the descendant of Quakers, humblest of the humble before his conscience, greatest of the great before history, ascends the Capitol, the greatest moral height of our time, and strong and serene with his conscience and his thought; before him a veteran army, hostile Europe behind him; England favoring the South; France encouraging reaction in Mexico, in his hands the riven country; he arms two million men, gathers a half million of horses, sends his artillery twelve hundred miles in a week, from the banks of the Potomac to the shores of Tennessee; fights more than six hundred battles; renews before Richmond the deeds of Alexander, of Cæsar; and, after having emancipated three million slaves, that nothing might be wanting, he dies in the very moment of victory—

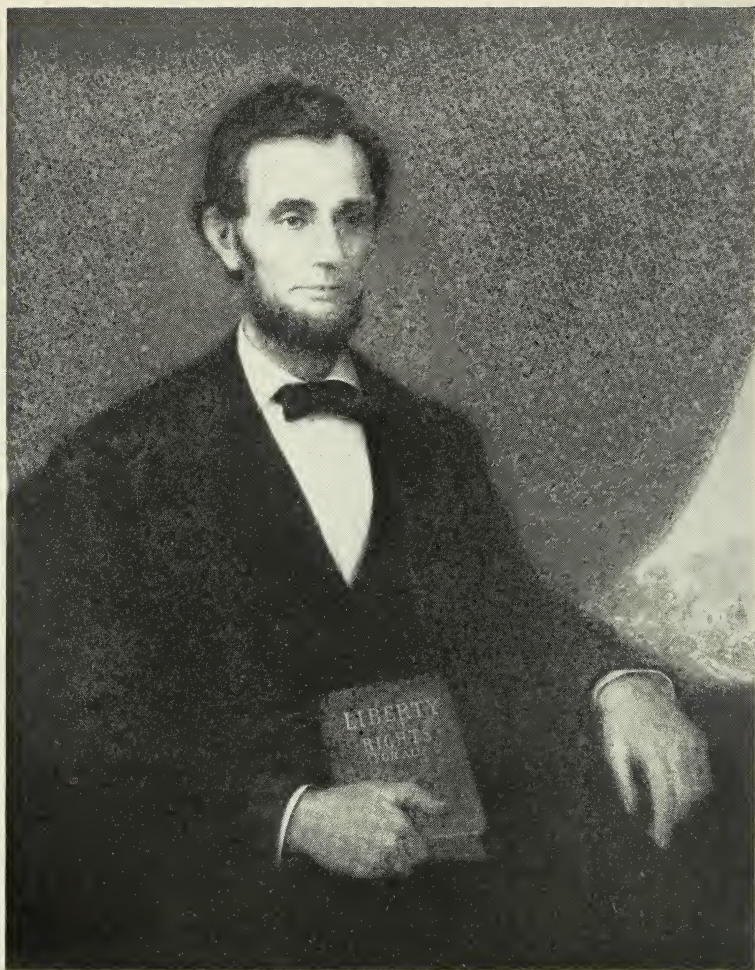
* An error due to imperfect information on the part of the speaker. Lincoln read almost every book that came in his way.

like Christ, like Socrates, like all redeemers, at the foot of his work. His work! Sublime achievement! over which humanity shall eternally shed its tears, and God his benediction!"

And so the scholarly German historians have set forth the achievement in government and humanitarian work, in Emancipation, in which he was helped by the best of German minds, both at home and abroad. The biographers, from Canisius and Lange down to Monteglass and Ludwig, have made contributions for popular information—none more loyal than the new waves of Germans who populated the new States in the Middle West and who, led by eloquent men like Carl Schurz, the learned Professor Lieber and by his own friend and fellow-practitioner, Governor Koerner, actually turned the tide in favor of Lincoln—first for his nomination and then to make certain his election. These men, and a score of other cultured and gifted Germans, have written of Lincoln and have spoken of his vast influence, and have wafted across the Atlantic to the country of their origin, the life, the achievements, the simple humility and noble principles of their hero in this land which he fought to keep free. The German Forty-eighters have certainly done well by Lincoln.

In the office of the Chancellor of the University of Jerusalem, is the likeness of Lincoln looking down upon the youthful head of that institution, himself a Lincoln student and Lincoln writer. An institution which attracts students from all the continents and teaches toleration of all by all, is properly led by a man who knows and loves Lincoln. A house of learning, where the humanities are offered by the great leaders of thought and learning, by scholars of every land to the youth of every land, should be influenced by the broad toleration of Lincoln. They all appreciate Lincoln, for in that land above all others, is the spirit of Lincoln needed in order that jealousy, schism and hatred of the stranger, be eliminated, and in order that the land may truly become as preordained—a country for all the people of earth: "For my house is a house of worship for all the nations of the earth."

Here, then, is an opportunity for Illinois to inaugurate not only a universal requiem for the passing of her great son, assisted by the chorus of forty-seven States, but to launch a pæan of glory or some musical composition like the *Hymn to the Sun*, where there is no limit to the number of participants. Here are welcome



Portrait by F. B. Carpenter

the lowly and the poor of all nations. Here are welcome the negroes of all continents. Here are welcome the laborers of all nations. Here are welcome the millions of awakening China. Here are welcome the progressive millions of the land of the Rising Sun. Here are welcome the millions of Russia, still downtrodden and persecuted, and the other millions of benighted who have no outlook, no hope, no chance. Here are welcome the Englishman, the Frenchman, the Spaniard, the Italian, the Czech, the Slav, the Pole, the Roumanian, the Cuban, the South American—where his mental and spiritual kinsman, Bolivar, fought and strove and triumphed and suffered, and who was appreciated and understood only after his death. Here are welcome all the human race seeking equality, opportunity, enlightenment and solace from persecution, from military tribulations, and from lack of light and leading and education and freedom.

Here India's teeming millions may come and be cleansed from degradation and destruction of caste or class, and drink deep of his simple faith and life's philosophy, establish peace with their fellowmen and prepare for self-government, and truly embrace the principle: "We are not enemies, we are friends."

Egypt's fellaheen may join the other millions, and strive upwards and onwards—without war, without strife. Follow the example of South Africa whose leadership knows and knew Lincoln.

Then there will be enacted a hymn of glory not unlike the *Hymn to the Sun*, by an entire world, striving for a goal even as he strove, seeking for equality before the majesty of the law even as he did, and seeking an opportunity for their offspring even as he did.

"The world has long since recorded its estimate of Abraham Lincoln as one of the great men of all time. The story of the boy who, by integrity and ability, rose from the lowliest origin to the highest seat of power, and the report of the kindliness, sympathy, mercy, simplicity and unselfishness of the great War President, removed by violence at the moment his mighty task was achieved, wins the hearts of all races of the world and will win them in all future ages. By the time two thousand years have elapsed, the gaunt figure may become to the world like the seated Buddha, a symbol of the divine."

XXXVIII

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN

A CONTRAST between the Colonial protagonist in bringing about our independence in the struggle with Great Britain, which was even then preparing to grasp the hegemony among the world powers—and the preserver of the Republic seventy years later, has been and is today and must ever be a favorite topic of discussion.

Not so much to demonstrate that either the founder or the saviour of the nation was greater, not so much to prove that either one or the other deserves more credit, more veneration for the accomplishment of a task which in either case has never been equalled; but rather to understand that both were needed, both were God-sent and Divinely ordained—one to create and make possible government by the people, the other to conserve and preserve and rescue from sedition and rebellion and civil war what his predecessor had brought about and accomplished.

Here were three million English-speaking people, as much part of England as was Wales or Scotland, under circumstances which tended to make for a great universal English commonwealth with a people who read the same Bible, who pored over the same Milton and Chaucer, over the Elizabethan poets and dramatists, who followed the development and evolution of English law and Parliamentary government even as did the residents of London and Liverpool and Edinburgh. The problem of keeping these colonies in leash without permitting them to participate in the government, in the evolution, in the growth of the coming British Empire, was a problem which all recognized excepting the narrow-minded ruler and his immediate cronies in the Cabinet. The elder Chatham and Burke, the two greatest minds of their day or for that matter of any other day in the history of Parliamentary government, saw the light of a new dawn, pleaded for fair play for the new Empire of the West, but their eloquent pleas fell upon deaf ears—and America was forever lost to Eng-

land. It could not be otherwise—for Cromwell's Puritans and Rupert's Roundheads and Cavaliers were fighting for a principle in their new home—against England's hirelings picked up from the four corners of the earth, who knew not what they were fighting against.

And then the first citizen of his day—trained in warfare, trained in public affairs, a member of a remarkable body of men—and no better group ever essayed to create a nation—by his tact and patience and enormous influence, organized and brought forth a nation, patterned after the Republics of antiquity—and became its first President. The growing pains of the new giant, the problems and insuperable difficulties it encountered in a world dedicated to the principle of the divine right of kings, made the beginning so difficult that a great many thought that the young Republic would never survive the hostility of England, the jealousy of France, and the hostile indifference of the rest of the world—all with one object in view—to crush and destroy our Republic.

But the team work of the Colonial Congress, of the constitution makers, of John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, Franklin, Patrick Henry, Witherspoon, James Wilson and Washington brought forth a constitution which was modelled on the experiences of the past and the lessons of the present. The Constitution was adopted, thanks to the genius and persuasive powers of Hamilton in New York and Madison in Virginia. The constitution, as promptly strengthened by the twelve amendments, stood adamant until the real test came in 1861. John Marshall made it a living, throbbing, mighty instrument for good.

There is honor enough in the fact that George Washington was present at the birth of a nation—that he fought off its enemies; that he set the governmental machinery in motion, and that for eight years he was at the head of affairs. When he reads his Farewell Address, he has established the groundwork of these stupendously powerful United States of today. There may be, there are, monuments to Washington everywhere, of every kind, but his greatest monument is the nation he created after wresting it from England's narrow-minded rulers of the eighteenth century.

And now the formative years of our country. With England

definitely out, with England acknowledging that she was definitely eliminated in 1812—we turn our attention home to see and set in order what we had won—what we conquered and what, through Jefferson, we acquired in addition. For that many-sided genius added an empire overnight to our domain, for the price of a square block in an unimportant section of New York City today. But then, we inherited the problems and the causes for conflict which drove us out of England and into the wilderness. Here we had the Puritan in the North, the Hollander in New York, the Dutchman in Pennsylvania, the Cavalier in Virginia, the Catholic in Maryland, the Dissenter in Massachusetts, Roger Williams (who had been driven out of Massachusetts) who had settled in Rhode Island, the Quaker in Pennsylvania, the cotton grower and slave-holder in the South, the farmer and factory hand in the North, and the pioneer from the East gradually trekking to and opening up the great Empire in the West—and as if these were not sufficient we greeted the Spaniard in the Floridas, thrown into our lap by Andrew Jackson's romantic military exploits, and the Frenchman in Louisiana with his Code Napoleon and up the Mississippi whither Father Marquette and his resolute band had taken him. And then from the very heart of France came the best blood of the Huguenots, such as had not been massacred with Coligny on St. Bartholomew's Night—and the Jewish people, too, came from the Netherlands, from the South Americas—and after 1848 liberty-seekers from Germany, and the process of making the American was on. We can almost see that when the Almighty came to create the American who was to have sway in this land He took from Palestine its religion and philosophy and the Bible; from Greece the arts and beauty; law from Rome; from Holland the spirit of liberty and tolerance; from France and England and Germany the sciences, the orderly processes of modern life; from Spain color and chivalry and the spirit of discovery; and the noblest fruits of the Renaissance—art in the highest forms—from Italy, and so merged and mingled and re-enforced all these in the cauldron of creation that the finished product was none other than the American!

The first great problem with which we were then confronted was the question whether the immortal Declaration, the joint intellectual product of the three million colonists was a truth or a

scrap of paper. For forty years the great joint debate lasted—and upon that great stage came all the leaders and thinkers and statesmen of the day and of the epoch—beginning with that remarkable trio of statesmen—Webster and Clay and Calhoun and ending with Stephens and Seward and Douglas. All were heard, all gave the best in their life for their ideas, and the whole country was the interested audience, and actively participated in answering the question whether this country would be free—and endure.

Many a Presidential election was fought and won on one phase or another of this great controversy. Personal ambitions were submerged in the tremendous clash of national ambitions, whole sections of the country were transformed as to their political opinions. Families were broken up, institutions vanished, political parties disappeared, a whole section of the country had to be made over before this elemental question was properly answered and the problem depending on the question adequately and definitely solved. An entire school of statesmen who thought that they were heaven-sent to adjust this national clash between North and South, passed from the stage—completely disappointed and broken-hearted—because they did not understand the gravity of the situation. Another class of statesmen who saw and understood the gravity of the problem, had no adequate solution and followed the will-o'-the-wisps of compromise and delay. Then it came to pass that the policy of pacification and of postponement of the evil day came to an end. This situation could not be postponed, could not be sidestepped, could not be delayed, could not be adjusted except in one way. The whole country, while sick at heart of the controversy, while dreading the consequences, was nevertheless aware of the fact that there must be some solution of this old and ever-recurring problem. But no one had shown that he knew the solution—no one, either directly or by insinuation, could be induced to pronounce a formula which would please all the parties concerned. A policy of drifting under Buchanan's inept and meaningless administration ensued for a short while, then the whole country was startled by the appearance of a man in the Middle West who spoke so clearly that all could understand:

“... ‘A house divided against itself cannot stand.’ I believe that this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free.

It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South."

Who was this man who had thus spoken? Where did he come from? Where had he mastered the principles involved in the conflict of forty years, to be thus able to pronounce a formula which no one could honestly controvert and which no one could gainsay? Then people began to hear from his friends, from his neighbors, from his clients, from his legislative comrades, from the Judges before whom he had practiced, from the lowly he had befriended, that the man who was driving Douglas from political life, was the man who had studied and digested and comprehended this cancer at the heart of the Union better than any other human being living and better than the framers of the Constitution themselves. The people now began to follow him all during the Joint Debate with Douglas—to Cooper Union when he spoke to the whole country—and clung to him and to his words until they brought him to Washington, the first Commoner in the seat of the mighty—of the statesman, the scholar, the gentleman, the aristocrat and the patrician, of the scion of the blue-blooded hierarchy of the South. A farm hand in the White House, a Mississippi boatman in the White House, a country lawyer pleading petty causes in the White House, a poor man with practically no family history, no family connections, in the seat of Washington who was the wealthiest man of his day, in the seat of Madison and John Quincy Adams, the most cultured men of their day. There must be some mistake, some accident, this man with the old duster, with the shawl about his giant shoulders, this cadaverous-looking individual with the cavernous eyes, ill-kempt, ill-clad, this crude frontiersman, he certainly cannot be the leader in this epoch-making struggle—which might spell the doom of the Republic. We need a statesman of the Seward type, of the Chase type, of the Sumner type. We need a trained diplomat, a seasoned executive. No, there was no mistake. "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." From the depths he had chosen his instrument, his messenger, to go and tell the modern

Pharaoh of Slavery that his day of power was over; and to the people he said:

“Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman’s two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said: ‘The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.’”

And so, unwillingly, hesitatingly, pleading for peace, appealing to his misguided countrymen in vain, Father Abraham called for men, for munitions, for money to fight and preserve what the fathers had founded. And we see him surmount all the difficulties, we see him undo the harm, all that was caused by the sins of omission and of commission, by a supine if not a cowardly administration which preceded him and which almost wrecked the Union, we see him organize an army and navy anew—the trained soldiers were with the South—we see him inaugurate a blockade which strangled Southern commerce, a diplomatic service which gathered information wherewith he could counteract every plot and scheme which tended to bring recognition to the Confederacy from abroad. He held his enemies at home in check—he helped his splendid War Governor in keeping the great Northern states not only loyal but ready to make every sacrifice required to save the Union. He gave his attention to press and pulpit in order to have the common people properly informed and exhorted to stand solidly behind their anointed leader in the holy war of the Union. With the precision of destiny came blow upon blow, the Emancipation Proclamation, failure to attain recognition abroad, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, the war of attrition under Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Thomas, and a host of brilliant Northern soldiers—all trained during the agonizing first years of the war when the South seemed to be winning. Finally Appomattox—when all that made up the Richmond government collapsed—and even Robert E. Lee saw and pronounced the doom of the Confederacy, and urged his misguided and disillusioned countrymen to return to the Union.

Enough has been stated to place the two great Americans side

by side, not for comparison but in order to demonstrate that the same Providence which guided the destinies of these colonies for eight long years—until England yielded to the inevitable and made peace and acknowledged the sovereignty of the United States which soon thereafter became a nation, the same Providence came to our assistance when the even more important question came up for final settlement whether this country could be half slave and half free—whether this country could remain a Republic while it was contaminated by the Moloch of slavery—whether this country was to remain a loosely jointed Confederation of quarreling States, whether it was to become split up like the South American Republics or the Balkan States, or be an indestructible Union of indestructible States—was it to be a nation or a mob?

Through the divine interference and through the life and efforts of Lincoln, these questions were answered in a way that no recurrence of these ailments is conceivable. The Constitution was so amended that at no time will one being garner what the other achieves by the sweat of his brow. All are alike before the law—which countenances no other government than that of the people—who make and unmake government by the people, and all are concerned that the best measure of self-government shall be safeguarded for all the people of the land founded by Washington and recemented and saved by Lincoln.

“Two stars alone of primal magnitude,
 Turn beacons in our firmament of fame,
 Shine for all men with benison the same;
On day’s loud labor by the night renewed,
On templed silences where none intrude,
 On leaders followed by the streets’ acclaim,
 The solitary student by his flame,
The watcher in the battle’s interlude.
All ways and works of men they shine upon;
 And now and then beneath their golden light
A sudden meteor reddens and is gone;
 And now and then a star grows strangely bright,
 Drawing all eyes, then dwindles on the night;
And the eternal sentinels shine on.”

XXXIX

MOSES AND LINCOLN—A STUDY IN PARALLELISM

THE Sunday following the assassination of President Lincoln was observed throughout the restored Union as the occasion upon which the American people assembled in their various houses of worship to do honor to Abraham Lincoln, who was even then on his long journey to the home which he left a little over four years before with premonitions that he would never return alive to the scenes of his early manhood—to the scenes of his early struggles. The preachers of practically every denomination, as was but natural, proceeded to Deuteronomy XXXIV, 1-5, and quoted the famous passage:

“And Moses went up from the plains to Moab unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah. . . . And the Lord said unto him, ‘This is the land. . . . I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, and thou shalt not go over thither.’ ”

Henry Ward Beecher, in Plymouth Church, pronounced the most eloquent of those funeral sermons, and what the most-inspired divine of his times used as his text in paying his final tribute to the great war President was echoed and re-echoed not only on that occasion but on succeeding anniversaries observed and dedicated to Lincoln in practically every State in the Union.

An examination of many pamphlets, speeches, and treatises of Abraham Lincoln discloses the same idea adopted by practically everyone who sees the similarity between the great war President and the great lawgiver. The amazing thing about it is that virtually no biographer, no commentator of Lincoln's life, has carried the parallelism between the two great characters either backward, to the beginning of Lincoln's career, or forward, in an analysis of his work and of the stupendous problems with which he was confronted—aside from Coffin, who, in a brief summary at the conclusion of his *Life of Lincoln*, states, “the millions whom Abraham Lincoln delivered from slavery will ever liken him

to Moses, the deliverer of Israel. Only in part are they to be compared, humble alike from birth, but the childhood of one was passed in the luxurious court of Pharaoh, that of the other amid the poverty of a frontier cabin. Moses gives just and righteous laws to Israel, Abraham Lincoln a new charter of liberty to his country. Both led their fellowmen out of bondage; both beheld the promised land of a Nation's larger life, but neither is privileged to enter it." But here, as elsewhere, the comparison between the two characters ends.

Moses, in his youth, "went out unto his brethren and looked on their burdens, and he saw an Egyptian smite a Hebrew, one of his brethren, and he looked this way and that way, and when he saw that there was no man, he smote the Egyptian and hid him in the sand," and it was thus that Moses, at this time, in this effective manner, demonstrated his position on the question of slavery.

When Abraham Lincoln was a young man he took a cargo of produce down the Mississippi River to the market of New Orleans. After he had sold the cargo he and a fellow boatman sauntered through the slave mart. Black men and women and children were arranged in rows against the wall for inspection. The auctioneer proclaimed their good qualities as he would those of a horse or a mule; again and again the hammer of the auctioneer fell and husbands and wives were separated forever, and children were there and then doomed never again to look into the faces of father and mother. That scene in the auction room set the blood of Lincoln on fire. His lips quivered and his voice choked in his throat as he turned to his fellow boatman and said: "If ever I get a chance to hit that thing I will hit it hard, by the eternal God."

"Who is he," says Dr. David Gregg, "to hit the 'thing' a blow? He is only a boatman, a splitter of rails, a teamster, a backwoodsman. Nothing more. His poverty is so deep that his clothes are in tatters. The thing which he would like to hit is incorporated into the framework of society and legalized in half the States, and is entrenched in State and church alike. Is there the remotest probability that he will ever be able to smite such an institution? Why utter these words? Why raise the right hand toward heaven and swear a solemn oath? Was it some dim vision

of what might come to him through Divine Providence in unfolding years? Was it an illumination of the Spirit forecasting for the moment the impending conflict between right and wrong in which he was to take a conspicuous part? Was it a whisper by a divine messenger that he was to be the chosen one to wipe the "thing" from the earth and give deliverance to millions of his fellowmen? You may answer these questions as you please, but these are the facts of this history. The hour of the nation came, and with it the golden moment for the slave. Then it was that the very same hand that was lifted in solemn oath before God in the New Orleans slave mart took up the God-inspired pen of liberty and wrote the emancipation which forever abolished slave master, slave market, and slave."

One of the most remarkable occurrences showing the predestination of Abraham Lincoln for his task took place in the little town of Salem, Ill., in August, 1837, when Lincoln was only twenty-eight years of age. Lincoln went from Springfield to Salem to attend a camp meeting. Dr. Peter Akers, one of the greatest Methodist preachers of the time, preached a sermon which lasted three hours. He showed that a great civil war would put an end to human bondage. "I am not a prophet," he said, "but a student of the prophets. American slavery will come to an end in some near decade, I think in the sixties." These words caused a profound sensation. In their excitement thousands surged about the preacher, but when at last he cried out, "Who can tell but that the man who shall lead us through this strife may be standing in our presence," a solemn stillness fell over the assembly. There, not more than thirty feet away, stood the lank figure of Lincoln, with his pensive face, a prophet as yet uninspired, a leader as yet unannounced. The preacher's words had fallen like a mystical baptism on the head of this obscure pioneer, as yet unanointed by the sacrificial fires of the coming national tragedy.

When he returned to Springfield, Lincoln remained silent for a long time. At last one of his friends asked him what he had thought of the sermon, and he replied that he "little dreamed that such power could be given to mortal man, for those words were from beyond the speaker. Peter Akers has convinced me that American slavery will go down with the crash of civil war." Then he added: "Gentlemen, you may be surprised and think it

strange, but when the preacher was describing the civil war I distinctly saw myself, as in second sight, bearing an important part in that strife."

The next morning Mr. Lincoln came very late to his office, and his partner, glancing at his haggard face, exclaimed: "Why, Lincoln, what's the matter?" Then Lincoln told him about the great sermon, and said: "I am utterly unable to shake myself free from the conviction that I shall be involved in that terrible war."

Similar premonitions and visions were Lincoln's, down to the very last of his notable life and the one of which Noah Brooks in his *Life of Lincoln* wrote, wherein Lincoln says: "I have seen this evening what I saw on the evening of my nomination. As I stood before a mirror I saw two images of myself—a bright one in front and one that was pallid standing behind. It completely unnerved me. The bright one I know is my past, the pale one my coming life. I do not think I shall live to see the end of my second term."

Shortly before Lincoln's assassination some friends were talking about certain dreams recorded in the Bible, and the President said: "About two days ago I retired very late; I could not have been long in bed, when I fell into a slumber, for I was weary. I soon began to dream. There seemed to be a deathlike stillness about me. Then I heard subdued sobs, as if a number of people were weeping. I thought I left my bed and wandered downstairs. There the silence was broken by the same pitiful sobbing, but the mourners were invisible. I went from room to room; no living person was in sight, but the same mournful sounds of distress met me as I passed along. It was light in all the rooms; every object was familiar to me, but where were all the people who were grieving as if their hearts would break? I was puzzled and alarmed. What could be the meaning of all this? Determined to find the cause of a state of things so mysterious and so shocking, I kept on until I arrived at the East Room, which I entered. Before me was a catafalque, on which was a form wrapped in funereal vestments. Around it were stationed soldiers who were acting as guards. There was a throng of people, some gazing mournfully upon the catafalque, others weeping pitifully. 'Who is dead in the White House?' I demanded of one of the soldiers. 'The President,' was the answer; 'he was killed by an assassin.'

Then came a loud burst of grief from the crowd, which woke me from my dream."

John Hay, writing to Senator Hoar in reference to a conversation had between Charles Dickens and Secretary Stanton, says: "General Grant, in an interview with the President on the 14th of April—the day he was shot, expressed some anxiety as to the news from Sherman. The President answered him in that singular vein of poetic mysticism, which, though constantly held in check by strong common sense, formed a remarkable element in his character. He assured Grant that the news would come soon and come favorable, for he last night had his usual dream which preceded great events. He seemed to be, he said, in a singular and indescribable vessel, but always the same, moving with great rapidity toward a dark and indefinite shore. He had had this dream before Antietam, Murfreesboro, Gettysburg, and Vicksburg."

It has been a pleasant pastime during the centuries, if not during the millennia, to speak jestingly, if not jeeringly, of those wonderful passages in the Old Testament, and which ever commence with the words, "And God spoke to Moses." God spoke to Moses! To a mere mortal! And so we find similar criticism from the day when Abraham, the first empire builder, who walked with God, down to Moses, the lawgiver, who spoke to God, down to our own Abraham Lincoln, to whom God made clear his will in these mysterious ways. While the great lawgiver is very nearly four thousand years removed, Abraham Lincoln is but sixty-six years removed from us, and he told of these apprehensions—of these dreams—of these talks with God—of these requests to God, to whom? Not to his friends, the few he had, because most of them he had left in Illinois—not to the friends in the Northwest and in the Northeast—but to his own Cabinet, to General Grant, a man of iron and of steel, who listened and who believed, to Seward, the man who would be President, the man who said: "If I were President I would have a policy." He told it to Chase, the coldest, the proudest, and the most recalcitrant man of them all, who said again and again, "If I were President I would have a policy; Abraham Lincoln has no policy," and Chase believed. He told it to that great leader of men, Secretary Stanton, Buchanan's Democratic Attorney-General, the creator of armies; he told it

in the presence of Charles A. Dana, one of the greatest of American newspaper men. He told it in the presence of Gideon Welles, John Hay, Senators Wilson, Sumner, Fessenden, and a host of others, who, if they had not believed and been cowed by the seriousness, by the solemnity, by the sincerity, by the divine attributes of the man, would have told him to his face that he was a poltroon and an impostor.

The irresistible conclusion is that when a man—whether he be Moses, or Lincoln—when the man has been picked for a task by Providence, Providence always has a way of communicating His orders and His decrees to the man of His choice.

Another mark of resemblance between the two men—Moses and Lincoln—is their physical appearance. Both were men of giant constitutions. Both men towered above their fellows. Both men, upon close scrutiny were homely men, homely in the common adaptation of the term. One of the legends about Moses tells us that a near-by potentate heard about the ungainly appearance of the lawgiver and could not understand how a man so homely, so ill-shapen, could accomplish such monumental deeds, but when he saw Moses transfigured with his mission as the servant of God, he forgot all about his looks; he saw the rays of light which shone from the seer's face. The three or four great equestrian statues in the world, if taken from their high pedestals and examined at close range, would appear monstrosities; but if viewed in their own proper proportions, at the proper angle, in the proper light, and under proper conditions, and upon their proper eminence, those statues are miracles in bronze, even as is the Lincoln of Augustus St. Gaudens in Chicago a miracle in bronze, and even as is the statue of Moses by Michael Angelo a miracle in stone. The ideals for which both lived transfigured their appearance, and they appear in their true, heroic, gigantic, overwhelming proportions known to posterity as Moses and as Lincoln.

In picking the ten greatest men of all time Moses, of course, found one of the places, and the biographer of the ten has very little to say by way of comment upon Moses. He simply says, "Moses," and all the world knows. Similarly Lincoln being picked as the representative of the nineteenth century for that peculiar niche of fame which has one human being for each century, se-

lected upon the roll call of the centuries, from the first century down to the nineteenth century, is called "Lincoln the Emancipator."

I would amend this description of Lincoln, because "emancipation" and "emancipator" but sprang from the multitudinous and many-sidedness of his accomplishments. It was rather "Lincoln, the seer," prepared in the primeval forests, as was his great prototype in the primeval desert, for the gigantic tasks of 1861-1865. I had almost overlooked the great joint debates with Judge Douglas—the seven monumental debates which were preceded four thousand years ago by the ten joint debates between the lawgiver and the court of Pharaoh—that Pharaoh of whose power and prowess and splendor we are even now obtaining glimpses at Luxor.

Never was the education of two men more alike than was that of Moses and of Lincoln. In spite of the alleged learning which Moses gathered at the feet of his Egyptian teachers and philosophers, it was in the desert, where he cared for the flocks of Jethro, where his education was completed and where he unlearned all the fallacies of Egyptian life. It was the great desert, with its vast horizons and silences, which invited men of introspection to worship and to marvelous religious utterances, where Moses received his final education.

In the same manner Abraham Lincoln, in the primeval forests of Kentucky, of Indiana and on the prairies of Illinois, then just about opened to civilization, in contact with mountains and rivers, received the final touches of that education which fitted him for his great future career. It is almost laughable how some of his biographers commiserate Lincoln because of his lack of education. True, Indiana and Illinois in those days represented in the main an unstaked and untracked wilderness. Into this wild country a tall, unkempt stripling drove the four-ox team that carried his father and step-mother, step-brother, sister and cousin, with their simple household goods out of Indiana into Illinois. He had scarcely reached his majority; he tarried with his family long enough to help house his aging parents, and then, with the characteristic independence of the true American lad, struck out for himself, for at twenty-one the true pioneer youth accepted the responsibilities of life, and in the adjoining county

of Sangamon entered upon that great career that is the most picturesque as well as the most profoundly significant story in American history.

To continue the comparison, after the remarkable similarity of education of both men, we find that instead of reaching a climax—the one on Nebo's Mount and the other on the day of his assassination—it appears that the climax of one career, that of Moses, was at the Red Sea and at Mount Sinai, and of Lincoln at Washington on March 4, 1861; and here is where we see the remarkable similarity of the two careers, the two great outstanding periods in the lives of both leaders. It was when hemmed in between the Red Sea and the best trained legions of antiquity that Moses showed his strategy, his generalship, his leadership and his communion with God. It was there that he harmonized a distracted people and rose above the divided counsels of the four parties who confronted him with their advice, even as was Lincoln confronted with the advice of four similar parties on that fatal 4th day of March in 1861. There were those who counseled Moses to commit national suicide; there were those—like Horace Greeley and others—who counseled Lincoln to permit the erring sisters to go in peace; let there be as many States, as many republics on the continent as the people in the different States might decide upon. There were those who counseled Moses to return to Egypt and to slavery. There were those who counseled Lincoln not to touch the great institution of slavery, not to shed any blood by reason of any interference with that almost sacrosanct institution. There were those, and they constituted the most dangerous party, known as the Copperheads in the North, who, with Vallandigham and others—to borrow a term from Thucydides—"emitted the sounds of the hostile armies"; in other words, those who preached secession and treason in the North, those who favored the South, those who could see nothing right in what Lincoln or the upholders of the Union did or proposed to do. There were a similar set of defeatists among the followers of Moses at the Red Sea, who were bent on anything and everything to destroy the hegemony of Moses and of those who would make a united people out of the liberated Egyptian slaves. And there were finally those who would follow Lincoln as far as he would lead—men like Governors Andrew, Curtin,

Take it quietly UNCLE ABE and
I will draw it closer than
ever!!

A few more stitches ANDY and
the good old UNION will be
mended!



Contemporary Cartoon

Morton, Yates—men who began to perceive the divine mission of the great President, even as Moses had his followers, who said, "No; we will follow you; let us fight the Egyptian hordes." The great lawgiver rose to the very height of his unparalleled career when he stepped from Mount Sinai with the decalogue, the fundamental structure upon which all religions rest. Lincoln reached the greatest height of his career when he stepped before his Cabinet and read his emancipation proclamation. Neither man again rose to greater heights.

Perhaps George Grey Barnard explains what happened between the two periods of Lincoln's life; between the times when the two masks were taken of the great war President—the life mask taken by Leonard Volk: Lincoln's life mask is the most wonderful face left to us—a face utterly in contrast with the faces of the Emperors of Rome or of Napoleon—that with a record of a dominating will, self-assertive over others and Lincoln's, commanding self for the sake of others, a spiritual will based on reason. "For one hundred days I sought the secret of this face in the marvelous constructive work of God. . . . The mystery of this whole form nature alone knows—man will never fathom it. . . . Lincoln's face, the triumph of God through man and of man through God. . . . Lincoln, the song of democracy, written by God, his face the temple of his manhood."

On the other hand, Lincoln's death mask reveals the man who has concluded his work, a man who has weathered the storm, a giant whose strength was taxed to the utmost, and which unprecedented tasks have left their marks upon that remarkable constitution.

And so it might be repeated that the great life work of the Emancipator was done between the day of his first inaugural and the day of his second inaugural; when he harnessed together the greatest intellects of the country—statesmen, diverse as the winds in temper and sentiment—more capable than himself to push forward the car of legislation or handle the multifarious details of executive work; and he held the reins over them with infinite considerateness and discretion, conciliating, assuaging rivalries, maintaining good humor and encouraging each to his greatest work. He kept his Cabinet in closest touch with Congress, and both Cabinet and Congress in generous accord with

public opinion, and with the surrender at Appomattox there was nothing left of colossal size for Lincoln to perform. His work was done, and, as if by an irony of fate, the entire class of captious statesmen who said, "If I were President," were given the task of finishing what little Lincoln had left undone. He had recemented the Union. He had stamped out sedition and had destroyed slavery, and now it was left as an insignificant heritage to those who thought that they would have performed Lincoln's tasks so much better than Lincoln himself, to finish and clean up the minutiae which the assassin's bullet had prevented Lincoln from completing, and which he was even then in the process of completing. The sad and black chapters of reconstruction tell the story of the success with which they met. The disgraceful chapter of the impeachment of Andrew Johnson is something which could never have happened were the spirit of Lincoln alive in the land. And so his great prototype, when he stood on Mount Nebo, left to his successors, who were about equally as successful as were the successors of the martyred President, the taking over of the land and the division thereof among the different tribes.

"How large," says Doctor Converse, "how potent a factor in the conduct of Providence a single great personality may be! The memory of a single great man, Moses, kept and consecrated through the ages by the supreme veneration and obedience, has suffered to preserve intact a wandering people and to confront the modern world with what I may call the one outstanding miracle of civilization, "a race without a country." Great characters, like great objects of nature, demand distance and perspective to be viewed aright; to be judged aright they must be judged by their total mass, their dimensions and elevation, by the way they tower above on the horizon. Gazing admiringly upon a giant oak or pine, if some botanist or entomologist begins to tell me of knots and gnarls, and worm holes in the bark, I say, 'Be gone, get thee behind me, thou minute philosopher, thou ferreter of trifles. Never by such process can the measure of the meaning of a noble object make itself felt. Stand back! Survey in grand dimension of the whole; see its mighty arms, in Titan battle with the winds of heaven; mark how its giant roots, piercing the earth with the dark energy of their powerful life, anchor securely the mighty form!' "

So should we look at Moses; so should we look at Lincoln.

Consider the singular self-control of Abraham Lincoln. The scene is Washington. The time is a few days before Mr. Lincoln's first inauguration. Mr. Lincoln has been in Washington scarcely twenty-four hours. Washington is throbbing and tumultuous with excitement; rumors of all sorts are afoot. The ship is about to change captains amid the threatenings of a storm such as never before flashed on the horizon.

Here is the gaunt, queer, homely, towering man, standing amid utterly untried circumstances, confronted with problems such as never before arrayed themselves before an American statesman, and in an environment where an unguarded word might be as a match to a magazine—even an ill-considered gesture the cause of an explosion; maligned and hated by the multitudes, surrounded by many men filled with criticism, called to trip him; hot with anger at his election, some determined already to band themselves into rebellion against him, soon to be the constitutional head of the Republic; and he, with never a quiver in his voice, nor a touch of paleness on his gaunt cheek nor the slightest indication of irritation in his tone, the steady master of himself during the whole occasion.

It was reserved for the delegates from New York to call out from Mr. Lincoln his first expression touching the great controversy of the hour. William E. Dodge, a New York merchant prince, had stood waiting his turn. As soon as his opportunity came he raised his voice sufficiently to be heard by all present, and addressing Mr. Lincoln declared that the whole country in great anxiety was awaiting his inaugural address, and then added: "It is for you, sir, to say whether the whole Nation shall be plunged into bankruptcy, whether the grass shall grow in the streets of our commercial cities." "Then I say it shall not," Mr. Lincoln answered, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "If it depends upon me, the grass will not grow anywhere except in the fields and the meadows."

"Then you will yield to the just demands of the South; you will leave her to control her institutions; you will admit slave States into the Union on the same conditions as free States; you will not go to war on account of slavery."

A sad but stern expression swept over Mr. Lincoln's face. "I

do not know that I understand your meaning, Mr. Dodge," he said, without raising his voice, "nor do I know what my acts or my opinions may be in the future, beyond this: If I shall ever come to the great office of the President of the United States, I shall take an oath. I shall swear that I will faithfully execute the office of the President of the United States—of all the United States—and that I will to the best of my ability preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States. This is a great and solemn duty. With the support of the people and the assistance of the Almighty, I shall undertake to perform it. It is not the Constitution as I would like to have it, but as it is that is to be defended. The Constitution will not be preserved and defended until it is enforced and obeyed in every part of every one of the United States. It must be so respected, obeyed, enforced, and defended, let the grass grow where it may."

Silence fell. Dispute was impossible. No one could gainsay the weight and balanced justice of the words. They were entirely unpremeditated, but they fell and illuminated as the light does.

* * * * *

By a strange misconception, based upon a purely inadequate study of Lincoln's career in the War Office, hardly anyone has given Lincoln credit for the marvelous military strategy which was his, which he mastered as the war proceeded. There has never been a great war where military strategy had to be reinforced by political strategy, and where political strategy played a more important part in it than in our Civil War. The problems confronting the government were both numerous and difficult. It was no mere local contest. It involved our relations with Europe, and required a world-wide vision to grasp and an almost superhuman intellect to solve them.

Mr. Lincoln I believe to have been the greatest combination of military and political strategist the world has seen. His intuition into the minds of people is perhaps without parallel. Under any other pilotage the unity of the nation could not have been preserved. At the very threshold of the contest, by drawing a pen through a few words in the letter of instructions by the Secretary of State to Mr. Adams, our minister to England, and changing a few phrases and repeating a number of times the words "one

war at a time" while making the corrections, he saved us from a probable war with England.

By quick and decisive action, at Lincoln's orders, the Governor of Missouri and his secession followers were driven into Arkansas, and Missouri was kept in the Union. Less than three months from the date of Virginia's secession the Confederate forces had been driven out of the greater part of West Virginia and a new government established. By a conciliatory and hands-off policy, notwithstanding a strong and persistent pressure to adopt a different course—Greeley insisted on freeing the slaves forthwith, even if Kentucky and the border States were lost to the Union—Kentucky abandoned her first stand of neutrality and contributed her full share to the persecution of the war. No one ever watched the unseen signals that marked the trend of public opinion with vision quite so clear, or read their meaning with judgment quite so true, until from his watch tower he saw the light that was to usher in the day when he could with safety send forth the Proclamation of Emancipation, which ultimately brought to the army the strength of nearly a quarter of a million colored soldiers. For four years Lincoln stood facing the South with a sword in his hand and kindness in his heart—and the North, pressing home to the minds of all the conviction that "if the union of these States and the liberties of the people shall be lost, it is little to one man of fifty-two years of age but a great deal to the forty millions of people who inhabit these United States and their posterity in all coming time."

It was shortly after the Emancipation Proclamation that a leading statesman of England said that his government would not dare to face the religious sentiment of Great Britain on the question of recognizing the independence of the Confederate government, that was founded to perpetuate slavery, to the injury of a nation that had proclaimed the principles of universal freedom.

His military strategy was on a par with his political strategy. After changing his generals for upward of two years, and by the time Grant and Sherman and Sheridan and the new school of warriors had appeared upon the horizon, Lincoln had mastered his military strategy to such an extent that he could with authority advise General Meade to follow up the victory of Gettys-

burg, and sent him a note which reveals like a ray of light what manner of man was practically alone in the White House: "This order is not a record. If you are successful you may destroy it, together with this note; if you fail, publish the order, and I will take the responsibility." He had no vanity, no bitterness, no pettiness, and his ingenuity of self-effacement was as simple as his unwillingness to evade duty or escape censure. He it was who was the sole author of the military strategy of having the South strike first or provoking the war by the fatal bombardment of Fort Sumter and thus shifting the responsibility upon the South for attempting to break up the Union. He it was who encouraged Sherman in his march to the sea, as he said, to bisect the Confederacy. He it was who gave Grant full authority and full charge of every available soldier, because his military strategy taught him that he had found the master of the situation in General Grant. Had it not been for his military and political strategy it would have never been possible to save the Union from disruption.

Thomas Williams, one of the founders of the Republican party, has well said, "If he could have foreseen the magnitude of the task that was before him, he might well have shrunk from the trial. He would have been a bold man who, with such foreknowledge, would willingly have taken the helm in such a storm as howled around him on his advent and strained the timbers of the ship of state for so many long and weary years. To him the place, however exalted and honorable, was one of anxious and unsleeping care. No man can tell you how much of agony it cost a heart like his. It is to that point of his career, however, that our inquiries are to be directed if we would know the man. The history of the great rebellion, comprehending all, or nearly all of his public life, is emphatically his history. It began and ended with his administration. He succeeded to a divided nation. He lived just long enough to reunite the broken fragments—to replant the starry banner of our fathers on the battlements whence treason had expelled it—to see the arch apostate who had seduced a third part of the States from their allegiance, a wanderer and a fugitive—and to leave to his successor a once more undivided Union. . . . And yet he did not shrink from the ordeal, but there, on the steps of the Capitol, in the presence of all that in-

numerable concourse and in the hearing of a listening world, in terms of kindness, and not of menace, but with a seriousness and solemnity that were not to be mistaken, he proclaimed his firm and unalterable determination to employ all the powers vested in him by the Constitution in maintaining the integrity and inviolability of the Union from sea to sea and from the Lakes to the Gulf and restoring to its authority every State and fortress that had been wrested from it by the hands of treason. Rebellion, already organized and armed and confident of its superior prowess, received the announcement with derisive laughter as an idle vaunt on the part of a President, who was without an army or a navy to batter down the very feeblest of its strongholds. He knew that there was an army in the fields and workshops of the North, which only awaited his call to do this work. A million of stalwart men sprang to their arms upon his summons and the pledge was redeemed. The boastful chivalry went down before the sturdy arms and strong valor of the men they had so foolishly despised; and they who laughed to scorn the admonitions of that day and arrogantly proclaimed to their deluded followers that the Capital of the Nation and the rich spoils of the opulent and crowded cities of the North should be given to their victorious arms found only a grave, where they meditated an easy conquest. But Abraham Lincoln lived to see his pledge fulfilled. His work was done, and he too sleeps with his fathers."

XL

LINCOLN—THE SEER

IN commenting upon methods of preparing biographies Lincoln suggested that publishers ought to have blank biographies on their shelves so that heirs might simply purchase such blanks and fill them out at their pleasure, with rosy sentences full of high-sounding praise. He little dreamt that he was anticipating what was to happen when his own life story was to be recounted.

Numerous are the addresses and papers on Lincoln which are cast in similar mold. His lowly origin and his poverty are ever emphasized; his debates with Douglas are ever referred to but rarely read; his nomination good-naturedly called an accident, and then a casual reference to the Gettysburg Address, the Second Inaugural and his assassination, and we have a Lincoln Day address sprinkled with a few commonplace superlatives, on lines precisely as Lincoln told Herndon after reading a particular life of Burke.

From this method of treatment to that of writing a complete and exhaustive history of the period—1840 to 1865—political, financial and military, and thus including Lincoln, we must at times dissent and hope for a narrative of his own cycle in the history of our country. It appears that foreign observers were more fortunate in their estimate of our great War President. They began to perceive earlier than did we that he moved in an orbit all his own. They concede that no one like him appeared since the days of Luther and Cromwell and William of Orange, not one of whom compares with Lincoln, measured by the touchstone of performance. Not one of these had the immense range of mind or the multitudinous activities. Not one of these was called upon to see and speak to so many people in a lifetime as Lincoln saw and spoke to in a few short years. Not one of these was called upon to cope with so many various and difficult problems. Not one of these gave himself so wholeheartedly and completely to a cause. Not one of these had the wide human sympathies which

were his, which included love for the stranger, which embraced sympathy for the downtrodden—for the slave. Not one of these with whom he might be compared lived practically his whole life and prepared during his whole life to carry out, without compromise, one overmastering idea, to reach one goal, accomplish one, up to his day unsolvable, insuperable task. And this is just what Lincoln did.

He did not believe in cutting the Gordian knot of the slave power. Europeans saw it first. Goldwin Smith saw and comments upon his first master-stroke which made the South the aggressor. Laugel, the Frenchman, saw the self-sacrifice of the man, how he became impoverished in the service of his country, how he spent the little he had saved and how he insisted on receiving his salary in paper money worth about one-third in gold although Congress would have been happy to authorize payment in gold. Von Holst noted how he, and not Seward nor any other statesman of his day, saw both the problem and the solution. Seward saw the irrepressible conflict but recoiled from the consequences of its solution through civil war, and after a short stay in the Cabinet demonstrated his complete unfitness to have coped with it had he been chosen for the task. John Bright appreciated the policy of Lincoln, because in saving the Union he was indirectly accomplishing the destruction of the hated institution. It is Edward Caird who tells us that this great American "who was content merely to dig the channels through which the moral life of his countrymen might flow," also teaches that vision and wisdom as well as high motives must lie behind every effective stroke in the continuous labor for human equality. And so on we might continue at great length and cite Castelar, Disraeli, Lyons, Mallet, Montalambert and a host of others, and demonstrate that ours like other Republics, was but slow to appreciate our Heaven-sent benefactor.

Perhaps it was the distance that enabled these men of foreign climes to see the great peaks of Lincoln's Herculean labors. They saw what many of his own countrymen now recognize as the preliminary conflict fought in the great joint-debates which awakened and aroused the nation's conscience and epitomized in his remarkable address at Cooper Institute—a defiance to slaveholders such as Isaiah hurled at the Babylonian invader from the walls

of Jerusalem. They see now what it meant to take hold of the ship of State at a time when half the states were in open rebellion and seven had actually seceded, and in the language of Gladstone were actually establishing a government. They see now that prior to secession Union officials under the very eyes of Buchanan had laid deep plans for dismembering the army and stationing most of it at distant points; for making ineffective what there was of the navy, for seizing the funds, the property, the arsenals, the forts of the Union; army officers and Cabinet officers alike were conspiring to bring about the undoing of the Republic. They see now what manner of man was he who came upon the scene at such a time and dared to announce that right made might. His oath was taken. Under it he had one goal to achieve. All else mattered little. With that end in view he chose his associates and his co-workers. It comes rather late now to perceive his so-called sixth sense. But if ever mortal had it, Lincoln did. He knew what the people wanted, when public opinion was ripe, and when they were ready for action. He did not anticipate. He was neither too early nor too late. He was in time. When Crittenden pleaded for compromise, he said: "The time for compromise is gone forever." When Greeley urged, "Emancipate, free the slaves!" Lincoln explained, "We will lose the border States." And when Greeley thundered: "Let them go," Lincoln simply said: "We cannot. The task will then be too great for us to master." And here, as at all times, Lincoln was everlastingly and eternally right and Greeley wrong. But he had to hold the oracle of the New York *Tribune*, for his editorial page was gospel to Republicans throughout the land—even as he had to hold Beecher, the foremost preacher of his day and generation. And thus he made his decisions. He must have been divinely inspired in his course which was as consistent and as logical and as inexorable as the process of the suns.

The late David Davis, one of Lincoln's most intimate friends, is one of the few of whom it can be said that everything he reported about Lincoln was authentic. "Judge Davis," said Dr. F. C. Igelhart, "the people generally think that you had more to do in securing the nomination of Lincoln for the Presidency the first time than any other one." Judge Davis replied: "It may not be immodest of me to say I did have much to do in bringing about his nomination; but you will be surprised to hear that the first

time I ever heard the name of Lincoln used in connection with the Presidency was by the lips of Lincoln himself. Lincoln, Leonard Swett, Jesse D. Fell, one or two others and I felt the nomination ought to come to the West. And one day we had a meeting to agree upon a man that we would support. One name after another was mentioned and their strong and weak points considered. At last Lincoln spoke up and said: 'Why don't you run me? I can be nominated; I can be elected, and I can run the government.' We all looked at him and saw that he was not joking. That was the first time I ever knew of his name having been suggested for the office by pen or tongue. The meeting adjourned without any action, but the more we thought of Lincoln's proposition to run himself the better we liked it.

"Lincoln's immortal career began with that little circle and with his own imperial will. We set ourselves to work to lay the wisest possible plans and to execute them with the greatest vigor. Each one, including the prospective candidate, was given his specific task to perform. . . . We put up a desperate fight and won." Dr. Igelhart said: "Judge Davis, I am not sorry you have told me that Lincoln has suggested himself for the Presidency and wrought systematically to secure it. . . . We love him the more we find him so human, that we see that consciousness of power not inconsistent with his natural humility. Besides, I more than suspect that God spoke to him telling him that he desired him to be the leader of the Nation in its time of peril." Mr. Davis answered: "From what I often heard him say he considered himself divinely appointed as a leader in the preservation of the Union."

On the subject of immigration how humane is Lincoln! He said in 1861: "Inasmuch as our country is extensive and new, and the countries of Europe are densely populated, if there are any abroad who desire to make this the land of their adoption, it is not in my heart to throw aught in their way to prevent them from coming to the United States." Yet no one quoted Lincoln when the present law was under discussion. Perhaps that would have been an answer to the oft-repeated question: What would Lincoln do if he were alive today?

No two men more clearly summarize the positions of North and South than does Abraham Lincoln that of the North and Alex-

ander H. Stephens that of the South. "We want nothing more," says Lincoln, "than the Constitution gives us; we wish to abolish slavery wherever we have control under the Constitution; we wish to restrict slavery within its present domain, so far as the Constitution permits us to do; we wish to exercise our Constitutional right to prevent the extension of slavery over the territories not yet admitted as States of the Union." That became the sum and substance of the Republican demand; they stood by the Constitution. Well did the Southerners know that any anti-slavery president and Congress, by their power of legislation, by their control of the public patronage, could not only restrict slavery within its present boundaries but could secure its ultimate abolition. The South perfectly comprehended that Lincoln, if elected, might keep within the letter of the Constitution and yet sap the foundation of the whole system. A great and final effort was therefore resolved on by the slave power for the mastery of the Union; and it was insultingly proclaimed that if the North dared to elect Lincoln to the Presidency the South would secede from the Union and enforce secession by an appeal to arms. The North was not intimidated by the threats of the South, and Lincoln was elected. From that actual day revolution began. Months before he was sworn in the Southerners, with the connivance or the impotence—some said imbecility—of a weak President, commenced their preparations for revolt.

The first blow was struck by the Southerners at Fort Sumter, although Lincoln was explicit in his every word and act in order not to precipitate the conflagration. The preservation of slavery was the one cause why that blow was struck by South Carolina; and had any doubt on that point existed the statement in March, 1862, of Alexander H. Stephens, the South's ablest spokesman, effectually removed it. "The new Constitution (of the Confederacy) has put at rest forever all the agitating questions relating to our peculiar institution—African slavery as it exists among us, the proper status of the negro in our form of civilization. . . . Jefferson, in his forecast, had anticipated this as the 'rock upon which the old Union would split.' He was right. What was conjecture with him is now a realized fact. But whether he fully comprehended the great truth upon which that rock stood and stands may be doubted. The prevailing idea entertained by him

and most of the leading statesmen at the time of the formation of the old Constitution was that the enslavement of the African was in violation of the laws of nature; that it was wrong in principle, socially, morally and politically . . . Those ideas, however, were fundamentally wrong. They rested upon the assumption of the equality of races. This was an error. It was a sandy foundation; and the idea of a government built upon it—when ‘the storm came and the wind blew, it fell.’ Our new government is founded upon exactly the opposite ideas; its foundations are laid, its cornerstone rests upon the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery subordination to the superior race is his natural and moral condition. This, our new government, is the first in the history of the world based upon this great physical, philosophical and moral truth.”

But the question was continuously put, and particularly by Horace Greeley: “Why, when Mr. Lincoln and his government saw that the Southern States were determined to leave the Union, did they not let them go in peace and save the fearful effusion of blood that had to come?” Or as Mr. Greeley puts it, “Why not let the erring sisters go in peace?” A genuine American might have replied as a far-visioned Canadian statesman replied; why did not England let the thirteen colonies go in peace? Why did not England let Ireland go? Why did not England let Scotland go? Again and again parts or sections of states desired to secede, sometimes with reason and sometimes without, but whoever heard the central authority of any country patiently acquiescing in the dismemberment of their land?

“Had Lincoln consented to the secession of the Southern States,” says this same Canadian—George Brown—“had he admitted that each State could at any moment and on any plea take its departure from the Union, he would simply have given his consent to the complete rupture of the Union and would have brought about a complete failure of the great experiment of self-government on this continent. The Southern States would have gone and the border States would have gone, the Western States might soon have followed, the States on the Pacific would not have been long behind. Petty Republics would have covered the continent; each would have had its standing army and its standing feuds.”

Why not let them go? Because it would have built up a great slave Republic to the South that no moral influence could have reached. Had the slave States been allowed to secede without a blow all the border States would have gone with them and a large portion of the unadmitted territories of the Union would have been added to the slave domain. Such a Confederacy would have overawed the free Northern States; slave trade would have been at once thrown wide open. If such a Confederacy had been formed, with slavery and the slave trade as its cornerstones, no European government would have interfered; and we would have had on this continent under the protection of a regularly organized government the most monstrous outrage on humanity. Had Lincoln passively permitted all this to be done without a blow he would have brought enduring contempt upon his name and the free people of the whole world would have been the first to have reproached him for his monstrous imbecility.

Why did not Lincoln openly, frankly and from the first declare the overthrow of slavery to be his object in the Civil War? Lincoln was not elected by the whole North but only by a portion of the Northern electors; Lincoln's views on the slave question were not held by the whole North, but on the contrary a large portion of the North approved of slavery and denounced Lincoln's policy upon it. Lincoln had a divided North to fight with against a united South; and yet the zealous Abolitionists would have had him come out with an unnecessary declaration which would have split up his supporters even more and would thus have given the South the uncontrolled mastery of the Union. No, Lincoln knew better. He knew that men would fight for the maintenance of the Union who would not fight for the overthrow of slavery. He desired to get a united North against a united South, and he could only get the North united on the ground of the maintenance of the Union. But he was confident that if the Union were maintained his end would be accomplished. He would then have power to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, which he did. He would then have power to prevent its entrance into the territories, which he did. He would then have power to induce each State to abolish slavery, which he advocated. He would have the right to put men loving freedom in all public offices in the South, which he did. By these and other means he planned to

confine slavery within so narrow a compass that it would of necessity come to an end. By this course, unlike the course of any other living statesman—Seward and Chase, Stanton and Douglas included—he kept his great object in view and prevented open division in the North at the beginning of the struggle. Time did its work; many Democrats in the heat of strife forgot their political antecedents and gradually saw and admitted the necessity of waging war against slavery, and thus enabled Lincoln to venture on measures that he would not have dared to urge at the beginning of the struggle. “I would rather be right than President” did not appeal to Lincoln. He preferred to be both—right and President—so that he could install the right in all the high places contaminated by the slave power.

At this long distance we can see that the South might have fared better had it adopted the policy Goldwin Smith suggests. “Had Jeff. Davis and his colleagues, scrupulously abstaining from anything like violence and insult, put forth a temperate and respectful manifesto, setting forth the proved impracticability of a political union between communities radically different in social structure and appealing to the people of the North for acquiescence in a friendly separation . . . the Northern people would scarcely have called on the government to go to war. It is here, therefore, that Lincoln first began to manifest his wonderful leadership and his ability as a statesman. While in resolving to despatch supplies to Fort Sumter Lincoln may perhaps be said to have brought on war, he certainly by this act brought forward provocation of firing on Fort Sumter, which precipitated this country into the Civil War with the blame for bringing on the War on the shoulders of the Confederacy and their leaders. He had now swung the pendulum into a position where he was fighting a war to preserve the Union, which was attacked by the South. It was then that the people of the North began to see that the seizure of the property of the United States, the seizure of its forts and arsenals and army posts, were simply preparatory to the war against the Union. It was Lincoln who rent the curtain and showed the South in its true colors. Henceforth Lincoln was the incarnation of the issues of the Civil War and of the Civil War ideas. No man has ever stated the issues of the Civil War more fully, more clearly and more accurately than Mr. Lincoln.”

"I am for my own part convinced," says Auguste Laugel, "that on the day when Mr. Lincoln entered the White House he said to himself in the solemn stillness of his conscience: 'I will be the liberator of four millions of slaves. Mine has been the hand chosen to strike the death blow of the servile institution.' And he could not say it aloud from the balcony of the Capitol. If he had done so he must have passed for a fool and a fanatic. Such a declaration would perhaps have provoked a civil war at the North. . . . Mr. Lincoln was like the physician who knows the remedy but may not use it till the supreme crisis had passed."

When he issued the proclamation in September 1862, in the hope that someone in the Confederate Cabinet—Benjamin perhaps—might see the force of the document which was to take effect on January 1st next, he finally performed what he had never believed he would have the opportunity to perform. He hit the institution hard whose first acquaintance he had made at the auction block in New Orleans. At times he was in doubt as to the future consequences of this great act and this was one of the reasons which swayed him in appointing as the successor of Chief Justice Taney the great arch-enemy of slavery—Salmon Portland Chase. As far as he was concerned the act was irrevocable. "I shall never retract or modify my Emancipation Proclamation and I will never return to slavery a single person who has been made free by its terms or by any Act of Congress." A year after he repeats: "If, by any way or by any means the people ever should lay upon the Executive the obligation of returning to slavery those whom my Proclamation has made free it must choose another, not myself, as the instrument of its will."

The old theory that he was the least important member of his administration has long since faded. While his opponent, Jefferson Davis, scion of one of the best families of the South, graduate of West Point, prominent figure in the war with Mexico, Representative in Congress, United States Senator, Secretary of War, during all of which time he had come to know every professional soldier in the United States and thus was enabled to assign the very best military men to the most important positions, knowing not only his own generals but also the capacity of those opposed to his men, Lincoln had but a negligible military experience of a few weeks in the Black Hawk War and knew practically none of



Family Portrait by F. B. Carpenter
(In the Possession of the New York Historical Society)

the military profession nor any of those in command of what was left of his decimated army when he reached Washington. How then can we help but believe that Lincoln was as the young man in the days of Elisha whose eyes had been touched that he might see the mountain full of fiery horsemen and chariots of the Lord! How can we help believing that Lincoln, the Seer, saw Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas and the great army which was ready to spring to arms, to battle for the Republic? If in his agony he saw Bull Run and Chancellorsville, he also saw the glory that was Gettysburg and Appomattox, and in the strength of that vision he was brave to stand alone and assert his will when he thought he was right—Right!—his pillar of fire in a long night of slavery domination.

When by a peculiar coincidence the two sons of Robert E. Lee, one captured while wounded and the other who came to be exchanged for the wounded brother under a flag of truce to Fortress Monroe, were both ordered held until further orders from the Secretary of War, Lee hastened to Richmond for the aid of Jefferson Davis to stay the hanging of his two sons in reprisal for the impending hanging of two Union soldiers. "You need not worry," said Davis, "because Abraham Lincoln will not permit such an outrage." "Stanton will carry out this diabolical purpose," replied General Lee, "and Lincoln will know nothing about it until it has been accomplished and both of my sons are dead."

Jefferson Davis telegraphed to President Lincoln requesting his interference to save the lives of the sons of General Lee and had it sent through the military lines with a request to the Federal Commander to see that the message be delivered to Abraham Lincoln in the White House. "That will cause delay and at least one of my sons can be saved," said Lee. "It will not only cause delay," replied Davis, "but it will save the lives of both your sons, for I have great admiration for that rail-splitter President in Washington. Abraham Lincoln is neither a Goth nor a Vandal. When Lincoln knows this case he will save your splendid boys. I believe he will give Stanton a tanning, too."

It was nearing midnight when the Secretary of War entered the White House in response to an unusual mandatory message when President Lincoln handed him the telegram from Jefferson Davis and asked: "What does this mean?" Secretary Stanton

stated the case with his habitual earnestness and wound up by saying: "Mr. President, the lives of those two Union captains are as precious to their families as are the lives of those Lee boys to their families. If our men are hanged in Richmond both of the sons of Robert E. Lee should be hanged." The broad humanity of Lincoln could not subscribe to the military logic of his War Secretary. "Stanton, if a crime is committed in Richmond I cannot prevent it, but a crime like that committed under my jurisdiction would stamp upon my heart by command of my conscience the word 'murderer.' Stanton, it can't be done! It shan't be done! . . . Stanton, we are not savages. Let me see what the Book says." Lincoln opened wide the Bible which was always upon his desk and said: "Stanton, here is a command from Almighty God in his Book. Read these words yourself: 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.'" Turning his back upon Stanton Lincoln walked to the desk of an ever-present telegraph operator, wrote a couple of lines with a lead pencil and directed the sending of the telegram to the officer in command at Fortress Monroe ordering "immediately release both of the sons of Robert E. Lee and send them back to their father. A. L."

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"During his public career," says Professor Herriott, "Abraham Lincoln wrote some notable letters, justly celebrated for their felicity and force of expression, their acumen and profundity and marvelous effectiveness, but it may be doubted if he ever wrote any letter with greater skill and effect than his letter to Dr. Theodore Canisius:

"Your note asking, in behalf of yourself and other German citizens, whether I am for or against the constitutional provision in regard to naturalized citizens, lately adopted by Massachusetts, and whether I am for or against a fusion of the Republicans and other opposition elements, for the canvass of 1860, is received.

"Massachusetts is a sovereign and independent State; and it is no privilege of mine to scold her for what she does. Still, if from what she has done an inference is sought to be drawn as to what I would do, I may without impropriety speak out. I say, then, that as I understood the Massachusetts provision, I am against its adoption in Illinois, or in any other place, where I have a right to oppose it. Understanding the spirit of our institutions to aim at the *elevation* of men, I am opposed

to whatever tends to *degrade* them. I have some little notoriety for commiserating the oppressed condition of the negro; and I should be strangely inconsistent if I should favor any project for curtailing the existing rights of *white men*, even though born in different lands and speaking different languages from myself.

"As to the matter of fusion, I am for it, if it can be had on Republican grounds, and I am not for it on any other terms. A fusion on any other terms would be as foolish as unprincipled.

"It would lose the whole North, while the common enemy would still carry the whole South. The question of *men* is a different one. There are good patriotic men and able statesmen in the South, whom I would cheerfully support if they would now place themselves on Republican ground; but I am against letting down the Republican standard a hair's breadth.

"I have written this hastily, but I believe it answers your question substantially."

He declares in the most direct, straightforward manner that he was in favor of fusion with any and all elements—there was but one irreducible minimum on which all could stand—antagonism to the extension of slavery. Idealists and realists, liberals and conservatives, could come together on this common ground. The great objective is the defeat of the party in power that favors the evil complained of. It matters little whence come the ballots, if thereby opponents are driven from place and power.

The literary art of the letter was perfect; directness and simplicity of language; neither fine writing nor magniloquence and no ponderous platitudes; merely lucid, luminous assertions, strictly confined to the all important issue. Lincoln thus arrayed the Germans as enthusiastic allies on his side by his reference to his well-known views and course respecting slavery, as a solid reason for his opposing any proposal that so much as countenanced the political degradation of any body of white men—and he did all this without giving offense to those who might differ with him.

Just why biographers of Lincoln and historians of the period immediately preceding the Civil War have exhibited little or no appreciation of the strategic significance of this letter, remains a mystery. Nicolay and Hay saw in it merely a statement of his "opposition to the waning fallacy of Know-Nothingism." Neither do Governor Koerner and Carl Schurz attach any significance to

it. The former simply mentions it; the latter does not as much as refer to it. We can perhaps explain the latter's silence about Lincoln's surpassing ability at writing letters by the manner in which Lincoln replied to Schurz's unjust criticism when he held Lincoln responsible for the adverse results of the elections of 1862, which letter in itself is a classic second only to the letter to Horace Greeley's "Appeal of Twenty Millions." To Schurz he wrote:

"I have just received and read your letter of the 20th. The purport of it is, that we lost the late elections, and the administration is failing, because the war is unsuccessful, and that I must not flatter myself that I am not justly to blame for it. I certainly know that if the war fails, the Administration fails, and that I will be blamed for it, whether I deserve it or not. And I ought to be blamed, if I could do better. You think I could do better; therefore you blame me already. I think I could not do better; therefore I blame you for blaming me. I understand you now to be willing to accept the help of men who are not Republicans, provided they have 'heart in it.' Agreed. I want no others. But who is to be the judge of hearts, or of 'hearts in it?' If I must discard my own judgment and take yours, I must also take that of others; and by the time I should reject all I should be advised to reject, I should have none left, Republicans or others—not even yourself. For be assured, my dear sir, there are men who have 'heart in it' that think you are performing your part as poorly as you think I am performing mine."

The letter to Dr. Canisius was of the highest strategic importance, and that it must have been intended so, appears from the letter which Lincoln wrote two months later to Schuyler Colfax. This letter to Colfax portrays vividly the perplexities and the peculiar questions that were then harassing party leaders. Lincoln again demonstrates that he was one of the keenest, shrewdest, most active and farseeing practical politicians in the Nation.

"My main object . . . would be to hedge against divisions in the Republican ranks generally, and particularly for the contest of 1860. The point of danger is the temptation in different localities to 'platform' for something which will be popular just there, but which, nevertheless, will be a firebrand elsewhere, and especially in a national convention. As instances, the movement against foreigners in Massachusetts; in New Hampshire, to make obedience to the fugitive slave law punishable as a crime; in Ohio, to repeal the fugitive slave law; and

squatter sovereignty, in Kansas. In these things there is explosive matter enough to blow up a dozen national conventions, if it gets into them, and what gets very rife outside of conventions is very likely to find its way into them. What is desirable, if possible, is that in every local convocation of Republicans a point should be made to avoid everything which will disturb Republicans elsewhere. Massachusetts Republicans should have looked beyond their noses, and then they could not have failed to see that tilting against foreigners would ruin us in the whole Northwest. New Hampshire and Ohio should forbear tilting against the fugitive slave law in such a way as to utterly overwhelm us in Illinois, with the charge of enmity to the Constitution itself. Kansas, in her confidence that she can be saved to freedom on 'Squatter Sovereignty,' ought not to forget that to prevent the spread and nationalization of slavery is a national problem, and must be attended to by the Nation. In a word, in every locality we should look beyond our noses; and at least say nothing on points where it is probable we shall disagree."

Abraham Lincoln's letter to Dr. Canisius exhibited an appreciation of the correlative importance of the fanatical and factional Americans and decadent Know-Nothings who counted for more in the anti-slavery forces than they did in the Democratic party. The importance of the German votes and the equal importance of the Nativistic votes constituted the strategic facts that determined the course of events. Lincoln clearly discerned them and subsequent developments again demonstrated his superior foresight and preeminent prudence.

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Historians of Napoleon tell us that he had an uncanny knowledge of detail and was acquainted with every nook and corner of Europe. He knew where to find arms, where to find supplies for his armies in hostile countries; he knew the topography of the entire Continent. Lincoln seemed to have the same uncanny knowledge of the political and military complexion of the whole Union. He knew what was happening in every pivotal State, at every Fall election, at every crucial point in the Union; and while waging a great Civil War, while waging even a greater diplomatic battle, while arming, clothing, feeding, financing and supplying the hugest army ever assembled, he still had time for the innumerable tasks of the embattled nation and for ever-recurring political problems. Political leaders came to him from every part of the

Union, and he had time for all. He was confronted not only by a military map of the Union—the political map as well was ever present and equally important. Whether it was a departing coachman who needed a recommendation, he received it in Lincoln's own handwriting. Whether it was a heartbroken mother trying to save a court-martialled boy he received her, and when she forgot the location of her son he had time to telegraph to every Commander in the field to locate that missing boy and stay his execution. Is it, then, supererogation on the part of one who never spoke to Lincoln, who never saw Lincoln, who never held communion with those who knew Lincoln, to presume to formulate a theory about the great War President which few authors hardly hinted at, aside from John Morley, who refers to the great emancipator as the seer, as he compared Mazzini's failures with Lincoln's successes? No other author or biographer has made bold to make such a characterization, and yet all that has gone before, all that has been said, could not be the result of chance—of accident.

Why was it that this man who had never been a United States Senator or Governor or Cabinet officer or even a Brigadier-General, why was it that this man who, of fifteen Presidents before him, not one but had reached greater official distinction prior to election, why was it that this seemingly less prepared individual by official experience achieved such immortal results? The plain people evidently relished the idea of having a plain man to face the supreme crisis. They had had enough of "gentlemen"—Taylor, Polk, Fillmore, Pierce and Buchanan had palled upon them. The farmers of the country districts, the mechanics of the cities and of the towns, and the young voters made Abraham Lincoln President. And in the very centers of intelligence—the colleges and universities, the vote for Lincoln was almost unanimous. Though it is often stated, and there is much truth in the charge, that our educated classes refuse to take part in politics, yet on this occasion at least they flocked to Lincoln's banner. Some chuckled over his manners, some liked his ideas, some distrusted all opposing candidates, some few actually perceived glimpses of his future greatness, and so this miracle worker grew before their very eyes and an astonished world wondered and began to love this truly humble man. And he grew in

stature and in interest until this very day. It is the fortune of but few human beings to become so interesting to others that they desire to know the minutiae of their ancestors' deeds, ideas and daily lives. Today Abraham Lincoln is one of those few. All the world has asked about his parentage, his education, his struggles, his anecdotes, his deeds, his ideas, his failures, his successes and his virtues. There are more lives of Lincoln, more histories of his time, more addresses, essays and monographs about him and about individual acts or deeds or pronouncements than about any other five Americans together, not forgetting Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Franklin and Roosevelt.

Natural historians tell us of a giant cypress tree in Southern Mexico—our Lady of Thule—under whose shade Cortez and his men sought shelter from the burning sun and under which the Toltec chieftains held their tribal ceremonies. The Spaniards had never seen such a tree in all their travels through the then known world. Its majesty and its grandeur awed this race of sturdy warriors. Travelers pass under the shadow of that tree this very day and it is conceded to be the very noblest type—the king of the forest; for it is as fresh, as invigorating, as awe-inspiring today as it was to the first Spaniards who beheld its majesty. The life of that giant tree depends upon the myriads of roots and tendrils which give it life and sap and strength and sustenance. If we could imagine that tree by some superhuman power completely lifted out, pulled out so to speak, roots and all withdrawn from the ground, unharmed, we could see the myriads of roots both great and small which give it splendor. If we would study Abraham Lincoln we must study him as we would study the giant tree and take into account every root, large or small, every bit of information, important or unimportant or only half important, which can be amassed and which can be assembled.

Charles Francis Adams—like Robert C. Winthrop—one of the most cultured of Lincoln's contemporaries, the very best of the Boston coterie of scholars, of statesmen, publicists and patriots, never to his dying day saw any reason why Lincoln instead of Seward should have been President, any more than his grandfather, John Adams, could ever perceive the greatness of Washington. Neither did John A. Andrew see Lincoln in his true historical dimensions—Andrew, probably the greatest of the War

Governors, and as noble a soul and as unselfish an ally as can be found among Lincoln's remarkable generation of coadjutors who, after leaving office penniless, without any means of support, declined the most lucrative office offered by Lincoln himself, the one opportunity which came to him to replenish his wasted fortune. "I can accept no such place for such a reason. As Governor of Massachusetts I feel that I have held a sacrificial office and that I have stood between the horns of the altar and sprinkled it with the best blood of this commonwealth—a duty so holy that it would be sacrilege to profane it by any consideration of pecuniary loss or gain." Here was real, genuine, inviting labor for some nineteenth century Boswell!

Gideon Welles was the Boswell of but one hundred and sixty-six Cabinet meetings, but aside from these Lincoln had no confidants. Lincoln did not reveal himself to any one man. It is only from these glimpses of Lincoln that we get from this vast storehouse of reminiscence, of correspondence, of public statements, of criticism, friendly and hostile, that we can construct a rough outline of the spiritual, the moral giant who held together the two sections of the Continent and preserved what the fathers had builded—and snatched it from wreck and dissolution and oblivion.

The more one reads, the more one compares the opinions of those who think him a military genius; of those who admire his administrative qualities; of those who analyze the sources of his popular strength; of those who study his early life, his ancestry, his early manhood, his career as a member of the State Legislature, with his short legislative service in Congress; to those who read the strange story of his courtships and his marriage; who follow him throughout the years of his law practice; those who study his utterances, his contest with Douglas, his primitive frontier politics in Illinois, his greatest speeches, his greatest utterances, his candidacies and his elections, the manner of his selection of his great Cabinet; to those who see him as the good helmsman for the Ship of State; to those who see in him the ever-patient forgiving nature, who used his enemies in order to preserve the Union, who had nothing but tolerance for the diatribes of Wendell Phillips, who could harbor a Stanton and a Chase and Seward—what a triumvirate of discord!—in his Cabinet; who could be forgiving to the machinations of a Horatio Seymour, of

a Vallandigham, even of a Jefferson Davis and a Robert E. Lee—to these the fact that he was a seer is the one satisfactory answer to all of the doubts and all of the questionings, and that he was a seer seems to be a conclusion as inevitable as was his own method of saving the Union.

We can understand how the seer was at one time abused as no other human being was ever abused or slandered or maligned, as only a seer is, and then we can understand how all the world mourned the death of Lincoln and shed more tears on that fatal day than were ever shed for any one human being in the history of the world; how the great and noble of two worlds bowed in reverent sorrow at his grave; how the afterglow of his setting sun had a benumbing, if not bewildering, effect upon his generation; and how there was a transformation of universal sentiment, instantaneous, as by a miracle—the seer was gone—but his vision, a restored Union, remained!

“Is it not Abraham Lincoln?” asks Jane Addams (the daughter of “My dear Double-D’ed Addams,” as the martyred President called him), “who has cleared the title to our democracy? He made plain, once for all, that democratic government, associated as it is, with all the mistakes and shortcomings of the common people, still remains the most valuable contribution America has made to the moral life of the world.”

Trees are the most noted longlivers of nature. A tree’s age is marked by the growth circles. Every year a new circle is added to the old, and in the course of time a cross-section of the tree will show a number of concentric rings. Each ring represents a year’s growth. The General Sherman sequoia tree standing in the Sequoia National Park, California, is considered to be the oldest and biggest living tree. This veteran redwood tree is thirty-seven feet in diameter, two hundred and eighty feet in height and about thirty-five hundred years old. It was a vigorous young forest tree while Moses and other historical characters of antiquity were living. During its life nations appeared, flourished and perished; but the old tree still lives and puts forth new leaves, new branches, new seeds every year.

Still older Sequoia trees have been known. John Muir describes one he had studied in the Sequoia Park that had been destroyed by a gale. It had four thousand rings, indicating that it had lived

that many years. This tree was quick with life in California while the Tower of Babel was being built and continued to live as a vigorous and healthy forest giant until the middle of the last century.

Trees appear to be immobile and in a sense eternal. Tacitus, on visiting the Hyrcanian forest was awed by the majestic grandeur of the oaks. These splendid trees he thought were contemporary with creation and appeared to be nature's symbols of immortality.

The generations of men who came and flourished on this Continent since the inspired Genoese sailor saw land four hundred years ago and who after completing their appointed tasks have gone to the bourne whence no traveller returns, have produced this one American whose deeds and words and martyrdom will guide generations to come in their never-ending struggle for the right, and will stand eternal like those giants of the forests—Abraham Lincoln—America's symbol of immortality.

XLI

LINCOLN THE GUIDE TO SUCCEEDING PRESIDENTS—FROM JOHNSON TO HOOVER

THE ambition of those who lead in every walk of life during the ages has been so to rule, think, write, compose, paint, preach—and so through the entire gamut of man's activity—that those who come after them should be guided by what they have done. Of the myriads who have thus gone the way of all human beings, who appear and disappear, how many stand out and apart among great writers, among men of achievement, founders of States, the conquerors, who can say, if they need say it at all: "Follow me." Those few elect who are followed need not beckon—the very fact that they have seen part of and been part of the elemental, the eternal, is sufficient to insure their immortality.

How many are there among the rulers of the world, in recorded history, who are thus implicitly followed? No one name springs to our lips, whom we could commend in ancient or mediæval history—with the possible exception of Alfred the Great—but he has become so mythical, so indistinct a figure as to be but a poor example to set up. Rather must we turn to the other example—Machiavelli—who stands out a sample of the selfish prince, and we must unhesitatingly state that he must not be followed. Every other name must, if to act as a model, be qualified; some act or deed stands in the way of a claim for immortality.

But when we reach the nineteenth century, we do find what we miss in other centuries and in all other lands. We find one name which we may without any hesitation class with the few great names which come down to us through the millennia. Hammurabi, that indistinct legislator of hoary antiquity, Moses in Egypt and in the Desert, who studied him; Socrates of Athens, Alfred of Anglo-Saxon England, William of Orange and Abraham Lincoln—the last has certainly accomplished what most of the others have done in part only. He has even become the guide of our perplexed Presidents. Every succeeding President, regardless of

party, regardless of the school of politics which claimed him, had but one rule in his official life. "What would Lincoln do in my place?"—"How would Lincoln act?"—"How would Lincoln settle this or that great problem?" Nay, more. Every one of them from the fitful and futile administration of Johnson to the balanced official career of Coolidge and the present occupant of the White House have gone to Lincoln's works, to his recorded State papers, to his marvelous epistles and letters, and sought advice, consolation, help and justification for what they advised, for what they counselled, and for what they sought to enact into law. Each one claimed or hoped to be the logical successor of Lincoln, each one but continuing the tasks which he, the great War President, had laid down.

Like some great architect who plans and prepares a great world city to be completed and finished by those who follow—so did these succeeding Presidents find the plans of Lincoln's Union indelibly traced for them in the government and in the conduct of these United States. The greater the President, the greater his insight into Lincoln. The more he would seek to better his people, the nearer he came to the rail splitter.

From Johnson to Hoover, every President has seen himself walking in the footsteps of his great predecessor, overshadowed in the penumbra of that receding star of the first magnitude. Johnson knew him as an associate; he was one of his War Governors, his second Vice President. And this is what Johnson sorrowfully spoke of his dead leader: "In the midst of the American people, when every citizen is taught to obey the law and observe the rules of Christian conduct, our Chief Magistrate, the beloved of all hearts, has been assassinated; . . . a great and good man, honored and revered, the beloved and the hope of the people, . . . When future generations shall read the history of the second revolutionary crisis in which our Republic is now redeemed and regenerated from the curse of slavery, Abraham Lincoln will stand out the greatest man of the age."

Grant respected and revered the only man who divined his military plans, the man who plucked him from comparative obscurity and made him Commander-in-chief.

And this is what he has to say about him:

"Amid obloquy, personal abuse, and hate undisguised, and

which was given vent to without restraint through the press, upon the stump, and in private circles, he remained the same staunch, unyielding servant of the people, never exhibiting a revengeful feeling toward his traducers, but he rather pitied them, and hoped, for their own sake, and the good name of their posterity, that they might desist. . . . With all his disappointments from failures on the part of those who had gained his confidence but to betray it, I never heard him utter a complaint, nor cast a censure for bad conduct or bad faith. It was his nature to find excuses for his adversaries."

Hayes, the noble, humble, religious warrior—the plain soldier risen to General, Governor and President, designated by someone as the best prepared and best trained man for the Presidential office, revered his military chief and expressed in noble and eloquent periods how deeply the words of Lincoln sank into his religious soul.

"As to Mr. Lincoln's name and fame and memory," says President Hayes, "all is safe. His firmness, moderation, goodness of heart; his quaint humor, his perfect honesty and directness of purpose, his logic, his modesty, his sound judgment, and great wisdom; the contrast between his obscure beginnings and the greatness of his subsequent position and achievements; his tragic death, giving him almost the crown of martyrdom, elevate him to a place in history second to none other in ancient or modern times. His success in his great office, his hold upon the confidence and affections of his countrymen, we shall all say are only second to Washington's; we shall probably feel and think that they are not second even to his." A year later Mr. Hayes wrote: "The truth is, if it were not sacrilege, I should say Lincoln is overshadowing Washington. Washington is formal, statuelike—a figure for exhibition. But both were necessary to complete our history. Neither could have done the other's work."

No more eloquent expression to what Lincoln was and is, is to be found anywhere than in the words of Garfield—the second martyr—the second victim of the assassin. No more superb expression of the magnitude of our loss is to be found anywhere than in his scholarly utterances in the Halls of Congress, and there were men in both Houses of Congress in those days. "The President is dead, but the government in Washington lives,"—stilled

the crowds, who were infuriated by the cowardly act of the assassin on the most dismal Good Friday in our history.

Says Garfield in attempting to epitomize that great career:

"Gifted with an insight and a foresight which the ancients would have called divination, he saw, in the midst of darkness and obscurity, the logic of events, and forecast the result. From the first, in his own quaint, original way, without ostentation or offense to his associates, he was pilot and commander of his administration. He was one of the few great rulers whose wisdom increased with his power, and whose spirit grew gentler and tenderer as his triumphs were multiplied."

And so we pass to another soldier—President Arthur, who followed Lincoln in the field—and to the sturdy Cleveland who in many respects followed his predecessor—"All my life I have tried so hard to do right"—a real Lincoln utterance. And this is his high tribute to the country lawyer Lincoln:

"Lincoln, too, was a country lawyer; and he was called to save the nation. He never lost the impress of an early life closely surrounded by all the incidents of rural existence, and encompassed by the stern providences of God. He, too, loved the country; and He Who made the country gave him, in compensation, an unstinted measure of inspiration for the most impressive and solemn public duty.

"The deeds of these two country lawyers need no special recital. They are written in the annals of a grateful nation, and challenge the admiration of mankind. And who shall say that the majestic forms of Webster and Lincoln, standing forth in the bright light of human achievement, do not teach the world how the nobility of American character is developed by American rural life?"

And then the soldier boy in the Civil War who reached the Presidency—McKinley—the first soldier to halt the rout at Winchester and help Phil. Sheridan pluck victory from defeat,—a nobler soul never lived! When he graced the great office to which he came—the first plain soldier to be raised on the shield of his comrades to the highest position in the land—he simply quotes and follows the great Commoner at all times; in almost every address of moment he quotes, he refers to, he follows Lincoln.

"Lincoln," says McKinley, "had sublime faith in the people.

He walked with and among them. He recognized the importance and power of an enlightened public sentiment and was guided by it. Even amid the vicissitudes of war, he concealed little from public review and inspection. In all he did, he invited, rather than evaded examination and criticism. He submitted his plans and purposes, as far as practicable, to public consideration with perfect frankness and sincerity. There was such homely simplicity in his character that it could not be hedged in by the pomp of place, nor the ceremonials of high official station. He was so accessible to the public that he seemed to take the whole people into his confidence. Here perhaps was the secret of his power. The people never lost their confidence in him, however much they added to his personal discomfort and trials. His patience was almost superhuman; and who will say that he was mistaken in his treatment of the thousands who thronged continually about him? More than once when reproached for permitting visitors to crowd upon him, he asked, in pained surprise: 'Why, what harm does this confidence in men do me? I get only good and inspiration from it.' "

And when he became the third martyr in the list of murdered Presidents—he is succeeded by the versatile and scholarly Roosevelt—whose heart was practically carved from that of his one ideal character in his tempestuous and active career. His the only portrait before him at his work—he could not mix with any other personality. "Where could I get a real portrait of Lincoln?" he writes to Professor Norton. His Lincoln addresses are the very high water mark of Lincoln appreciation and Lincoln eulogy. Lincoln's soul echoes and re-echoes throughout the life and deeds of Theodore Roosevelt.

". . . This rail splitter," says President Roosevelt, "this boy who passed his ungainly youth in the dire poverty of the poorest of the frontier folk, whose rise was by weary and painful labor—lived to lead his people through the burning flames of a struggle from which the nation emerged, purified as by fire, born anew to a loftier life. After long years of iron effort, and of failure that came more often than victory, he at last rose to the leadership of the Republic at the moment when that leadership had become the stupendous world-task of the time. He grew to know greatness, but never ease. Success came to him, but never happiness, save

that which springs from doing well a painful and a vital task. Power was his, but not pleasure. The furrows deepened on his brow, but his eyes were undimmed by either hate or fear. His gaunt shoulders were bowed, but his steel thews never faltered as he bore for a burden the destinies of his people. His great and tender heart shrank from giving pain; and the task allotted him was to pour out like water the life blood of the young men, and to feel in his every fibre the sorrow of the women. Disaster saddened but never dismayed him. As the red years of war went by they found him ever doing his duty in the present, ever facing the future with fearless front—high of heart, and dauntless of soul. Unbroken by hatred, unshaken by scorn, he worked and suffered for the people. Triumph was his at the last; and barely had he tasted it before murder found him, and the kindly, patient, fearless eyes were closed forever.”

And when his great-hearted and big-brained successor came along, Lincoln had an additional appeal—the great jurist recognized the great lawyer in addition to the great President. President Taft certainly contributed his share of appreciation of Lincoln in his far-flung travels and multifarious experiences. In the Presidency and out of it, he ever was a keen student and an humble follower of the lawyer-statesman of Illinois. In his Springfield address President Taft says:

“Those traits in him which now place him with Washington, and with Washington alone, did not make themselves clearly manifest and were not fully developed until the trials of the four years of our awful Civil War. In that supreme test he threw off such dross as his early life may have shown, and the gold of his great character and intellect shone forth in its purity. . . . Lincoln had to go down through the valley of the shadow of popular denunciation and popular distrust. . . . For months and years he had to strengthen himself with the thought that he alone understood the problems that he was working out: he alone had the necessary clearness of vision to see far beyond the present and secure the Nation’s salvation at the expense of popular misunderstanding and partisan attack. But fortunately, he lived through these trials, and his martyr’s death did not come until the people knew of his patience, his sacrifice, his great qualities of heart and mind, his patriotism, and his far-sighted states-

Washington, April 15. 1861
Col. E. E. Ellsworth

My dear Sir:

Ever since the beginning of our acquaintance, I have valued you ^{you} highly as a person friend, and at the same time (without much capacity of judging) have had a very high estimate of your military talent. Accordingly, I have been, and still am anxious for you ^{to} have the best position in the military which can be given you, consistently with justice and proper courtesy towards the other officers of the Army. — I can not incur the risk of doing them injustice, or a disservice; but I do say, they would personally oblige me, if they could, and would place you in some position, or on some service, satisfactory to yourself. — Your Obedt Servt
A. Lincoln

manship. And the generations that have followed and will follow him, even those whose ancestors were in conflict with him, will give him a higher and higher place in the history of the world."

And then came the great stylist, the great scholar, Woodrow Wilson—he certainly found a leader in the great scion of the backwoods of Illinois. This is what he says:

"... When you read that name you are at once aware of something that distinguishes it from all the rest. There was in each of those other men some special gift, but not in Lincoln. You cannot pick Lincoln out for any special characteristic. He did not have any one of those peculiar gifts that the other men on this list possessed. He does not seem to belong in a list at all; he seems to stand unique and singular and complete in himself. The name makes the same impression upon the ear that the name of Shakespeare makes, because it is as if he contained a world within himself. And that is the thing which marks the singular stature and nature of this great—and, we would fain believe, typical—American. Because when you try to describe the character of Lincoln you seem to be trying to describe a great process of nature. Lincoln seems to have been of general human use and not of particular and limited human use. There was no point at which life touched him that he did not speak back to it instantly its meaning. There was no affair that touched him to which he did not give back life, as if he had communicated a spark of fire to kindle it. The man seemed to have, slumbering in him, powers which he did not exert of his own choice, but which woke the moment they were challenged, and for which no challenge was too great or comprehensive."

And again in "Mere Literature":

"Lincoln, nevertheless, rather than Jackson, was the supreme American of our history. In Clay, East and West were mixed without being fused or harmonized: he seems like two men. In Jackson there was not even a mixture; he was all of a piece, and altogether unacceptable to some parts of the country,—a frontier statesman. But in Lincoln the elements were combined and harmonized. The most singular thing about the wonderful career of the man is the way in which he steadily grew into a national stature. He began an amorphous, unlicked cub, bred in the rudest of human lairs; but, as he grew, everything formed, informed,

transformed him. The process was slow but unbroken. He was not fit to be President until he actually became President. He was fit then because, learning everything as he went, he had found out how much there was to learn, and had still an infinite capacity for learning. The quiet voices of sentiment and murmurs of resolution that went whispering through the land, his ear always caught, when others could hear nothing but their own words. He never ceased to be a common man: that was his source of strength. But he was a common man with genius, a genius for things American, for insight into the common thought, for mastery of the fundamental things of politics that inhere in human nature and cast hardly more than their shadows on constitutions; for the practical niceties of affairs; for judging men and assessing arguments. Jackson had no social imagination: no unfamiliar community made any impression on him. His whole fibre stiffened young, and nothing afterward could modify or even deeply affect it. But Lincoln was always a-making; he would have died unfinished if the terrible storms of the war had not stung him to learn in those four years what no other twenty could have taught him. And, as he stands there in his complete manhood, at the most perilous helm in Christendom, what a marvelous composite figure he is! The whole country is summed up in him: the rude Western strength, tempered with shrewdness and a broad and humane wit; the Eastern conservatism, regardful of law and devoted to fixed standards of duty. He even understood the South, as no other Northern man of his generation did. He respected, because he comprehended, though he could not hold, its view of the Constitution; he appreciated the inexorable compulsions of its past in respect of slavery; he would have secured it once more, and speedily if possible, in its right to self-government, when the fight was fought out. To the Eastern politicians he seemed like an accident; but to history he must seem like a providence."

I cannot help using one more extract:

"That brooding spirit had no familiars. I get the impression that it never spoke out in complete self-revelation, and that it could not reveal itself completely to anyone. It was a very lonely spirit that looked out from underneath those shaggy brows and comprehended men without fully communing with them, as if, in spite of all its genial efforts at comradeship, it dwelt apart,

saw its visions of duty where no man looked on. There is a very holy and very terrible isolation for the conscience of every man who seeks to read the destiny in affairs for others as well as for himself, for a nation as well as for individuals. That privacy no man can intrude upon. That lonely search of the spirit for the right perhaps no man can assist. This strange child of the cabin kept company with invisible things, was born into no intimacy but that of its own silently assembling and deploying thoughts."

Among the great number of great orations delivered by Woodrow Wilson—and the number is remarkably great—none is finer than the two on Abraham Lincoln—and he unwittingly acknowledged the superiority of the rail splitter's literary genius on the day when he attempted—fifty years later—to supplement at the Gettysburg Cemetery what Lincoln said and did there for eternity. The genial Harding could not help but fall in line, body and soul into the channel hewn by his great predecessor—and although he lacked the finesse, the great ideals of his immediate precursors, he paid full tribute, especially on two occasions, for what he owed to Abraham Lincoln.

"We are coming year by year," said Harding, "to a more truthful and understanding appraisal of him . . . We do know that as men contemplate this strange career and study its wonders and its lessons, they are at least planting in their minds and hearts a certain vague realization of what Lincoln was and meant; a consciousness of his personal significance to them; and with all this, a keen aspiration for some little participation in such a bestowal of selflessness, sacrifice and service as was the life of Lincoln. That aspiration, . . . is fixed in a greater number of human hearts today than it ever was before. It may be somewhat vague and unformed, yet we readily recognize that it represents something like the aspirations of a race for a new incarnation of the spirit and the leadership of Lincoln."

And on another occasion Harding said:

"Somehow my emotions incline me to speak simply as a reverent and grateful American, rather than one in official responsibility. I am thus inclined because the true measure of Lincoln is in its place today in the heart of American citizenship though nearly half a century has passed since his colossal service and his martyrdom. In every moment of peril, in every hour of dis-

couragement, whenever the clouds gather there is the image of Lincoln to rivet our hopes and to renew our faith. Whenever there is a glow of triumph over national achievement there comes the reminder that but for Lincoln's heroic and unalterable faith in the Union these triumphs could not have been."

And finally, the keen stylist—the man of the short crisp sentence—of the chiselled paragraphs—the creator of winged phrase and nugget-like axioms—he certainly has pored long and often over the written word of that scholar of the Bible and of Bunyan, of Shakespeare and of Burns—could he help achieving such diction, then, as is his? Says President Coolidge:

"Whenever men look upon his life, they are filled with new wonder. About him there was never any needless thing. No useless burdens held him back. No wilderness of tangled ideas bewildered his vision. For him the outward show of the world was cast aside that he might be a larger partaker of reality. His cradle was bare, but above it was the precious canopy of love of a gentle mother. When she was borne away in his early boyhood, he had learned the great lesson that all this world is mortal. From his youth he knew that anguish is the common lot of mankind. In his rearing there was no false art. Like the strengthening of his body, the strengthening of his mind came from great Nature."

I had almost forgotten Benjamin Harrison, probably the greatest lawyer in the Presidency, how he discerned the greatness of Lincoln at a time when passions were far from being stilled, when a recrudescence of hatred in the South was manifest, when Dixie was momentarily in the saddle in the Federal Government. But Harrison saw what Lincoln meant to humanity and said it in clearly formulated sentences of admiration and reverence.

Benjamin Harrison thus epitomizes the work of the great War President:

"The Civil War called for a President who had faith in time, for his country as well as for himself; who could endure the impatience of others and bide his time. A man who could by a strong but restrained diplomatic correspondence hold off foreign intermeddlers and at the same time lay the sure basis for the Geneva award, a man who could in all his public utterances, while main-

taining the authority of the law and the just rights of the national government, breathe an undertone of yearning for the misguided and the rebellious; a man who could hold the war and the policy of the government to its original purpose—the restoration of the states without the destruction of slavery—until public sentiment was ready to support a proclamation of emancipation; a man who could win and hold the love of the soldier and of the masses of the people; a man who could be just without pleasure in the severities of justice, who loved to forgive and pardon . . . Qualities of heart and mind combined to make a man who has won the love of mankind . . . He stands like a great lighthouse to show the way of duty to all his countrymen and to send afar a beam of courage to those who beat against the winds.”

And so the present occupant of the White House concluded by pointing to the lesson which might be drawn from Lincoln’s life:

“Perhaps the most impressive lesson to be drawn from the life and sayings of Abraham Lincoln is that battles that are won in hate but provoke later conflicts, whilst those that are won by love leave no sting and are therefore permanent victories.”

And so we have found a type of ruler who truly belongs to the ages—for so many reasons which have repeatedly been enumerated by statesman and poet, by journalist and by preacher, by jurist and by teacher—but for the additional great reason that he ruled with charity toward all and with malice toward none, and demonstrated that we were in a land where there were no enemies, but all were friends—cemented by his few elemental principles of government, that all men were equal, that all men to be equal must be free, and that when that was achieved a constitution must be cast in such frames of steel that government of the people and by the people must endure for all time.

Certain travellers of the eleventh century relate, as Mazzini tells us, that they saw at Teneriffe, a prodigiously lofty tree which, from its immense extent of foliage, collected all the vapours of the atmosphere; to discharge them, when its branches were shaken, in a shower of pure, refreshing water. Lincoln is like this wonderful giant tree—an emblem of immortality—and the mission of this and succeeding ages should be, to shake the branches, to study his legacy of inspiration as seen in his life, his works, his ideals, his performances, his strivings and in his achievements.

XLII

IF LINCOLN HAD LIVED

WHAT if someone had come upon John Wilkes Booth as he slipped along a dark passageway in Ford's Theatre on the night of April 14, 1865, and had seized and disarmed him? What if Lincoln had lived to serve out that Presidential term which proved so disastrous, not only to Andrew Johnson, but to the hope of an early reconciliation between North and South? Was Johnson merely the heir of an inevitable doom that Lincoln himself could not have escaped and that would have brought his career to an inglorious anti-climax?

The time has come when the assumptions of Andrew Johnson's biographers and friends should be carefully weighed. If the facts justify the conclusions of the authors of "The Tragic Era," "The Age of Hate," and "The Study in Courage" and to say nothing of a great number of lesser works of the same tenor, then it is time to close this chapter of Lincoln's life with a diminished appreciation of his abilities and a feeling of thankfulness that he died when he did.

On the other hand, if there is anything in the theory not justified by fact, if the theory takes it for granted that Johnson was another Lincoln or that Lincoln would have acted as Johnson did, then we must correct an impression which otherwise will be accepted as the final verdict of history. That correction, I believe, is due. It is not my purpose to belittle Andrew Johnson or to cast doubt on his courage or integrity. But I am convinced it can be shown that his failure was of his own making. It arose from the defects of his qualities. Or from the fact that there was but one Lincoln. No man could fill his shoes. No man could do the work to which he had set his hand.

Andrew Johnson, certainly, had almost nothing in common with him. Both were of humble origin. Both fought valiantly for the Union. There the resemblance ends. Johnson rose to leader-

ship of the Unionists in Tennessee and subsequently to the Vice Presidency not because he was a diplomat but because he was a fighter and a hard hitter. He was capable of beginning a speech before a hostile crowd by laying down two revolvers on the table in front of him and declaring that if there was to be any shooting he was ready to take part in it. But neither in Tennessee nor later in the White House did he display the slightest rudiment of tact. By his austerity, his truculence and his aloofness he alienated the very men whose support he most needed.

Lincoln, on the contrary, not only possessed an almost sublime tactfulness and tolerance but he knew his job to perfection, he knew his Congress and what he could do with it, and he had been preparing all through the war for the task of reconstruction. For four years he had studied the political leaders of the North, consulted them, befriended them, helped them in their States, acceded to their demands for patronage, and when he wanted their assistance had been in a position to get it. He knew the proper avenue of approach to almost every man in public life. He knew every man's weaknesses as well as his strength. And behind him he had an army, a navy, a citizenry which idolized him. He had the press on his side. Congress had gone home, and Lincoln is reported to have said, with a good deal of assurance, that by the time it came back to Washington all would be settled and the Southern States would have returned to their proper places in the Union. He could and did look with confidence to the future.

Lincoln was sometimes blamed for discussing too freely and openly some of the most serious problems before his Cabinet. He certainly did discuss them, and reconstruction was one of them. In his last public address, on the evening of April 11, three days before his assassination, he said:

In the annual message of December, 1863. . . . I presented a plan of reconstruction . . . which I promised, if adopted by any State, should be acceptable to and sustained by the executive government of the nation. . . . This plan was in advance submitted to the then Cabinet, and distinctly approved by every member of it. One of them suggested that I should then and in that connection apply the Emancipation Proclamation to the theretofore excepted parts of Virginia and Louisiana; that I should drop the suggestion about apprenticeship for freed people, and I should omit the protest against my own power in

regard to the admission of members to Congress. But even he approved every part and parcel of the plan.

Thus, from what Lincoln frankly said and from the policies he set in motion long before the end of the war no one could for a moment have doubted what he meant to do. That certainty stirred up one notable gesture of opposition—the Wade-Davis bill, which was aimed to take reconstruction out of the hands of the President and give it to Congress. Senator Ben Wade of Ohio and Representative Henry Winter Davis of Maryland were both what would now be called bitter-enders. They wanted the South punished and its leaders shot or hanged. But Lincoln quietly suppressed their bill, passed in 1864, by a pocket veto, and ignored their hysterical manifesto. The people of Maryland showed what they thought of the episode by refusing to send Davis back to Congress. We will come back to Wade in a moment.

We see Lincoln at the beginning of his second term in the full stride of his power. From all that was said at the time, either in the press or in the pulpit—and almost all of these utterances and reports are available—Lincoln was by far the most popular man in the land. In the North the apotheosis, if not the canonization which so seriously disturbs some modern biographers and historians, was actually in process during his own lifetime. Even a third term was common talk, though it broke with the tradition Washington had established. Lincoln, in short, had come completely into his own. There was no power, at home or abroad, that could have stirred up anything resembling a united opposition to him. The impeachment of Lincoln would have been a madman's dream.

But this is enough of generalization. Let us take up one by one the men who actually proved to be Johnson's worst and most effective enemies and see how Lincoln would have dealt with them.

Let us begin with his old opponent, his leading competitor for the nomination in 1860, William H. Seward, his Secretary of State. Lincoln was planning at the time of his assassination to send Seward to England to replace Charles Francis Adams. Opposition to the Lincoln policies of reconstruction from this source is simply unthinkable. Never was a finer friendship cemented between two men than that which had come to exist between Lin-

coln and Seward. It was Seward, immediately after the second election, who said of Lincoln's triumph:

It has placed him above the pale of human ambition. Henceforth all men will come to see him as you and I have seen him—a true, loyal, practical, patriotic and benevolent man. Having no longer any motive to malign or injure him, detraction will cease, and Abraham Lincoln can take his place with Washington and Franklin and Jefferson and Adams and Jackson among the benefactors of the country and the human race.

With Seward in England, the choice for Secretary of State had already been made. This office was to be filled by that fiery enemy of slavery, Charles Sumner of Massachusetts. Lincoln had cultivated Sumner's friendship as he did that of few men. He made Sumner a constant visitor at the White House, and after repeated invitations practically forced him to attend the inaugural ball by going in person with Mrs. Lincoln to get him.

The personal good-will between Sumner and the President was strengthened by Sumner's fondness for little Tad Lincoln, in whom the stern aristocrat took a paternal interest. Lincoln and Sumner did not always agree—it was not natural that they should. Sometimes Sumner tried to interfere with Lincoln's plans. On those occasions Lincoln sat down patiently and argued with him, placing the emphasis always on the restoration of the Union. There was fundamental agreement there, at least. It is impossible to imagine Sumner as allying himself with Lincoln's enemies, as he did with Johnson's, and it is fantastic to picture him as voting for Lincoln's impeachment.

And now the index points to Edwin M. Stanton, who, as much as any one man, was the head and front of the opposition to President Johnson, the direct instigator of the attempted impeachment, and the embodiment of that hate and vindictiveness which almost engulfed Johnson. Had Stanton been in the Senate and had he never been in Lincoln's Cabinet he might have fought Lincoln after 1865. But, as Secretary of War, he had been Lincoln's constant associate for nearly four years, he had known and carried out Lincoln's plan of campaign, and Lincoln had heeded his advice when it was given. With utter devotion he had guarded the President against attack and slander. He had com-

forted him, as we now know, during moments of absolute despair when Lincoln contemplated resignation and even suicide.

When the news of Lee's surrender came, Stanton went to Lincoln to tell him that he was ready to leave the Cabinet. Lincoln threw his arms about him with a warm-hearted and impulsive gesture and said, "It is not for you, Stanton, to decide when your duty to your country ceases." If Lincoln had had any misgivings as to Stanton's loyalty he had the opportunity to cut his service short then and there merely by accepting the resignation. When Lincoln wanted to get rid of a man he did it, very often without losing the man's friendship.

This he did in the case of Simon Cameron, his first Secretary of War, who fell into the habit of giving profitable contracts to his friends. Lincoln sent Cameron as Minister to Russia, where he would do no one any harm and where his political gifts might do good. When Cameron came back he was well enough disposed toward Lincoln to refuse to have anything to do with any move against him. Montgomery Blair, Postmaster General between 1861 and 1864, was in sympathy with most of Lincoln's policies. Lincoln removed him to conciliate the radical Republicans. The act was characteristic. When a national policy was involved Lincoln would risk losing a friend in order to win over an enemy. Usually he kept the friend and placated the enemy as well.

Salmon P. Chase, while serving with great ability and fidelity as Secretary of the Treasury, spent the odd moments of three years intriguing to supplant Lincoln as President. He was a chronic resigner. One day Lincoln surprised him by accepting one of his resignations. He seems to have seen a great light at this moment when his political career was all but snuffed out, when there was no vacancy in the Senate, when his successor in the treasury was installed and when the hope of a Presidential nomination dwindled. Then, when Lincoln, with unequaled magnanimity, made him Chief Justice of the United States, there is no doubt that Chase was finally converted. As Chief Justice he could not have turned against Lincoln. He did not join the enemies of Johnson. The great War President had made a statesman out of a politician.

That very outspoken friend and harsh critic of the administration, Horace Greeley, had been promised the Postmaster General-

ship—a promise Johnson refused to keep. In that position, once occupied by another great editor, Benjamin Franklin, there is no doubt that Greeley would have held his immense following behind Lincoln's policy of human reconstruction. Booth's bullet shattered this possibility, and Greeley was left as one of the fiery spokesmen of the radical Republican policy of impeachment.

Ben Wade of Ohio, with the accession of Johnson to the Presidency, became President of the Senate, and as such heir-presumptive to the Presidency in case of a successful impeachment. In this position he was able to control committee appointments and to exercise an influence which he never would have had if Johnson had remained Vice President. John Sherman, the junior Senator from Ohio and a brother of General William Tecumseh Sherman, was friendly to Lincoln, and there can be little doubt that had Lincoln lived Ohio could have been turned from a militant Wade. During Lincoln's lifetime, certainly, Wade was never dominant in the Senate. It required the removal of Johnson to the White House to give him both the opportunity and the incentive to push his fight against the administration to the bitter end.

Aside from the men mentioned there were no leaders in the Senate to form a nucleus of opposition against a living, idolized and triumphant Abraham Lincoln.

In the House of Representatives the situation was not dissimilar. Schuyler Colfax of Indiana, Speaker of the House; Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, who drafted the article of impeachment against Johnson; the spirited Ben Butler of Massachusetts; Boutwell of Massachusetts, whom Lincoln had appointed as first Commissioner of Internal Revenue; General John A. Logan—all these men were or became partisans of extreme measures against the prostrate South. They would have differed with Lincoln, yet there is no reason to believe that they could or would have waged a bitter and successful warfare against him.

Lincoln had taken pains to conciliate every one of them. He made Caleb Smith Secretary of the Interior when Colfax wanted the job, but he softened the blow by saying to Colfax: "You are a young man with a brilliant future, while Caleb Smith is an old man. It is now or never for him." Colfax was pleased and remained loyal. After Lincoln's death he became one of his great eulogists, delivering his famous Lincoln oration more than a thou-

sand times. That he could have sought Lincoln's removal by disgrace and impeachment is inconceivable. And what is true of Colfax is true of other Congressmen who attacked Johnson. Boutwell, Bingham, Williams and others were loyal to the President during his lifetime and were among his eulogists after his death. No, these men were not his enemies—and never could have been.

Take Ben Butler—a misunderstood man if there ever was one, a General whose military performances savored a little of comic opera, but who as a lawyer and a Congressman displayed courage and ability second to none. Lincoln understood Butler, laughed at him, needed him and used him, shielding him even from the attacks of his own Governor, Andrew of Massachusetts. The six enormous volumes of Butler's correspondence fail to disclose a trace of hostility or disloyalty to Lincoln. On the contrary Lincoln was the only man living whom Butler honored and obeyed.

Or consider Thaddeus Stevens, against whose head have been hurled the maledictions of Johnson's biographers. Perhaps Stevens loved no one, but he certainly did not hate Lincoln. Nor did Lincoln give Stevens cause for opposition. He cultivated him, gave him his full share of patronage and made of him a real supporter if not an uncritical one. A story is told of a man who came to Lincoln from Stevens with a whispered request to be appointed Consul at St. Helena. The President, not being fond of whisperers, said in a tone loud enough for everyone in the room to hear, "St. Helena? Why, we don't have a Consul there." The man was insistent, and Lincoln finally sat down and wrote the following note:

DEAR GOVERNOR SEWARD:

If there be a Consul at St. Helena [here he looked up at his visitor and interjected, aloud, "Mind you, I don't wholly give up my contention"] I wish you would appoint the bearer, particularly because he comes from Thad Stevens, who has not troubled us much of late.

A. LINCOLN.

Stevens liked and shared Lincoln's humor. Once he went to the President to protest against an intended favor to Cameron, whom he did not like. "You don't mean to say," said Lincoln, according to one of Cameron's biographers, "that Cameron would steal?" "No," replied Stevens, "I don't think he would steal a

red-hot stove." Lincoln could not help passing the joke along to Cameron, who was so far from pleased that he demanded a retraction. This Stevens made in his own fashion. "Mr. Lincoln," he said, "Cameron is very mad and made me promise to retract. I will now do so. I believe I told you that I didn't think he would steal a red-hot stove. I now take that back." Stevens was a good man to cultivate. He died in 1868 three days before the Republican primaries in Pennsylvania and his constituents paid him the unique tribute of nominating him after he was dead.

There is yet another angle from which the utter improbability, if not impossibility, of the theory that Lincoln, if he had lived, would have had to endure the ordeal that Johnson did. In the first place it would have been Johnson, not Wade, who would have presided in the Senate, and Johnson and Lincoln liked each other and supported each other. "Andy is all right," said Lincoln when the Vice President's enemies came to complain about him, after his rambling and incoherent address in the Senate Chamber, after he had been sworn in as Vice President, which shocked so many of his friends.

In the second place, the removal of Johnson offered opportunities for political plunder which the removal of Lincoln would not have done. Had Wade been installed in the White House the Radicals could have replaced at one stroke the entire administration, beginning with the Cabinet and ending with the village postmaster. It was a game worth fighting for. But had they impeached Lincoln they would still have had Johnson to deal with, and from him they could have expected no spoils. And that they should have impeached both Lincoln and Johnson, or first Lincoln and then Johnson, is too absurd to be considered for a moment.

Need any more be said? I think there can be no doubt that the theory we have been discussing has been advanced by Johnson's biographers to add an overdue halo to that abused and maligned patriot. But the heroic Johnson needs no such stretching of the truth. He has achieved too sound a claim to glory in his own right to need to borrow from Lincoln. He was easily one of the two or three most indispensable of Lincoln's helpers in that mighty crisis. This is vouched for by his selection as Lincoln's running mate and it is glory enough for Andrew Johnson.

I do not for a moment claim that reconstruction under Lin-

coln could have been achieved without opposition, without debate, without innumerable conferences and compromises. But Lincoln had patience, kindness, political sagacity, myriads of friends everywhere—in all of which Johnson was sadly lacking. As a faithful subordinate Johnson could not fail, but he could not be turned into a Lincoln overnight by the mere accident of a mad-man's bullet.

The task of healing the nation's wounds, by charity, by tolerance, by divine forgiveness, was one for which Abraham Lincoln was supremely fitted and for which Andrew Johnson, unhappily for his country, was supremely unfit.

Had Lincoln lived I believe there would have been no deep, generation-long division between the two peoples, North and South, who prayed, as Lincoln said, to the same God, and whose prayers, as Lincoln also said, could not both be answered.

I believe there would have been no "Tragic Era," no "Age of Hate" and certainly no impeachment of Father Abraham.

END OF VOLUME I



EMANUEL HERTZ
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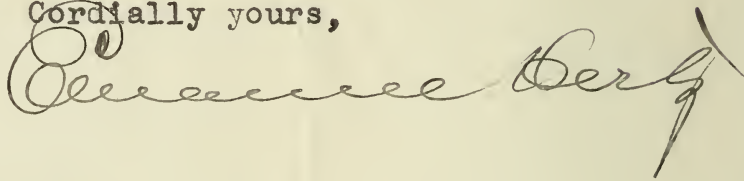
January 5th, 1932

Mrs. Henrietta Calhoun Horner
171 South Main Avenue
Albany, N. Y.

Dear Mrs. Horner:

I have your letter of December 31st
and I certainly thank you for the interest you are tak-
ing in my work. I will communicate with my friends in
Chicago and ascertain if Mrs. Judd is still alive and
in Chicago. In that event my friends may be able to
prevail upon her to make a search for any Lincoln ma-
terial she may have in her possession.

Cordially yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Emanuel Hertz", with a large, stylized initial "E" and a long, sweeping flourish extending to the right.

EH:LH

